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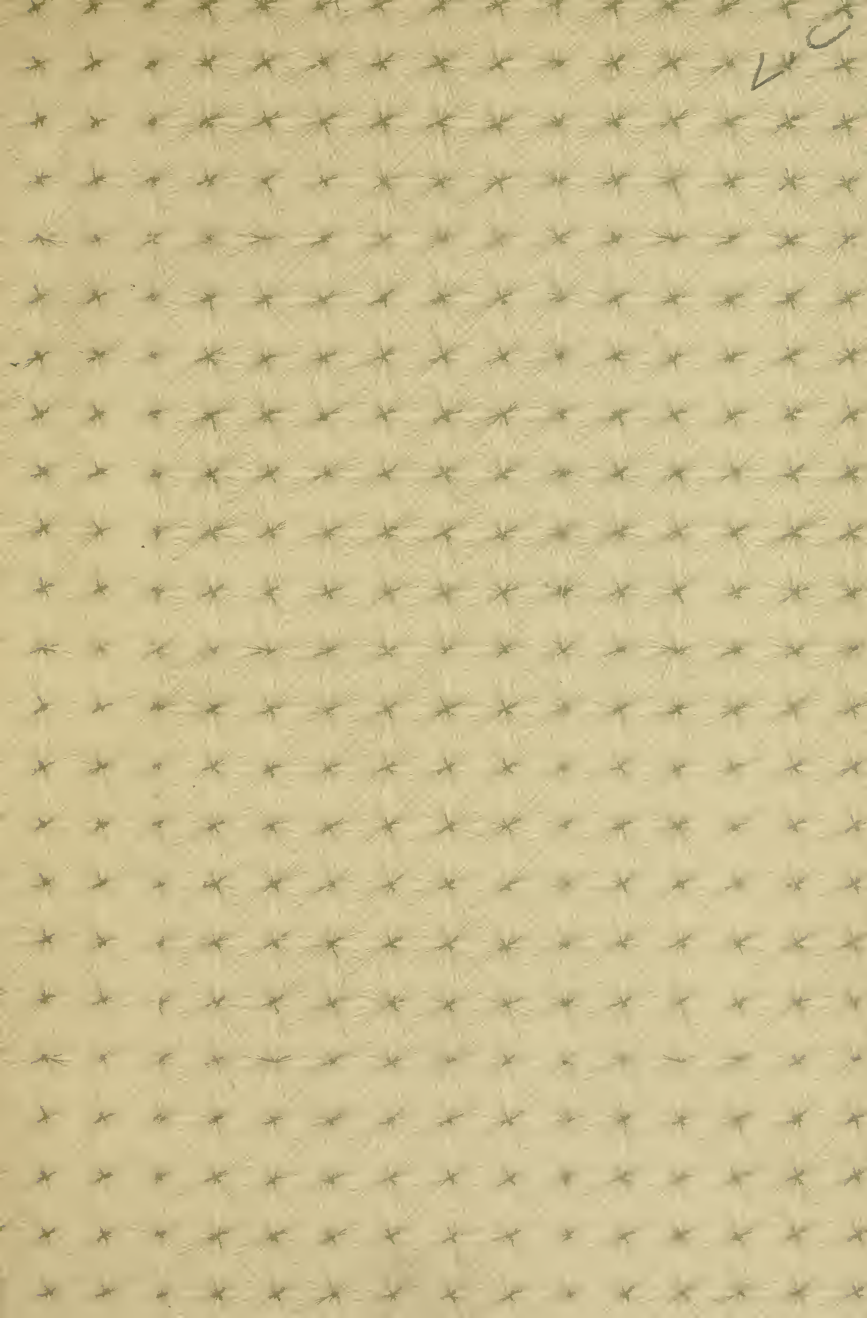


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MRS. S. J. C. DOWNS.

L I F E

OF

Mrs. S. J. Q. Downs;

OR,

TEN YEARS AT THE HEAD

OF THE

Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New Jersey.

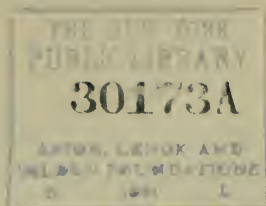
EDITED BY REV. J. B. GRAW, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED.

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1892.

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PREFACE.

IT WAS not the intention of the publishers to write an elaborate and exhaustive history of Mrs. Downs' life, but merely to gather up in convenient and permanent form the record of the events which chiefly distinguished her career. In order to stamp her individuality on the book as much as possible, we have introduced her writings and addresses in full, wherever deemed necessary.

We have endeavored to select only those incidents and actions which we believe were closest to the heart of Mrs. Downs, and to present them in simple, untechnical forms. If we have been successful in this, we are content.

For the assistance kindly given by the numerous contributors we return our sincere thanks. Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Easton, and another, whose name we are forbidden to use, were

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especially helpful. It is true, it was to them a labor of love, but it is, nevertheless, as highly prized as though it were otherwise.

Strange, indeed, would it be if so long and busy a life were not marked by events too numerous to be gathered in a book of these dimensions. We aim simply to give those which are agreed to be the more striking. The space at our command forbids any other course.

Mrs. Downs* took a deep interest in the history of her ancestry, and two of the most valuable contributions on this line are from her own pen. These exhibit the carefulness and exactitude which marked her later years, and enable us to accurately outline the genealogical tree.

We believe the book is its own best introduction; that the many glowing tributes, the heartfelt eulogies, and the sympathetic recital of a life of unselfishness and whole-souled devotion to duty, need no comment or commendation from us. And if the study of this noble career shall awaken in any an aspiration to a better life, all is well: the mission of the book is fulfilled.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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LIFE OF MRS. DOWNS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY ANCESTRY.

THE influence of heredity was one of the deepest studies of Mrs. Downs' life. Consequently she and her only sister, Mrs. Dr. Phillips, had sought out very carefully every item of interest connected with their ancestry, believing firmly that character is not formed in one generation, and feeling in a wonderful degree the responsibility of the present because of its influence upon succeeding generations. In the training of her children she carefully searched the records of her ancestors for light upon the tendencies of the present, and thus forewarned of any *possible* pitfall awaiting them, saw to it that she was *forearmed*. From this fact we have been able to glean much of interest from diaries and letters carefully kept.

The first of her ancestors of whom we have any definite knowledge is one Samuel Neswinger, the son of a

prosperous Holland land owner and miller, who was born some time about the year 1722. We know comparatively little of him, but what is known stamps him as a man of more than ordinary character and ability. That he was a favored son is evidenced by subsequent events which indicate that his parents had marked out for him a career above that of an ordinary scion of Holland's staid gentle folk.

Mrs. Downs never tired repeating the romance of his life to the children who gathered round her with eager, rapt faces, to hear how he came to this country from Holland so long ago. A man of great force of character, sterling qualities, and high integrity; driven from his father's house, and forbidden to marry the woman of his love.

One day to the home in Holland his father brought a new servant, a dairymaid, who was destined to play a prominent part in the life of the miller's son. She was fair, and possessed of more than ordinary charms, and the instant Samuel set eyes upon her he vowed that she, and she only, should become his wife. The father soon detected the evidences of their mutual affection, and his fury knew no bounds. Importunity and pleading were useless. The love had grown to be the life of the two, and finally poor little Adelheide White, the dairymaid, was sent away, no one knew whither. Whereupon Samuel vowed never to eat of his father's bread or see his father's face until she was found.

In search of *her* he came to America, leaving his father's wealth and home to earn his bread by the sweat

of his brow ; to be an independent, self-sustaining man. Seeking employment, he found it with a miller upon the banks of the Wissahickon, near Philadelphia. One morning, after eight years of industrious, honest living, still cherishing in his heart his love, he was sent by his employer to the Market street wharf, Philadelphia, to meet an incoming vessel laden with immigrants, and instructed to bring home mill-hands.

Now, in those days it was the custom to sell the service of those who were unable to pay their passage money, and there were, unfortunately, many such. The bidding was sometimes spirited, sometimes slow. If the latter were the case the thrifty Hollander would secure a bargain for his employer. After the vessel had been made fast, the gang plank was swung in place, and the passengers, wearied by their long imprisonment in the indifferent quarters of the ship, eagerly made their way ashore, and the first one to cross the bridge was the dairymaid ! They were married at once. Eight long years had not dimmed their ardor or effaced from their hearts the inscriptions of love. She proved to be a noble woman, wife and mother, and by hard work and industrious, honest living they acquired great wealth.

Mrs. Downs often told this little story to her children, just as it had been told to her as, when a child, she stood by her mother's knee. A descendant of the third generation, she seemed to take an especial pleasure in telling her children of the constancy of Samuel and his sweetheart.

In a history of the old church at Frankford we find

Samuel Neswinger's name mentioned first in a long list of contributors. Their child, Elizabeth, married Enoch Addis, the father of Mrs. Downs' mother.

From Mrs. Downs' own pen we have the following :

“ Enoch Addis, my grandfather, was one of Washington's army when he crossed the Delaware on that dreadful night of December 25, 1776.

“ For hours they fought the floating ice in a blinding storm of snow and sleet, leaving foot-prints of blood upon the snow, for they had neither shoes nor stockings. It was at McKonkey's Ferry, now Taylorsville, eight miles above Trenton, where the perilous passage was made.

“ They who are familiar with the history of those days know the story of the complete routing of the Hessians, and how our half-clad and worn-out soldiers stripped their dead enemies, and appropriated to themselves their comfortable shoes and stockings.

“ The Hessians, as prisoners of war, were marched to Newtown, Pa., under a strong guard of soldiers, of which my grandfather was one, and he loved to narrate this incident to his children and grandchildren to the day of his death.

“ Subsequently, when the enemy was in possession of Philadelphia, and our army was encamped near that city, Enoch Addis, my grandfather, was on guard one day on the outskirts of the camp, when he espied a young girl gathering herbs and digging roots in the edge of the wood. They were mutually attracted, and entering into

conversation he told her the story of his privations and how he had scarcely tasted food for days.

“She ran quickly to her home, a farm-house near by, and, returning with a bountiful supply of provisions, gladly watched the half-starved youth eat of the abundant repast until his hunger was appeased. What remained she packed in his knapsack, resolving that while he tarried in the neighborhood he should be freely supplied from her father’s well-filled larder. She was a staunch patriot, and, as well as her father, was in hearty sympathy with the colonies in their struggle for liberty and emancipation from the oppression and power of the mother country. The acquaintance thus begun by accident, ripened into a warm attachment, and at the close of the war they were married.

“General Washington was a frequent guest at her father’s house, and there is still in the family a warming pan which was used to warm his bed, and a small table upon which he was accustomed to do much of his writing.”

Enoch Addis was born 1758, and was in his seventy-second year when he died. Elizabeth Neswinger, daughter of Samuel and Adelheide, and wife of Enoch Addis, was born in 1754 and died in 1839, aged eighty-five. They were industrious and thrifty, and acquired large estates and considerable wealth. Nearly all of Addisville, Pa., was owned by him at one time. After his death it is conjectured his wealth was mostly consumed in bad investments, and, what was common

even in those earlier times, in bickerings and contentions among the heirs.

The following paper, yellow with age, was discovered among Mrs. Downs' letters shortly after her death. It must have been written in 1864, or thereabouts :

Genealogy of the Addis Family.

MY MOTHER'S FAMILY.

Enoch Addis, my mother's father, was the son of John Addis, and Elizabeth, his wife, whose maiden name was Taylor. He was married in the year 1778 to Elizabeth Neswinger, of the same county (Bucks), Pennsylvania. They were the parents of nine children: Elizabeth, married to John Harman; Ann S. (our mother); Abigail N., who died at the age of seventy-one years, unmarried; John, who married Jane Thornton; Samuel, Mary and Enoch all died in infancy; Amos, who married Eliza Thornton and Ann Welford; and Sarah, who married R. S. S. Eels.

Elizabeth Harman, the eldest child, was the mother of ten children; Enoch Addis (who died unmarried before the age of thirty years); Mary, who died in infancy; Daniel Y., who married Hannah Hough, of Doylestown, and was the father of six children, and afterward was married to Elizabeth Bennett, of Brownston, and by her had three children, and died, leaving her his widow; Mary, who married Isaac Beans, of Warminster,

and was the mother of ten children, died in Philadelphia, where her children now reside who survive her; John, who married Sarah Ann Wilson, of Chester county, and had four children, none of whom survived infancy. He went south, and is reported dead. Margaret Y., who married her cousin, Thomas J. Corson, is still living, and has one son, Horace B.

Elizabeth N. married Samuel M. Hough, of Doylestown, and was the mother of nine children, three of whom survive her.

Sarah Ann married Samuel Spencer, of Northampton, and died in 1841, leaving one son, Cameron.

Abigail married Thomas L. Smith, of Philadelphia, by whom she had six children. Left a widow while yet young, she married Dr. D. S. Gloniger, of Philadelphia, by whom she has three children. George W. left home in early manhood and settled in Texas, where he married and has one child.

Louisa married John M. Little, a merchant of Pittsburg, and has had four children, two of whom have recently died.

CHAPTER II.

THE CORSON GENEALOGY.

THE mother of Mrs. Downs, Ann Somers Addis, was born September 2, 1782, and died in 1867.

She married James Corson in 1809, he dying in 1827, in his forty-fourth year. He was a man of studious habits, and intensely fond of books. From him, no doubt, Mrs. Downs inherited her love of letters. Mrs. Corson was a woman of remarkable physical energy and will power, and this significant fact throws a side light on what seemed to some an incomprehensible enigma in the life of Mrs. Downs: How a woman of her ripe years could, day in and day out, through storm and sunshine, torrid heat and bitter cold, pursue the even tenor of her way, performing tasks which would have been impossible to a woman of less enduring strength and vitality. Nothing seemed to tire her so completely that a few days' rest would not restore her to wonted vigor and health. Her recuperative powers were, indeed, remarkable.

In 1864 Mrs. Downs wrote the following, which illustrates the strict attention to details which characterized her after life, and which was the substantial foundation

of her success in the administration of personal and public affairs :

Genealogy of the Corson Family.

BY SARAH JANE CORSON DOWNS.

MAY 11, 1864.

The history of the family as transmitted to us by our parents is as follows :

Three brothers came originally from Amsterdam, in Holland, bearing the name of Van Corson, viz: Richard, Benjamin and John. Richard and John settled somewhere along the Jersey shore and Staten Island, and were the ancestors of the numerous families of that name still found in those localities. Benjamin, our progenitor, settled in Pennsylvania, and sometime about the year 1730 we trace him to Northampton township, Bucks county. He was the father of five sons and one daughter, viz: Benjamin, John, Richard, Cornelius, Henry and Mary.

Benjamin located in Montgomery county, at Plymouth, and reared a large family of sons, and two daughters. Among his descendants are found Prof. Hiram Corson, M. D., noted alike for his medical and literary attainments, and Dr. John Corson, of New York. His daughters intermarried with the Blakers and Bennetts.

Richard settled in New Hope, Pa., as a physician, and had two children, Richard and Hannah. Richard

studied medicine and succeeded his father in practice in his native town, where he died in the year 1839, at a green old age. He married early in life Helen, daughter of Thomas P. Johnston, Esq., of Princeton, and granddaughter of Robert Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They were the parents of a large family of sons and daughters, four of whom died just as they were entering active life: Caroline, Ramsey, Helen and Richard. Harriet, wife of Dr. Foulks, occupies the homestead. Dr. Thomas J., a physician of Trenton, N. J., and Eliza and Robert are still living.

Hannah married a Bye, from whom descended the numerous families of that name in Buckingham township, Bucks county, Pa.

Cornelius settled in Bucks county, and was the father of two sons, John and Benjamin, both of whom married and settled near him.

Henry also settled in Bucks; had two children, a son and daughter.

Mary, the only daughter, married a Marple, and removed to Plymouth, where her descendants still reside.

John, our grandfather, was the third son of Benjamin, and was born in Northampton township, Bucks county, Pa., November 28, 1760. He married Charity Vansant, of his own neighborhood, by whom he had six children: John, James, Benjamin, Mary, Jane, and Charity; the last named died in infancy. John and Benjamin never married, and both died in early manhood.

Mary married Charles Finney; died after a few years, leaving two daughters: Charity, who died at the age of

eighteen years, unmarried; and Elizabeth, who married Jacob Krusen Cornell, and was the mother of ten children. She died in the year 1859.

Jane married Henry Vanartsdalen, of her native town, and died after a brief period, leaving two daughters: Mary, who died in infancy, and Catharine, who married Charles Craven, of Newtown, and died without children.

James, the oldest child of John and Charity Corson, was our father. He was born March 13, 1784. He married Ann Somers Addis, daughter of Enoch Addis, of Northampton township, February 11, 1809, and died at Addisville, Pa., November 28, 1827, at the age of forty-four years. He was the father of four children, three of whom survived him: Thomas Jones, Elizabeth Ann Byron, John Pickering and Sarah Jane. Thomas married his cousin, Margaret Y. Harman, and is now living near Philadelphia. Elizabeth married Dr. John H. Phillips, of Pennington, N. J., for years a practicing physician, but at the present writing a surgeon in the United States army. He entered the service in the spring of 1863, during the war of the rebellion of the Southern States; was first stationed at Nashville, Tenn., as hospital director; then, being ordered into the field, accompanied General Sherman in his famous march to Atlanta, and is now at Chattanooga, Tenn., in the first general army hospital as director. Two daughters are their only children: Josephine Elizabeth and Emily Virginia. Josephine died March 4, 1862, aged twenty-one years, unmarried. Emily, their sole surviving child,

remains with her mother. John Pickering died in infancy, aged eleven months.

Sarah Jane, the youngest child, married Rev. Chas. S. Downs, a traveling minister of the Methodist Episcopal church. She has been the mother of four children, Charles Wesley Bunn, who died at his birth; John Phillips, now nearly eleven years old; Charles Corson, who died aged three and half months; Sarah Louise, now nearly seven years old.

All the older branches of this genealogical tree who made a public profession of religion, were members of the First Reformed Dutch church of Northampton township, under the successive pastorates of Rev. J. Lazalere and Rev. A. O. Halsey, the present venerable incumbent. With James Corson's children came the introduction of Methodism, all of whom with their families are members of that communion.

The concluding sentence in the above paper gives the key to Mrs. Downs' character. Others might have truthfully said, "With my conversion came the introduction of Methodism;" she simply said, "With James Corson's children came the introduction of Methodism." In the light of the truth the sentence is its own commentary. None other is needed.

Mrs. Downs was born in Philadelphia, December 19, 1822. While she was yet an infant the family moved to Addisville, Bucks county, Pa. This town was named for her grandfather, Enoch Addis, who, in those days, was considered a very wealthy man, owning

much real estate, and regarded as one of the leading, influential men of the community. Here James Corson, the father of Mrs. Downs, died at the age of forty-four, when she was only five years old. Her mother, Ann Addis Corson, was a most remarkable woman in physical strength, endurance and executive ability.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Corson cared for her three children, managing her affairs with great ability. They resided in Addisville a number of years, then removed to Taylorsville. It was here Mrs. Downs' only sister, a great belle and beauty, was married to Dr. J. H. Phillips in 1839. The sister Elizabeth (named for the child of the "dairymaid") was nine years her sister's senior, and was courted, loved, and admired.

One day when the younger Sarah was thinking of her sister's beauty, and the fact that every one loved her, she arose, and looking long into the glass at the face reflected there, said to herself: "Well, Sarah Corson, if any one ever loves *you*, it will not be for beauty of face or form;—but they *shall* love me all the same for beauties of the heart and mind." How well she fulfilled that vow we all know.

After the marriage of her sister to Dr. Phillips and his removal to Pennington, N. J., where he entered into the practice of his profession, Mrs. Downs and her mother went with them, and this place, from that time, was considered her home. This was the turning point in her life. All her associations had been, up to this time, of a purely worldly character. Here she passed her school-days. Here she blossomed into beau-

tiful womanhood. Here she was loved as all her life for the qualities of "heart and mind" she had vowed to possess.

A friend of those early days, Dr. A. A. Willitts, says of her at that time:

"My memory glows with the radiance of a sunbeam as I recall her name. Clear-eyed, sunny-faced, intelligent, cheerful, courteous, drawing friends to her easily and holding them firmly."

Another friend of those happy Pennington days, Rev. James R. Bryan, says:

"She was the life of the circle in which she moved. Her genial manner, joined with a great fund of information and a power to express her thoughts, made her one of the loveliest of girls. There was no social party or evening company in Pennington in those days where she was not a conspicuous figure. She easily led in conversation and in quick repartee. The charm of her manner always made us feel at home. How imperceptibly the hours glided by when she was there. She was just budding from girlhood into womanhood and seemed to have a motherly interest in every student. I believe she knew by name every one in the seminary, and there was not one who did not feel that Miss Sarah Corson was his true and deeply-interested friend. I was then about seventeen years of age, and I can see now the sweet, almost angelic, smile she wore whenever she opened her mouth to speak to us boys. With her sweetness of spirit there was joined a positiveness of assertion that carried all before her. These impressions

of my youth, so vividly enshrined in my memory, have been strengthened by the lapse of years."

Here, in the old River church, near Titusville, she was converted, and many times did the loved sister say, "Sarah brought religion into the family." Under the pastorate of Rev. Jefferson Lewis, D.D., at the age of seventeen, she gave her life to Christ, and then her work for humanity began. One beautiful Sabbath morning, in the long ago, an old lady with the snows of many winters upon her brow; a tall, dignified man; a sweet young wife, and our own Mrs. Downs, then a girl of seventeen, stood at the altar of the Methodist Episcopal church to be received on probation—her mother, sister, brother-in-law and self.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL-DAYS AND MARRIAGE.

MRS. E. A. PHILLIPS, the sister, with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, a great reader, strong intellect, determined that "Sarah" should be educated. Those who remember the old days of Pennington Seminary, when they lived in the Brown House, now occupied by Dr. Hanlon, know what the home of Elizabeth Phillips was to that community—the centre of mirth, wit, brightness and good cheer.

To Mrs. Downs she was more than sister. In her maturer years Mrs. Downs paid to that sister this loving tribute: "Whatever I am, under God, I owe to the faithful, loving care and influence of my sister Phillips."

In Pennington her education began; first as a pupil in Prof. Hyde's Female Seminary, and afterward in the Pennington Female Institute. This institute was under the management of Mr. Joseph Bunn; Miss Malona Stevens was its first preceptress, a woman of great literary ability and culture. Under her supervision and instruction a well-grounded foundation was laid for intellectual and moral development.

The Pennington Female Institute was the first Meth-

odist institution erected for the education of women. Mrs. Downs was a member of the first class that graduated from this institution, and was awarded the valedictory. She was then seventeen years old. Her essay on that occasion, "The Pilgrim Fathers," has been kept as a priceless treasure. We here re-produce the essay in its entirety:

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

In casting a retrospective glance over past ages, upon no epoch in our country's history does the mind rest with more interest than that which marks the landing of the "Pilgrim Fathers" on the rock at Plymouth. In tracing the history of these holy and devoted men, we find much to interest, instruct and profit us, and many useful lessons might we learn from their pious examples. Driven from their fatherland by the potent arm of monarchical tyranny and ecclesiastical despotism, we see this weak but resolute band of Christians leaving all behind them that is dear and cherished, and launching with frail vessels on the bosom of the unknown ocean, to seek a passage to that far-off western world, whose savage wildness and deep solitude offered them an asylum from the pointed shafts of the most vigorous persecution.

'Twas bitter to bid adieu to the loved scenes of childhood and youth; 'twas with anguish of spirit that they severed the only ties that bound them to their native country; but they were not those who, startled at diffi-

culties, shrank from duty, and coward-like abandoned the standard under which they had enlisted. What were friends or fortune when religious freedom was the price! all dwindled into insignificance when compared with the great and momentous object of their pursuit.

The chastening was severe, but in humble submission they kissed the rod, and adored Him of whom it is written, "He loveth whom He chasteneth, and scourgeth whom He receiveth." To these holy lovers of the truth, exile and banishment were far preferable to quiet submission to the despotic sway of a dissolute and corrupt ministry; and adhering to the divine precept by which they governed all their actions—"in all thy ways acknowledge God and He will direct thy paths"—they resolved, trusting in His omnipotent arm, to brave the perils of the deep, and seek beyond its blue waters a home and country free from the power of European aristocracy, where they might worship the Lord according to the dictation of their own conscience.

They sought not our lonely, wild America to possess themselves of untold treasures; they sought it not that another province might be added to the list of English conquests. No! they sought it with a nobler, higher motive: that they might rear an altar to the God of heaven, and in the simplicity and sincerity of devout worshippers bow at a pure and hallowed shrine. Behold them embarking on their perilous enterprise! For a time all is propitious and the hearts of the exiles are cheered with hopes of a prosperous and successful voyage; but soon they encounter fierce and contrary winds,

they are tossed and driven at the mercy of the waves, and subjected to all the discouragements and discomforts of an autumnal passage. Suns and moons rise and set; days, weeks and months glide by; but still they traverse the pathless ocean. Now they are delayed by a calm, now they are driven before the raging tempest; but amid all the trials and sufferings they despair not. Their trust is in One mighty to save and strong to deliver, and despite the warring of the conflicting elements they offer unto Him their sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving.

He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb had an eye of compassion and a heart of tenderness for these weary, wandering exiles, and at last they are brought to descry the bleak shores of the New World. With joy unspeakable they rejoice at the prospect of a speedy termination of their perilous passage. For five months their frail bark had been the sport of the merciless waves; and now that the dangers of the sea were past, they knew not what awaited them on the land. A savage and unnumbered foe inhabited the broad shores that stretched out before them, and from whom they had nothing to hope, but much to fear; but the same Omnipotent Arm that brought them to the forest home would still protect them; they trusted and were content. Onward was their watchword, and onward they went.

“The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

The heavy night hung dark
 The hills and valleys o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

“Not as the conqueror comes
 They the true hearted came ;
 Not with the roll of stirring drums
 Or the trumpet that speaks of fame ;
 Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear,
 They made the depths of the forest ring
 With their hymn of lofty cheer.

“Amid the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea,
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free.
 The ocean-eagle soared
 From his nest by the white waves' foam,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
 This was their welcome home !

“There were men of hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band ;
 Why had they come to wither there
 Away from their childhood's land ?
 There was woman's fearless eye
 Lit by her deep love's truth,
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

“What sought they thus afar—
 Bright jewels of the mine,
 The wealth of sea, the spoils of war ?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

Who does not respond to the beautiful sentiment of Mrs. Hemans as expressed in the last stanza? Well may the rock at Plymouth be called a holy thing, and well may the soil be honored that was first pressed by their footsteps. Here it was that our fathers relinquished all claims to hereditary pre-eminence, and put far from them all effeminate softness. In their austere ranks the plebeian and the patrician were equal; no proud aristocrat was found there, none but men of unswerving, unflinching integrity, who were resolved in every trial and emergency to adhere firmly to their principles.

They had fled from England to escape the power of the church. They sought in America religious freedom, and in America they found it; here they were permitted to worship unmolested and unrestrained, and perhaps never did purer homage go up before the throne of the Great Eternal than that first offered by the pious Pilgrims. To us, their happy, favored descendants, they have left a glorious liberty; though they purchased it dearly for us, they have transmitted it pure and uncontaminated. In our then desolate and almost uninhabited land, they laid the principles of our holy Christianity on a basis so broad, on a foundation so firm, that the united efforts of popery and infidelity have never been able to shake them.

No; though popes, priests, deists and friends rally and co-operate against her, she will ever stand forth bright and unsullied, and immovable as the pillars of heaven.

Ladies and gentlemen, in closing the exercises of the day, and the labors of the academic year, we should do violence to our feelings, as well as fail to discharge an important duty, should we neglect to express the gratitude which we feel towards you for the attention you have given and the interest you have manifested in our humble performances.

To-day closes the first year of experiment for Pennington Female Institute, and at its close, while we are grateful to you for the liberal patronage extended to our infant institution, we cannot but be sensible of the obligations we are under to a kind Providence for the success attending our efforts to advance the cause of education. We have endeavored to acquit ourselves to the best of our ability; we have passed through the ordeal of an examination, and we have so far wandered from woman's proper sphere as to appear before you in the character of declaimers. This, to us, has been a season of anxiety, of dread; but if the feeble efforts we have this day made will in any degree contribute to enhance the value of female education, or help to raise woman to her proper elevation, where she may cope with the lords of creation, we are repaid for all our toil. Or if we have awakened in any youthful breast aspirations to attain to greater heights of mental excellence, our task is done.

My dear fellow students, the time has come when we are forced to sever those friendly ties and social friendships which have so long existed between us; the period has arrived when we must separate. A year has rolled away since we assembled within these walls; that year has sped almost imperceptibly away. Time has flown so pleasantly that we have scarcely been conscious of its flight. We have lived together in peace and harmony, and nothing has occurred to mar our happiness or disturb our quiet; and although we anticipate with delight the social joys of home, we cannot but look forward with regret to the hour of parting. We have every reason to render thanks to the Great Giver of all our mercies, that the ruthless hand of death has not snatched any of our number from us. We have not been called to lay any fair and gentle companion in the cold, damp earth. No fell disease has made the blooming cheek grow pale or the agile footstep heavy; but all has been health and happiness. And many times when we shall have gone forth from these halls forever, will memory linger round this loved place, and call back the images of days of yore, and in the language of the poet, sing

“Long, long be my heart with their memory filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.”

Dear and respected teachers, it is with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain that I undertake the performance of this, my last duty; pleasure that I have it within

my power to congratulate you on the success attending your efforts as teachers ; and pain that the pleasing connection that has existed between us is so soon to be dissolved. In parting with those who have been committed to your care, you at least have the gratifying approval of your own hearts that in all things you have faithfully and conscientiously discharged your duties to them. Would that we had the same pleasing reflection. Those duties to a part of you, at least, have been arduous. You have encountered the difficulties and discouragements common to the establishment of literary institutions as well as having borne with our capricious and wayward nature. You have pointed the way of rectitude and propriety, and have assisted us by your example to walk therein ; and when with the impetuosity of youth we may have wandered beyond the precise limits circumscribed to our frail sex, and thereby subjected ourselves to the severe criticisms of a censorious world, you have ever kindly and affectionately expostulated, and gently led us back.

For all your kindness and forbearance I, in the name of those I represent, sincerely thank you ; and should it be that we part forever, be assured that your counsels and precepts have a resting place in our hearts, and the fruits of your labor shall be seen in days yet to come. And praying Heaven to bless our institution and make her to shine as a bright star in the literary firmament, we bid you, one and all, an affectionate farewell.

After graduation, Mrs. Downs taught for a time in the lecture-room of the Methodist Episcopal church in Pennington; then secured a position in Milford, N. J.—her first absence from the loved home circle. Into her work as a teacher, she seems to have carried the same zeal and earnestness that characterized the work of later years. Fighting bravely homesickness, and the longing for mother and sister, she pursued her work with a determination that brought success.

At Milford she writes Mrs. Phillips: “In two weeks I shall be home. I see you all now in the quiet room. Oh, how I want you; but I shall stay in Milford, for I get a good salary, only living is so expensive; I have to pay two dollars a week for my board.”

She next taught a select school in New Egypt for seven years, in the house now occupied by Mrs. Brown, the present President of the New Egypt Woman's Christian Temperance Union. On a recent visit to that place, Mrs. Downs held a Mothers' Meeting in the very room over which she had presided as a school-mistress more than forty years before. She was identified with the first woman's temperance society of the place, known as the Daughters of Temperance. It was here she first met Rev. Charles S. Downs, who afterwards became her husband. He was the preacher-in-charge on this circuit, and she relinquished her school duties to become the wife of this Methodist itinerant.

On May 16th, 1850, she was married, the wedding taking place in the Pennington Methodist Episcopal church. That night two little girls sat upon the pulpit

steps with wide-open eyes. To-day they are bright lights in the temperance work.

“That wedding,” says one, “to my childish eyes seemed a most brilliant affair—a wedding with a reception afterward at the home of her brother-in-law, Dr. John H. Phillips, to which I was not allowed to go. I can see them now, in that youthful picture; the crowded church; the minister, Rev. Jefferson Lewis; the bride in a dark green silk, with white crepe shawl and cottage bonnet; the tall bridegroom; the bridesmaid, Annie Petherbridge, who afterward became the wife of R. T. Martin, so long the efficient treasurer of Pennington Seminary; the groomsman, Dr. A. L. Brice. After the reception, they went at once to Mr. Downs’ charge, New Egypt Circuit, which then included nine appointments, where graciously and with great efficiency she took up the work before her, that of a pastor’s wife, and a mother, for Mr. Downs had two little boys, aged three and eight years, who rise up to-day and call her blessed. Though children she had herself borne gathered around that fireside, a friend of later days says, ‘I was always being called upon to tell which of the children were really her own. The word stepmother was never uttered in that home, and when friends said, “They are so little; they love you so, and will never know; why do you tell them?”’ but her reply was always, “What if they were mine and should never know.”’ And so they loved her, and learned of her of the angel mother gone before. Dear, unselfish, honest soul; always and ever true.”

The same little girl, "grown tall," says: "Several years after her marriage, I remember I met her again in Pennington, at the house of Mr. Ripley Martin, where I was captivated by the charm of her conversation. As she rose to go Mr. Martin said to her, 'Sarah, what does make you so entertaining?' 'Why, am I?' was the reply, 'I do not know; but if I am, I think it must be because very early in my life I looked in the glass and saw a homely face reflected there, and resolved then to make a point of trying to be agreeable to everybody. This I could do without being handsome.' And this resolve, carried out from a heart all love at its source, made her the most delightful and entertaining of companions. She it was who was always sought first."

Mr. Downs was on the New Egypt Circuit two years (1849 and 1850), during which time great success attended his efforts. In all 190 probationers were reported—85 in 1849, and 105 in 1850. The next appointment was Allowaystown.

After serving two years there, Mr. Downs was appointed to Cape May Circuit in 1853. Their next appointment, in 1855, was Millville, which he filled until 1857, when failing health compelled him to take a supernumerary relation. At nearly all his charges, some of which were of more than average importance and responsibility, revivals of marked power attested the efficiency of the pastor. Mr. Downs was one of the pioneers of the New Jersey Conference, he entering it in 1838, one year after its organization.

CHAPTER IV.

A LOVING TRIBUTE.

REV. GEORGE HUGHES, a friend and co-laborer of the early days, writes:

Christian friendship is a precious jewel, set in gold. It is born in the heart pervaded by the love of Christ. It is lustrous, and wonderfully captivating. It brightens life's pathways, and gives hope of a brighter eternal beyond. Its glowing annals furnish good reading for earth, and a thousand times more so for heaven. Volumes of many chapters have been written, contributing largely to the comfort and elevation of our humanity. Another one is here presented, gathering up the memorials of a life fragrant with the spirit of Jesus, augmenting the glories of His kingdom in earth and heaven. It is my privilege to contribute a little to these blessed remembrances, in the hope that the cross may be lifted higher, and the Redeemer be more eminently glorified by these sacred ministries.

In the year 1843, having been licensed to preach by the Quarterly Conference of Franklin Street church, Newark, N. J., and receiving an appointment from Rev. J. S. Porter, Presiding Elder of the Newark District, I

left my home in New York for Madison, N. J., to be associated with Rev. Charles S. Downs, as junior preacher on the charge. It was then a small circuit, embracing several places, Sabbath and week-night appointments. I went with trembling apprehension, alive to the responsibilities of the position, but with upliftings of soul to heaven for needed light and strength.

Arriving at the home of the ambassador of Christ with whom I was to be associated, I received a hearty welcome from this beloved brother and his excellent companion, and was bidden to consider that my home from thenceforth. I was then only twenty years of age—a mere stripling, weak as helpless infancy. I needed a *father* and a *mother* in the gospel, to direct my feeble steps. Into such relations and fellowship I was happily introduced, receiving daily counsel and encouragement in the prosecution of my work. I was not so favorably situated as young preachers now are. I had no boarding place provided, but was a real itinerant, literally visiting the people “from house to house,” and sharing their Christian hospitality, which was tendered without stint. I had many friends whose memory is affectionately cherished. But, under the circumstances, having no settled habitation, it was most natural that “the boy-preacher” should often have his steps directed to the *parsonage*. The same warm welcome that greeted me at the first was ever extended to me. A generous table and a quiet resting-place were often my portion under that kindly roof. Brother Downs was a man of large

soul, kind, loving, and spread over his tremulous associate a paternal wing that shielded him from harm, and gave him increased confidence for his life-work. As a minister, he was devoted to his calling—a pointed, practical preacher of no mean ability—a careful pastor, earnest in his endeavors to save souls and to build up the kingdom of Christ. Revivals, of course, were the fruit of these efforts.

During that year a lot was secured for a church in Madison, in the centre of the town, on which a house of worship was erected, under the administration of our immediate successors, which was considered quite a feat in those days. After securing the ground, under the leadership of our earnest preacher-in-charge, we ran a car up and down on the railroad track with our own hands, loaded with stone for the foundation of the church.

In subsequent years, I followed my friend and brother, Rev. Charles S. Downs, and his companion, in their several appointments, with profound interest. In all the mutations of their career I was with them in spirit, if not in bodily presence. While pastor of the Front Street church, Trenton, my health failed, and my first colleague, who was then a supernumerary, was appointed to fill the vacancy, and was favored with a blessed revival of religion.

When called, in the providence of God, to part with his precious helpmeet, it was a heavy blow to Brother Downs. It devolved upon him peculiar responsibilities, in the care and nurture of children which had been

born unto them. But, in reliance upon God, he endeavored to watch with paternal tenderness and love over the beloved ones thus committed to his care.

In due time, another helpmeet was kindly provided, in the person of Mrs. Sarah J. C. Downs, to a portraiture of whose life and work these pages are specially devoted. For this important position she was remarkably endowed, both as to domestic qualities, and fitness for the more public work of a Methodist itinerant's wife. Her natural intellectual endowments were superior, and, having been favored with educational advantages, she entered upon her new sphere under bright auspices. Her heart was warm and full of love. She was tender, kind, considerate—seeking steadily to contribute to the comfort of both husband and children. Hence her home was bright and cheery, love having undisputed sway. She delighted to have order, which is "heaven's first law," pervading her habitation; neatness was everywhere apparent, giving a pleasant aspect to everything, husband and wife and children being united in the sweet bonds of love.

Mrs. Downs cherished a lively interest in the work of the ministry which was laid upon the heart and hands of her husband. The occupancy of her seat in the sanctuary was a joy to the people; she had a smile and a warm hand to extend to all. It was a peculiar delight to her to be in the Sabbath school, giving young minds an uplift toward "the central point of bliss." She was, in fact, as a minister's wife, *a winner of hearts*, in which she has now a perpetual enshrinement. She was no

light and airy creature, flitting to and fro like a butterfly among the people, but a *woman*—strong, symmetrical, lustrous, in all the womanly qualities, making a bright record everywhere.

When called to part with her husband, to see him go down to the grave under the wasting hand of disease, *that* was the *crucial* period in the life of our sister. Her sorrow, was, however, alleviated by the cheering testimony which he was enabled to give of a sure hope of everlasting life. The sad work of interring the mortal remains of her loved companion being ended, she gathered her darling children around her, drew them closely to her heart, and, with all the heroism of a true woman, betook herself to the work of fitting them for honorable spheres. It involved years of toil and sacrifice, but she was calm, resolute, determined to reach the goal, and those years of consecration have met their reward. Upon the brow of daughter and sons, one and all, there is the luminous signature of heaven. They were, while she lived, "as olive plants around her table," and, now that she has been translated to the immortal realm, they remain as monuments of her maternal love and devotion—CHRISTIANS, linked to the cross, with a bright countenance on earth and a joyous outlook toward eternity.

It was fitting that the closing hours of this beautiful life should be spent under the roof of her loving daughter, Mrs. Quigley, at East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Downs sent for me to visit her on the Sabbath before her departure. When, however, I arrived, she was not able to see me. I purposed to make another attempt on

the evening when her earthly pilgrimage was closed, but this privilege was not accorded to me. Her loving children and devoted friend, Mrs. Ellis, were there to catch the triumphal words which fell from her lips, which are elsewhere given to the reader.

It has been an unalloyed pleasure to bring this tribute of love to the memory of our departed and glorified sister, and to her husband, my cherished friend, who finished his earthly pilgrimage before her. They sleep in Jesus. Glad memories will ever cluster around their resting-place. Strew the flowers upon their quiet graves. Anticipate, in living hope, their glorious resurrection at the Redeemer's summons. Then, loved children and Christian comrades, having "swept through the gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb," will share a blissful reunion with them in heaven.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

THE following article by Rev. Dr. John Atkinson, is of more than ordinary interest, as it treats of a period of Mrs. Downs' life which is unknown to the majority of her friends :

I became acquainted with Mrs. Sarah J. C. Downs in the month of June, 1852. She was then in the prime of young womanhood, under thirty. I began my ministerial work at that time as the assistant of her husband, the Rev. Charles S. Downs, upon Allowaystown Circuit, which included the church in the village of that name, and also Nazareth, Hancock's Bridge and Canton. Between the first two and the last two of these churches, Mr. Downs and I regularly alternated each Sabbath. I was young, much younger than would now be deemed a requisite age for a youthful preacher, not having attained to seventeen years when I commenced my work in the circuit. My inexperience, lack of knowledge, and boyish ways, would undoubtedly have soon taken me home to my mother, but for the tender, sweet, and never-to-be-forgotten companionship of my ever-

cherished friend, Mr. Downs, and the encouragement and help given to me both by himself and his admirable wife, his true helpmeet. My relation to Brother Downs, and the cordiality and kindness with which I was always treated by him, and the graciousness and helpfulness of the communion I enjoyed at his fireside, took me very often to the then new Methodist parsonage in Allowaystown, New Jersey. Of course, I was "under the presiding elder," but Brother Downs and his good wife made my admission into the New Jersey Conference easy at its session at Bridgeton, in April, 1853. I was then received on trial in the same class with Dr. Hanlon, of Pennington Seminary; William Walton, J. B. Heward, C. W. Heisley, Bishop Vincent, and a dozen others.

I can never forget that Conference. I had never before seen an Annual Conference in session, and of course I, a boy of seventeen, was all eyes and ears. Much of what I witnessed is yet vivid in memory. Bishop Morris presided. Rev. Jefferson Lewis was secretary. Manning Force, Isaac N. Felch, William A. Wilmer, Caleb A. Lippincott, John K. Shaw, Thomas McCarroll and Thomas Sovereign were the presiding elders. At the close of that session Mr. Shaw went out of the eldership in which he had been very efficient and popular for eight years, and John S. Porter went into the office. The bishop and all the presiding elders of that day have passed on to the Great Beyond. I rode from Allowaystown to the seat of the Conference the morning it began with Mr. Downs and Rev. Joseph Gaskill,

who received me into the church and first commissioned me to exhort. Subsequently Mrs. Downs came and attended upon some of the sessions of the body. Of the members who were more or less heard upon the floor during the Conference, I remember the philosophic and pungent Isaac Winner, the dignified and alert James Ayars, the hearty and aggressive David Graves, and the ever-vigilant and influential Porter. Of those whom I heard speak and preach during the Conference were the splendid R. L. Dashiell, the urbane and fervent Ellison, the eloquent Wesley Kenney, the able and powerful Prof. Wentworth, the stately Samuel Vansant, the scholarly J. T. Crane, and the celebrated Dr. Bond, then editor of the "Christian Advocate," all of whom have finished their course. I also, in the same week, heard others on Conference anniversary occasions, among whom were Abel Stevens, the historian of Methodism; E. H. Stokes, and L. R. Dunn. Dr. Durbin was there also, and I then saw him for the first time. The missionary sermon was preached by W. P. Corbit, and no one who heard it can have forgotten it. Aside from its remarkable rhetoric and eloquent delivery, it was extraordinary as to length, reaching to the measure of about two and a half hours. I have since attended many Conferences in the east and the west, but I think none in which more men of altogether remarkable and various talents were assembled than in that session of the old New Jersey Conference at Bridgeton in 1853.

Among the interested spectators and intent listeners at that Conference—at least a portion of the time—

was Mrs. Downs. She was a Methodist—a Methodist preacher's wife. She loved and honored the ministry of her church, was deeply concerned for the prosperity of Zion, and she enjoyed an Annual Conference in session, especially one of such eminent attraction as that which I have briefly described. Besides, the then disciplinary term of two years had been accomplished by Mr. Downs at Allowaystown, and of course they were to move. He was certainly a man of thought and of ability. His vocal intonations were rather monotonous, as was quite common at that time with Methodist preachers, but his fervor and earnestness of manner, clear conceptions of the truth, elevated diction and convincing argument, rendered him one of the best preachers of the Conference. His social ways, also, were agreeable and winning. His manner was very cordial, and his conversation was marked by good sense and good humor. He so won upon me from the first that I loved him, I think, as much, if not more, than I have ever loved any man outside the circle of my nearest kindred. Why, then, should not such a man and his wife expect to be somewhat favored in their next appointment? With Mrs. Downs' sharp insight, she did not fail to discover her husband's merits as a minister, nor to see how favorably he compared with other preachers who were better placed as to position, temporal support and social surroundings. Yet through all that Conference, and in the months preceding it, I do not recall having heard from her, or from Mr. Downs, one regretful or complaining word about their appointment. I was, I think, more anxious than they

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were that the Conference should display its appreciation of that beloved pair by sending them up much higher. When Bishop Morris read the appointments, Mr. Downs was announced as senior preacher for Cape May Circuit. He seemed entirely satisfied, and I remember no look or word that indicated to me that Mrs. Downs was displeased. She accepted cheerfully and without criticism the decision of the appointing power. She was loyal to the church and to the itinerancy thereof, whatever privations or trials in her own case might be incident thereto. As after that Conference we were widely separated, and for a number of years by hundreds of miles, I but seldom saw her.

I did, however, know Mrs. Downs in the Allowaytown parsonage, when, as a youth, I marked her ways and listened with avidity to her charming conversation. How much she told me in those quiet hours in that parsonage of the church, of ministers, of Christian experience and Christian service, of life, of men and things, not excluding myself!

In those days Mrs. Downs was without children of her own. Her two step-sons, Samuel and James—she always called him "Jim"—engrossed her motherly solicitude and care. They are both living, and both rise up and call her blessed. "Jim" cheered her failing heart amidst the chill of Jordan's flood by singing to her, despite his tears, at her dear request, just before she got over to the better shore, "My ain Countrie." Subsequently to the Conference of 1853, children were born to Mrs. Downs, and one of them—Mrs. Quigley, of East

Orange—tenderly ministered to her, with the winsomeness and resourcefulness of love, in her last illness, as a true daughter, into whose house her mother came, weary from much toil, to rest and—to die; nay, not to die, but to vanquish death, and ascend with shoutings amid the angel band to the rest and glory of life eternal. Her precious son John, in the distant West, she could not see, but from the verge of heaven she uttered for him her last loving message. It was a mournful gratification that my early friend remembered me in the physical anguish and spiritual rapture of her last conflict and victory. I received from her daughter, Mrs. Quigley, a note containing these touching words:

“Mother died last night at midnight. Funeral at Newark, Halsey Street, on Friday, at 1.30 o’clock. Come to us—mother’s life-long friend. She asked for you at the last, and wanted you to speak at her funeral of her early ministerial life and church work; and will you be one of the bearers? Such a glorious home-going it was!”

If ever I mourned sincerely, it was when I received the intelligence of the promotion of my blessed friend to the diadem and throne of the glorified. Memory immediately took me to the Allowaystown parsonage, and, as of yore, I sat in her presence, saw her smile, and heard her gracious words. How I recalled her saintly ways and works; remembered her telling me, in 1852, that in a startling hour, when death seemed imminent, her faith was victorious over fear; and so, when I reached the home whence she went up to her coronation, and was

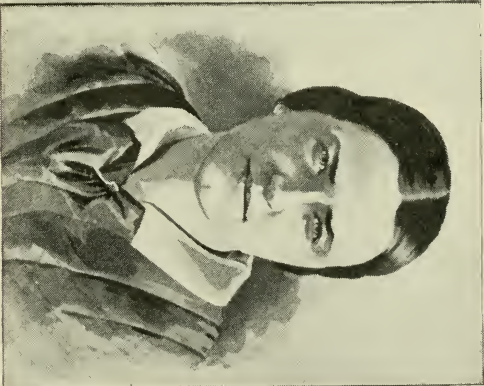
told of her triumph, I said: "It is not necessary to tell me that she died triumphantly, for, knowing her as I did, I should be sure, without hearing it, that if she were conscious, it was so."

And what did I know of her? To answer this question more fully will occupy all the rest of the space I shall claim for this tribute—heart-felt—of my pen to her extraordinary worth.

1. I knew her first of all as a keeper at home. Not that she did not go abroad, for she did. She was known throughout the village as one of its first women, indeed, I should say its chief woman. She was prominent in the social life of the place, and eminently so in the religious life thereof. She ministered in various ways to others. She went forth with her husband in his pastoral walks. She was alert in relation to everything that concerned the work and success of the church. In the chamber of sickness and in the home beclouded with sorrow, she was found. Still she kept her home. It was well kept. Upon it she impressed her mind, and heart, and hand. There was no untidiness, nor visible marks of slovenliness there. The salary was small, only four hundred and forty dollars, besides parsonage. A carriage had to be kept for the work. Guests were frequent and came from far and near. Their welcome was always cordial. The table was spread for belated visitors at an off hour. But with all the management and toil required, most of the time without "help," her house was always attractive; her table was always inviting; her spirit always genial; her



REV. C. S. DOWNS.



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heart always warm. To me the mystery is to this hour unsolved how she contrived to do so much with so little. Somehow her aptness and versatility were equal to the exigence. If she could not do a thing in one way, she would find another way; and so she succeeded in keeping a home and in dispensing a hospitality befitting opulence itself on the little stipend of a circuit preacher. Ah, those heroines of the Methodist parsonage! They have been but little noted in their obscure service in kitchen and parlor, but their hands, adorned not with jewels, but soiled and worn with housework, have contributed immensely to build the vast and overshadowing fabric of Methodism in this great republic. In that glorious company of heroines was Sarah J. Corson Downs, when I knew her in her delightful home in Allowaystown, in 1852. And in all her service as a Martha in that parsonage, I do not remember to have heard her utter a word of dissatisfaction with her lot, or complain of her incessant toil. Indeed, she did not seem overburdened; I never saw her in a hurry. She always appeared to have enough leisure to entertain, to make calls, to enjoy family life, to read and write, and to do the work the church put upon her. Thus was her executive power shown in those early days.

2. I knew Mrs. Downs as a woman of notable capacity and intelligence. I believe she was equal to any place she ever filled; to any occasion she was called to meet. I have just shown that she was equal to the sphere—the noble sphere—of a housekeeper. At the same time she adorned the social hour. I have met in

her home in Allowaystown and elsewhere people of education, prominence and influence, and representing more than one religious denomination, but I never saw a person or a company there to whose social requirement she was unequal. The breadth, penetration and furniture of her mind were conspicuous, and adequate to every phase and form of society in which she was ever found.

Her mental alertness was equal to almost any occasion. Before I had opened my lips to preach on the circuit where I went as her husband's assistant, I received from her a striking lesson on plagiarism. It was thus: Before the arrangement was settled for me to become junior preacher at Allowaystown, a local preacher had been engaged for what proved to be my first Sunday morning in that village. He came, and, of course, as it was his appointment, he preached. It was a good, an able discourse that he gave us. It was on the text, "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace," etc. When meeting was out, and Mrs. Downs and I had returned to the parsonage, she told me that Dr. Adam Clarke was the author of the sermon we had just heard. At once she went to the "study" and brought me a volume of the learned commentator's sermons opened upon the discourse in question. Looking it over, I saw that our local preacher, whose voice has now for long years been still in death, had that morning preached Dr. Clarke's sermon without book or manuscript. As a feat of memory it was creditable, but, as I thought, not otherwise. Mrs. Downs did not utter any

unkind criticism, as far as I remember, but by her quickness in detecting the plagiarism, she caused me to see how hazardous it was for a preacher to exhibit borrowed material in even a small village church. That afternoon I preached my first sermon "under the elder," at Nazareth, but it was not another preacher's sermon, whatever else it was. I do not remember that Mrs. Downs gave me any advice in relation to thus appropriating other men's sermons, but she certainly gave me an object lesson thereon which I have not yet forgotten. This incident is illustrative of Mrs. Downs' intellectual character. Hers was not a drowsy nor a misty mind. She was mentally awake and astir. Her mental eye was clear; her mental ear was acute. When I first knew her, she was possessed of a bright, keen, strong mind, well cultivated, and she was undoubtedly one of the ablest women intellectually, even at that time, I have ever had the fortune to meet.

Mrs. Downs, in those days, did not speak in public, as women in that region were not expected to address audiences, except they were Quakers. She therefore missed early practice in public speaking. In the class meeting and love-feast she spoke, and she also prayed in public. Hers were memorable prayers. Her reason, culture, heart, were poured forth in those earnest and impressive petitions which she offered at the Mercy Seat. And this leads me to say that

3. I knew Mrs. Downs as a devoted and active Christian. Her religion was not a sentiment nor a theory, but an experience. She had some time, somewhere—I do not know when nor where—been radically

converted. She had experienced the second birth. How much, in her home conversations, in which I participated in those long-vanished days, did she speak of Christian experience. What stress she put upon holy living. Hers was a positive, life-swaying religion. Her faith worked by love, and was ever shown by her works. A class meeting was held at the parsonage, and not only did she attend upon that, but I remember to have accompanied her to a class meeting in a private house in the village, and on the way thither, as well as in the meeting, she talked of the great salvation. Oh, Mrs. Downs knew Jesus. She enjoyed the hidden life—the life that is hid with Christ in God. She was always ready to speak or to pray; to intelligently instruct the inquirer, or to kindly invite the sinner to come to Christ. She was at the age of thirty, as I can testify, a worker in the vineyard of her Divine Master. Her nature was swayed by the Holy Spirit, and she walked up an elevated plane of holiness. Yet I do not know that she *professed* extraordinary sanctity. She did profess to enjoy conscious salvation from sin, but I have no remembrance of ever hearing her speak as if she thought her attainments in grace were exceptional. Her every-day life told of the power of her faith; of the depth of her devotion, and of the constancy of her love of her Saviour. She was humble, and not given to talking of her own attainments, works or virtues.

Mrs. Downs was not ascetic. She was a social, cheerful, Christian woman. Her strong common sense was manifest at the time of my frequent intercourse with her family, in the general tenor of her daily life. There-

fore she was not only an earnest, zealous follower of Christ, but a sensible, practical, intelligent and useful Christian. This she was at the age of thirty, and, as I believe, until her death.

4. I knew Mrs. Downs as a filial daughter, an affectionate sister, a faithful mother and a loving wife. At the time when I was so much in the Allowaystown parsonage, Mrs. Corson, the mother of Mrs. Downs, was for a period a visitor there. I believe she enjoyed her sojourn there. So far as I can recall in memory the incidents of that time, I never saw or heard aught that did not bespeak loyalty and love in the bearing of that daughter towards her mother. Indeed, so true, so good, so kind was the heart of that daughter, that I could not conceive of her treatment of her widowed and aged mother being other than beautifully filial and sweet. I remember that mother as a happy disciple. I heard her in class meeting at the parsonage say, "Jesus all the day long, is my joy and my song." She long preceded her daughter to the better land, but now no doubt they are united in the Golden City where

"In love's eternal reign
Parted hands shall clasp again."

Mrs. Downs and Mrs. Dr. Phillips, late of Trenton, were sisters. I well remember a visit of the latter at the parsonage in Allowaystown. Mrs. Phillips was a lady of intelligence, refinement and piety—an excellent type of woman. The intercourse between the sisters was altogether sisterly. Mrs. Downs was in that relation what a woman should be.

As a mother, she was in the period of which I write but a step-mother, but she filled with painstaking fidelity a mother's place, and with a mother's solicitude trained her husband's two sons. The younger knew not the time when she came to be his mother, and both grew up to love and honor her as a mother indeed. Both are honorable citizens and exemplary Christian men. They revere and cherish her name and her memory. Her own children were her charge in her widowed years. With her unflinching resource she educated them, and her daughter graduated in 1876 from Pennington Seminary.

As a wife, Mrs. Downs seemed to be almost everything that a wife should or could be. She honored her husband. She appreciated his talents and his virtues. She was ever ready to acknowledge his ministerial excellences. Once in Allowaystown I heard her ask him, "Who are the strong men of the New Jersey Conference besides Charles S. Downs?" That was but a little thing, but it was a wifely compliment delicately given, and it showed the spirit of a doting, loving wife. In the days of which I write I saw that husband and wife much together, and I can truly say that their intercourse was marked by indications of conjugal affection. She was ever ready to show her high estimate of him, and her love for him. In all the tests of trial and adversity to which that love was subjected, she clung to him with a true wife's complete abandon, and taught her children to cherish his name and to honor his memory after he had triumphed over death. My heart does homage to that noble woman who, through all vicissitudes, stood by her husband, caring for him in trouble and in penury;

ministering to him in his long sickness; comforting him when his head lay upon the death pillow, and throughout her widowhood keeping his memory green and precious in her heart.

It may be thought, perhaps, that in this reminiscent sketch I have indulged freely in the language of panegyric. I will only say that I have honestly sought to write the truth, and nothing but the truth. I have written of a person whom I had excellent opportunity to know when her name was not in newspapers nor her form seen upon platforms. I have written of a woman of whom I have vivid recollection when she was yet young, and the presiding genius of a Methodist parsonage in a country village; a woman who was my sympathizing friend, counselor and exemplar in days of youthful crudeness, weakness and inexperience. Her memory is very precious to me. The rush of forty years has but slightly dimmed the life-like lineaments that her gentle and skillful hands engraved on my heart in the ten months that I was so often in her society. It does indeed seem to me that her character, as I knew it, was almost without a flaw; that her womanhood was of a high type; that her life was radiant with holiness. I must say that, take her "all in all," she was one of the best and greatest of her sex I have been privileged to personally know; and I record my judgment here, I think impartially, that Sarah Corson Downs was one of the foremost women in soundness of heart, strength of character, mental resource and effective leadership, not only of New Jersey, but of America.

CHAPTER VI.

HER LIFE IN TUCKERTON.

THE life of Mrs. Downs in Tuckerton is described by three writers, two of whom are still residents of the place; the first, Dr. T. T. Price, contributes the following:

The years that Mrs. S. J. C. Downs spent in Tuckerton were not seemingly marked by a great variety of incident. Though active in work and untiring in energy, yet so quiet and unobtrusive were the duties in which she was engaged, that comparatively little of a striking character is available. Her residence at this place covered a period of about fourteen years—from 1860 to 1874. They were probably the saddest and most trying years of her life. Her husband had removed to Tuckerton, the home of his childhood, upon retiring from the ministry. In this quiet home, among the relatives and friends of her husband, she faithfully fulfilled the tender duties of mother and wife. The care of the family devolved in a goodly degree upon her. Her husband's health was failing. He was not a rugged man, and the opportunities for remunerative employment in such work

as he could do were few. He taught school, and engaged in such business as opened before him; but the disease which finally laid his body beneath the soil of his native town was already making inroads upon his health.

Amid these trials and discouragements, Mrs. Downs preserved her characteristic cheerfulness and courage. She engaged in whatever honorable employment offered, to assist in the support of her family. She soon opened a private school, first at her own house, and subsequently in a rented hall, and continued it for several years. She also taught a part of the time in the public schools of the village.

As a teacher, she was proficient and popular, and her scholars became attached to her. A young man, now connected with the Tuckerton Railroad Company, in speaking of his attendance upon her school, said: "I liked her as a teacher, and learned more from her than from any other teacher, in the same time." Her private schools were well patronized; and many of the younger men and women of the town remember her with reverence and affection.

She was also, during most of her residence here, a regular contributor to the "New Jersey Courier," published at Toms River, and furnished the items of local news from Tuckerton for that paper. She wrote with great fluency and ease, and her articles, though often of commonplace matters, were always readable and interesting. This labor, added to her household cares and school-teaching, made her life a busy one, even here,

and added a further modicum to her personal earnings. From a file of the "New Jersey Courier," during those years, many items of interest might be obtained, bearing upon her life and thoughts at that time. Perhaps a single quotation from an old number of the "Courier," dated May 16th, 1872, will serve to illustrate her style, and the condition of the temperance cause in Tuckerton at that time:

"On Friday evening last, Captain Charter addressed an audience in the Methodist Episcopal church on temperance. As your reporter came in late, it would hardly be considered just to venture any extended comment on the lecture; but from what we heard, our judgment is that he is a very graceful, pleasant speaker, well calculated to interest on any subject he might discuss. He was here by invitation from the two temperance organizations of the place. There is but little zeal in this cause manifested here; the interest in these gatherings is never very great. Perhaps this is owing, in a great measure, to the almost unprecedented absence of drunkenness. A person under the influence of intoxicating liquor is a sight very rare in our streets."

Mrs. Downs was at this time, or during a part of her stay in Tuckerton, a member of the Good Templars society; and this was the only temperance work in which she engaged at that time.

But her principal activities, and those for which she will be longest remembered in Tuckerton, were directed to the erection of a new church building for the Methodist Episcopal church. She assisted at the very begin-

ning of the movement, with other earnest and active women of the church, in organizing a Ladies' Aid Society, of which she was the efficient secretary. This society was, perhaps, the most active and successful agency employed in accomplishing the large task which they had undertaken.

One of the sisters, who was associated with others in this work, says of Mrs. Downs: "She was the moving spirit, and did the head-work, while we did the hand-work;" and again: "She laid out the work for others, planned ways for raising money, and did but little of the laborious work herself. I don't believe the church building would have been built, had it not been for her."

Another sister says: "She was our leader in the Ladies' Aid Society. Her brain was more fertile in devising ways than ours. She was a pleasant and agreeable woman to associate with."

As an illustration of her business-like methods and firmness of character in maintaining what she thought right, the following anecdote is offered:

On one occasion, while the building was in course of erection, when the Ladies' Aid Society was in session at one of their homes, two brethren—leading members of the church—called upon them and informed them that they needed \$200, and had come to ask them for it. Mrs. Downs asked them if they had an order for the money. They replied, "No." "Then," said she, "you cannot have it." The brethren insisted that the need was an urgent one, that the getting an order was only an unnecessary formality, and would cause delay. She

stoutly resisted the payment of the money, except through the regular methods, and the arguments pro and con were continued for some time. The other ladies were divided in opinion about the matter: some agreed with Mrs. Downs, and some advised letting the money go. At length, a motion prevailed to let the brethren have the money. Mrs. Downs replied: "Well, they have gained their point this time, but they will not do so again."

The writer well remembers the great number of fairs, and festivals, and exhibitions of various kinds, held through several years, averaging, perhaps, one a month during the time of the preparation for and the building of the church edifice. These were largely planned by Mrs. Downs, and carried through to a successful issue by the energy and perseverance of the other ladies of the church; always assisted, of course, by the brethren, and liberally patronized by the citizens of the town and surrounding country. And the result of these untiring labors is seen in the large, handsome, commodious house of worship of the Methodist Episcopal church of Tuckerton, with its convenient and comfortable parsonage, which was also a part of the work accomplished during those toilsome and busy years.

She was also active in the Sunday school as a teacher, and gained in that capacity the kind remembrance and gratitude of those who came under her instruction. Her husband and herself had been made life members of the American Bible Society,

by some one of the churches, while he was in the ministry. This entitled them to receive annually a dollar's worth of Bibles and Testaments from any of the Depositories of Bibles of that Society. While they lived in Tuckerton the Tuckerton Bible Society, auxiliary to the American Bible Society, kept on hand Bibles and Testaments, and Mr. and Mrs. Downs regularly called for their Bibles or Testaments every year, and, probably, gave them away to destitute persons.

* Her hopeful, cheerful disposition was a subject of observation to many. While her husband was sick and unable to earn anything, and her little family was almost entirely dependent upon her own personal exertions, she was observed to go humming a hymn on her way to school or returning, and had a kind smile and cheerful word for every one she met.

Her trust in God truly enabled her to say: "Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."

C. M. Headley, one of her Bible class, pays this heart-felt tribute to his teacher:

It was said by a celebrated author that "he must be a bold man that *dares* undertake to write the life of Daniel Webster." This the writer feels would apply with equal force should he attempt to write the life of the noble woman to whom this book is dedicated. Indeed, there is no need of this, for her life has been

already written; proudly, grandly written by herself, for all of us who knew her; and all there is for us to do is to try and gather up for other eyes to read a few of the kind and noble acts with which her busy life was crowded. It is, therefore, the privilege of the writer to pay a modest but an honest tribute to her memory as a teacher; and to relate a few of the many incidents that his memory may recall, that happened twenty years ago or more, when, as a youth, he, with other young men, had the good fortune to be one of her scholars in the Sunday school. It is not an easy task for any teacher, no matter how earnest or thoroughly prepared, to hold, Sabbath after Sabbath, the attention and the attendance of a large class of eighteen-year-old boys. Yet this feat Mrs. Downs accomplished with apparent ease. The class to which we refer was in the Methodist Sunday school at Tuckerton, N. J., during her residence among us. The writer has often asked himself the secret of her success as a teacher. She was not a rapid, nor scarcely a fluent talker at that time, although an easy one. She did not attempt to clothe her thoughts in flowery language, nor did she talk as much as many teachers feel they must; but by her skillful questions that appealed to the intellect of the scholar, she drew from him, almost unconsciously to himself, an answer; and often the scholar was surprised to find he had such clear ideas about the lesson. Her mind seemed to comprehend, as a whole, the lesson to be taught, the main features being already arranged; and, when a place was reached to make a personal application of the

truth, again her wonderful tact was displayed in knowing just how to enforce it. In speaking of this the other day to a gentleman who was a member of the class, he recalled an incident that will illustrate this fact. One of the boys was a nephew of Mrs. Downs, and in reply to a remark from her relating to the responsibility of a teacher, said: "Oh, Aunt Sarah, let me have the Journal. I can teach the lesson." She allowed him to do so, and after he had talked a few minutes, and shown a fair knowledge of the subject, he handed the paper back to her. The boys were quite amused. Mrs. Downs did not seem displeased; and yet there was a touch of sadness in her voice as she said: "Oh, George, how well you know the way!" and then turning upon him one of her intensely earnest looks, she said: "What a responsibility!" "That was twenty years ago," said he, "but it made an impression on me that I have never forgotten. Very often I hear again in fancy, that voice saying: 'What a responsibility!'" This gentleman was converted under her teaching, and in this same church there is no stronger supporter to-day, nor a more consistent follower of his Lord and Master. Who can tell the influence of a single sentence under divine direction?

There were nine members of this Sunday school class, and it is a remarkable, as well as a pleasing fact, that all but two were either converted under her teaching or not long afterwards, and to-day are useful members of various churches. Two of these seven, who were converted, are trustees, and two are stewards in the church where Mrs. Downs taught them; and of

these, one is assistant superintendent of the Sunday school; while another has been assistant superintendent of another school, and superintendent of still another. Of the remaining three, the writer knows that one, at least, has been superintendent of a Union Sunday school.

In the study of the Bible and Bible characters, we were made to feel that Abraham, or Moses, or Paul, were as really men of ages past, as were Washington, or Jefferson, or Lincoln, and her earnestness and clear illustrations lent a zest to the study of the Bible that we shall never forget. We felt that she knew the way, and had trodden it before us. She never had to tell us that she had a personal interest in us—we knew it.

One of her many noble traits was that she always saw and appreciated the good in others, and tried to help them. An instance of this was told us but a short time ago: There was an old lady in our church, a good woman, but always worrying and often crying over some imaginary trouble. Mrs. Downs wrote out that beautiful hymn, beginning—

“Peace, troubled soul, thou need’st not fear,
Thy Great Provider still is near.”

And late one evening placed it under the old lady’s door. The next morning she found it and felt that it was divinely sent, and who can say that it was not?

One Sunday, in the fall of 1873, Mrs. Downs referred in the class to a call that she had made the evening previous upon a lady who had just married a business man of our village and come to reside among us.

"She is a dear little woman," she said, "and fits in her new home splendidly." This very lady, when speaking to us of Mrs. Downs but recently, said: "I shall never forget when she called upon me for the first time. I came here a stranger, and in her kind and motherly way she brought sunshine into my life at once."

The last time the writer saw Mrs. Downs was at the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention, held in Tuckerton in June, 1891, only a few months before "the Master came and called her." She grasped my hand warmly, as she said: "And here is Charlie, another of my boys!" How well she looked, but how little we know? Even then her feet were on the margin of the river. The mystic oarsman was very near the shore, and the crown was only a little way above her head.

Rev. J. H. Payran, who was her pastor during a part of her life in Tuckerton, writes:

While stationed in Tuckerton, N. J., during 1870 and 1871, I became intimately acquainted with Mrs. Downs and her family; as pastor, I was frequently at their home, her husband, Rev. Charles S. Downs, being an invalid and confined to his house most of the time. The cheerful spirit of Mrs. Downs often impressed me; though burdened with many cares and sorrows, she was always cheerful. To the management of her home and the care of a sick husband was added the charge of the public school and the duties of an earnest worker in the

church, for she was interested in all church work, and one of its faithful servants and most active members; yet in all this she was happy. Forgetting self and seeking only the good of others, her cheerful spirit filled her home with sunshine.

The great executive ability that Mrs. Downs displayed in the successful management of the temperance work committed to her care, was witnessed in her home life. While so many things were to be looked after, requiring time, patience and tact, yet, by system and energy, she was enabled to accomplish a great amount of work—regularly writing for the press, carefully looking after her home, her school, and always at her place in the church and performing with zeal her duty. Mrs. Downs was born to manage, and in her home life this trait of character was developed to its highest degree, fitting her for the grand work that crowned her closing years. She possessed a genuine Christian experience—the life of Christ in the soul. She was always ready to give a reason for the hope that was within her. Her walk was consistent, her life earnest, and her faith in God wonderful. This was the secret of her cheerful and successful life. The oft-repeated expression that “It is all right,” in trials, discouragements and frowning providences, revealed the confidence she had in God, who fails not to notice the falling of a sparrow, or to number the hairs of our head.

The church of God, with all its interests, lay near her heart—not only the local society to which she belonged, but the whole church. She was interested in all the

great questions that have, from time to time, agitated the church, and especially those questions of church policy in her own denomination. While she was not sectarian in any offensive sense, and entirely free from the spirit of bigotry, she loved her own church and was zealous of its doctrines and usages. Her convictions upon church polity were deep, and her sentiments well defined; right well would she express them, and earnestly maintain her views. She gave much of her time and strength to the church, was a most efficient Sunday school worker and tract distributor, and wisely planned for the temporal and spiritual success of the church. No one listened more attentively to or enjoyed the preaching of the gospel more than Mrs. Downs, and she was faithful in her attendance upon the public and private means of grace. Her great love for the church, and native energy, led her at times to be impatient of the tardiness of the leaders, and she would, by well-chosen words, stir them up to greater zeal. She was a true friend of the pastor, always encouraging him. Having traveled and labored with her husband in the pastorate a number of years, she knew how to encourage and assist the pastor in his work, and was always ready to render good service. Her good sense and sound judgment made her services of special value.

Mrs. Downs had a true motherly love for her home and family. All the children of the family were alike to her; she knew no difference. Their happiness and spiritual good were her chief concern. The spirit in which she sought the good of all in her home, and the

care and love for her invalid husband, manifested the noblest traits of a true Christian woman, and showed the power of the grace of God to sustain in trial and wearing toil.

Her husband, after a long illness, passed triumphantly to his reward on high in 1870. He was a man, like his devoted wife, with honesty of heart, and strong faith in God. It was my privilege to frequently visit him, and to observe his happy spirit in failing strength and approaching death. He would talk about death and dying in the most natural manner, without the least indication of any emotion of fear. I said to him a little while before the hour of his departure came, being deeply impressed with his calm and even joyful spirit, when so near the eternal world: Bro. Downs, what is your experience in view of death? Have you those spiritual sensations of rapture that come to the soul in a glorious conversion to God, when the Spirit of the Lord comes mightily into the heart, making it new and filling it with light and love? His reply was, "No; I have strong faith in God that He is with me, and that all is right."

A very short time before his death he said to his physician, the aged Dr. Mason: "Doctor, how is it with me now?" The reply was: "Well, Charles, you are near your end." With deep emotion the dying man said: "Doctor, I shall then go where they *live*, while you remain where they die."

It was our privilege to entertain Mrs. Downs at the parsonage while on an official visit to Atlantic City only

a short time before her sickness and death. She appeared so well and full of hope in her work that death seemed a good way off. She spent a delightful evening with the family discussing the great cause of temperance, in the speedy triumph of which she had unbounded faith. We talked over our past experiences, and the condition and prospects of our children, temporal and spiritual. She was exceedingly happy in reflecting upon the condition and surroundings of her children, and of the deep gratitude she felt for the goodness of God that had followed them. At the hour of retirement she led the evening devotions, and such a prayer! It was simplicity itself; a prayer born of true friendship and a pure heart.

The life of Mrs. Downs was one of cheerfulness in sorrow, trial and care; of great usefulness in patient and anxious toil through many discouragements, and of mighty faith that all that opposes the establishment of the kingdom of Christ on earth must yield to the sword of the Spirit, the truth of God faithfully presented.

Though dead, she yet speaketh; and her works do follow her.

Shortly after her husband's death the following article appeared in Mrs. Downs' column in the "New Jersey Courier:"

In the circling flight of time, we have passed another milestone on the great highway, which all are traveling to eternity. Another year has passed away, and the

events of eighteen seventy-one have been inscribed upon the lasting page of history. It is gone! not one single moment can be recalled, and whether its record has been for weal or woe, it is *now* inevitable. Very naturally, at such a period, does the mind retrospect the past, and, in thought, go back to other years, when the loved of the "long ago" were among us, and made joyous by their presence those familiar scenes which now to us are desolate, because they are not. What tender memories flood our hearts, as we remember only their virtues and those qualities of mind and heart which not only rendered them lovely in our sight, but which gave them a title to that celestial inheritance which God has promised to the faithful. We love to think of them as safe from the ills of life and that they now tread the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, with spotless robes, and conquering palms, and glittering crowns, albeit we are left to weep over the family circle broken, the hearth-stone desolate, and ties the most tender sundered forever.

How dreary would life be, if no light from the hope of "joys beyond" were flung across our pathway; if no prospect of reunion with our loved and lost ones were granted us to comfort our lacerated hearts when we laid them away in the deep, darksome grave! But the light of revelation sheds its cheering rays over the dim years of the far-off future, and tells us we *shall* live again our renewed being in their company, and, buoyed up by this hope, we equip ourselves anew for the battle of life, till, tried and proved in the furnace of affliction, the

Master shall say to *us*: "It is enough; come and inhabit the mansion prepared for you." Oh! when the anchor shall drop within the harbor, what joy shall be ours. It shall be:

"Like the mariner tossed on the wild, pathless ocean,
Hails with rapture the star that hangs over his home."

The dead of seventy-one! who are they? As we glance over the past twelve months, how many names have been erased from the tablet of life! Not only the cherished ones of the private circle, but many whose records are inscribed on the roll of fame. The church, the state, science and philosophy have had their bereavements. Many of the great ones of earth have passed off the stage of action and gone to swell the "nations of the dead." One star after another has been blotted out here, to shine more resplendently in the higher heaven of God's eternal presence. Eloquent tongues are now silent upon whose utterances thousands hung entranced. Wise counsellors are not, upon whose decisions the weal or woe of important trusts depended. With them the record of life is closed and sealed for the great day of eternity. No year to them so important, so *awfully* important, as that just flown! Such is life! Happy we, who hail the opening beauties of this new year, with high resolves of greater activity in every good work, with nobler aspirations than ever before animated our hearts, with deeper, broader views of life's responsibilities, and a more firmly-rooted purpose to live and answer the end of our being, by devoting all we are to the service of truth and righteousness.

O youth, whose eye now rests upon this page, are *you* devoting your talents and energies to the cause of God? Are you spending the strength of your young manhood in promoting truth and pureness of heart and life? This may be the year in which, with you, time will end and eternity begin. Make a wise preparation and heed the stranger's warning, for

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twi'x two unbounded seas you stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space
Removes you to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts you up in hell.

In 1873 Mrs. Downs sent her daughter to boarding school, she teaching in Tuckerton and writing for the press to pay for the tuition. One of the bitterest disappointments of her life was that "with her own two hands, she could only earn enough to send one" of the children to school. Which should it be? Without an instant's hesitation, she said: "The girl." A little property (a very little that was left) was sold to help out the expenses. One year was spent in the Bordentown College. In 1874 Mrs. Downs secured a position in the Pennington public school as principal, and the daughter was placed in the Seminary. Mrs. Downs boarded at the Irving House, kept by Mr. Joseph Bum, an old-time friend, and there she received, with open arms, her daughter's friends from the Seminary. They always went freely to her room, and how every one learned to love her! Whenever they went out on pleasure bent,

they were sure to gravitate there. She was interested in their societies, their *opposites*, and their studies—a mother to the homesick ones, with a tender side for the romances of the Seminary. Even with all the cares and perplexities born of her circumstances, Mrs. Downs, while in Pennington, found time, aside from her daily duties, not only to mother the confidences of the Seminary girls, but to consider the best interests of the town. The public spirit evinced in her life elsewhere was manifested here, also. While living in Pennington she first became interested in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, although not so actively as in later years. The Minutes of 1876 give "Mrs. S. Downs, of Pennington," as the "Vice-President for Mercer county."

The daughter graduating in 1876, Mrs. Downs moved to Ocean Grove, and there "she built upon faith a little home." In September of the same year, the daughter began teaching, and the loved mother was never called on again to follow her avocation. In the meantime, John, Mrs. Downs' only living son, by dint of personal effort, had acquired an education. Samuel and James had been educated previous to their father's death. This happy rounding out of the rough edges of life's stern battle left Mrs. Downs free to assume the work which stands out as her chiefest monument. She had been battling all her days for her own; now, in these closing years, she was to devote her life, her consecrated energies and skilled intellect, to the well-being of others, and the upbuilding of an organization whose fame was to rest on a solid and sure foundation.

CHAPTER VII.

A SKETCH OF TEN BUSY, HELPFUL YEARS.

“Happy we are !
For though we stand alone,
Like the disciples gazing up to heaven,
Toward our ascended one,
We know that God, who takes what He has given,
Never a soul forsakes,
And surely gives again that which He takes.
She who has passed above the sky
Has gone in Time, comes in Eternity.”

WE APPROACH the last ten years of Mrs. Downs' life with a keen realization of the impossibility of giving anything like a complete record of the work done by her. We stand before this life in wondering admiration at its completeness, its breadth, its strength, its scope; a many-sided life; a life so full of the Spirit of her Divine Master, who “went about doing good,” that she literally followed in His blessed footsteps, carrying comfort and joy, hope and blessedness, wherever she went. Coming to a time in life (fifty-nine years of age) which had already been given to self-denying service, when most women naturally feel that laboring days are about over and resting time had

come, she entered upon the laborious duties of President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New Jersey. I well remember when I first saw her; it was at the State Convention held in Millville, October, 1880. A large woman, with earnest face and manner, note-book in hand, was frequently upon her feet, seeking information or giving her ideas concerning some item of business before us. I turned to my neighbor, and asked, "Who is she?" and the answer given, "I think her name is Downs; she is a delegate from Monmouth county, but whoever she is, she knows what she is doing," gave evidence that her good judgment and clear brain impressed us even then.

The Sunday evening following, by invitation of Rev. J. H. Payran, we both spoke in his church—Mrs. Downs preceding me. Her opening remarks were tender and pathetic, as she told us that in this pulpit her dear husband, long since gone to his reward, had stood as pastor. "It seems strange," she said, "for one at my time of life to make her maiden speech." But she very soon convinced her appreciative audience that her heart was full of zeal and earnestness concerning the great theme of temperance.

I did not meet her again for a year, when the next State Convention, held at Lambertville, in October, 1881, brought us again together. During that year the health of our former President, Mrs. M. R. Denman, had failed, and Mrs. E. A. Mickle, the State Treasurer, proposed Mrs. Downs to fill the place, and she was elected by an almost unanimous vote. In her address of accept-

ance of the position, she said: "I am but the widow of a Methodist preacher, with very little of this world's goods. I have neither silver nor gold to bring to the office, but such as I am and such as I have, I dedicate to God and temperance work;" and such giving as it was! Such an abandonment of self one seldom finds.

I was elected Corresponding Secretary of the State at the same time, and our lives ran along, side by side, in the closest intimacy, for ten years. Her unwearying spirit never faltered in summer's heat or winter's cold. In storm and sunshine, up and down this state she has gone, breathing hope and inspiration into the work she had espoused. When she was made President there were twenty-six Unions in New Jersey, and at the time of her death every county was thoroughly organized, and two hundred and eight Unions, with a paid-up membership of nearly eight thousand, were largely the result of her faithful efforts.

At the next Convention, held in Bridgeton, in 1882, Miss Willard was present, and presented a resolution endorsing the principles of the then little known "National Home Protection Prohibition Party." Mrs. Downs listened very intently as that resolution was read, and showed unusual interest in the discussion which followed, and when the vote of the Convention was taken, a majority voting in its favor, she evinced deep satisfaction at the result, and from that time on never ceased to aid, in every practicable way, the cause of that party, which she firmly believed would bring about the overthrow of the liquor traffic in our country.

The Bridgeton Convention was memorable in other ways. We were asked, on the first day of our meeting, by one of the Bridgeton sisters, to walk through certain streets going to and from the church where we were assembled and to the luncheon hall. Said our sister: "It will take you a little out of your way to go by the 'Davis House,' but do go, sisters, and as you go, pray that God will close up every saloon in this city, but especially *that* one." Miss Willard and Mrs. Downs headed the column, and, as we passed the Davis House, the porch was about filled with men and boys, who looked with astonishment at the goodly array of women passing quietly by. We did this each day, and the third day not a man or boy was seen on that porch; and in a very few years, every saloon in the city *was* closed, the "Davis House" pulled down, and on its site there stands a fine edifice, occupied by the Cumberland County Bank. "No license" would still prevail in Bridgeton, were it not for that infamous "Excise Commission," granted by act of the legislature in 1890, and approved by Governor Abbett, which, notwithstanding the indignant protest of its citizens, granted license to eleven saloons.

The now famous resolution which has called forth so much criticism was framed at the National Convention, held in Detroit, Mich., in 1883. It reads:

Resolved, That we will lend our influence to that party, by whatsoever name called, which shall furnish the best embodiment of our principles, and will most surely protect our homes.

This action on the part of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union created animosity in the minds of some, and for five years thereafter the sessions of the National Convention were kept in turmoil by the few who would not endorse its sentiment, and who strove unavailingly to influence the majority to reject it, until at Chicago, in 1889, they withdrew from the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union and organized the so-called non-partisan organization. During this period, great wisdom was needed in the National, especially in the Executive Committee, and it was about this time that Mrs. Downs received the title of the "Andrew Jackson" of the Committee. Her judgment was relied upon, her wisdom was felt, and she was there recognized, as in her own state and surrounded by her own cabinet, a veritable "Tower of Strength." She was cautious about taking advanced ground until her mind was clear concerning it; but when the truth entered into her soul; when she felt after mature reflection and waiting upon God that He said, "Go forward," nothing stopped her brave spirit. If she stood alone—why, she would stand alone if necessary, even as Luther stood, with the same cry: "Here I stand; God helping me, I can do no other." This was particularly true in the case of woman's ballot. Some of our state workers were urgent upon her to more fully espouse this department of our work, and to present its necessity to the Unions, but she waited. She studied the position long and carefully, looked at the situation in

all its bearings, asked God for guidance, and the light broke in upon her. At the Convention held in Millville, in 1887, in her Annual Address, she uttered this ringing sentence:

“Viewing this evil from our stand-point, and realizing the necessity for immediate and very prompt action, I have come to the place and time where I can say what I have never said before in this presence, *give woman the ballot!* and I hope this Convention will declare unequivocally for equal franchise, believing it to be the surest method of overthrowing the liquor traffic and all other sins against our homes.”

It so happened about this time that we were passing through Trenton, during a session of the legislature, and stopped in to watch the proceedings for a while. To our surprise a bill allowing women to vote on all school questions, also to hold the position of school trustee, except in cities of the first and second classes, came before the house, passed with very little opposition, and subsequently became law. Mrs. Downs wrote of it at once to the Unions, explaining it to them and urging them, where they were entitled to the suffrage, to use it as a weapon of defence in bringing to pass a better state of things for the children. At the next school meeting held in Asbury Park, she led the women to the polls, much to the discomfiture of many of the male voters present. The following items culled from Asbury Park papers give a fair history of the case:

From the "Shore Press," March 23, 1888.

WOMEN TO THE FRONT.

The right of franchise was exercised for the first time by the women of Asbury Park and Ocean Grove on Tuesday evening, when, by the presence of a large delegation of ladies at the High School, Mrs. A. C. Dunham, of Ocean Grove, was elected a member of the Board of Education. The weather was extremely unfavorable, but the women, who were determined to exercise their newly-acquired right, astonished the men by turning out to the number of about twenty-five. This was a great surprise to the male voters, who, although cognizant of the feminine right, had not thought they would be present. The other sex was headed by Mrs. S. J. C. Downs and Mrs. M. Helen Crane, and every lady looked as if she meant business. They got what they went after, a lady member of the Board, and a very distinct voice in the proceedings of the meeting. When nominations were called for, Mrs. Downs, in a neatly-framed and well-pointed speech, caused some excitement by submitting the name of Mrs. A. C. Dunham; this was seconded by several men. Mr. Treat's and Joseph Wainright's names were also placed in nomination, but the former withdrew in favor of the latter. Then the balloting begun. Mrs. Downs, Frank Tantum, W. F. Le Roy and F. Leggett, ran

the ballot-box and the tally-sheets. The ladies were given the right of way, and they marched in and dropped their votes as though the fate of nations hung on the result. Mr. Tantum waxed funny and asked many of the most elderly ladies if they were twenty-one years of age. Mrs. Dunham received fifty-four votes and Mr. Wainright fifty-three, total one hundred and seven. But there were only one hundred and one names registered, and so it happened that the legality of the election was at once called into question by many men. However, after much oratory from various sources, Mrs. Dunham was, by the chairman, declared elected. This dissatisfied many ungallant men, and there is a possibility that the matter may be taken to the courts. Just the same, Mrs. Dunham will pluckily insist on holding office until she is duly unseated by process of law.

From the same paper, March 29, 1888.

THAT WOMAN TRUSTEE.

The sensation produced by the election of Mrs. A. C. Dunham as school trustee last week has not yet subsided. The selection of a woman for such a responsible position seems to particularly grind a certain few would-be dictators, who are making every possible effort to have the election declared illegal. With this end in view, an emissary was sent to Freehold to consult with County Superintendent Lockwood. It is reported that to Dr. Lockwood it was stated that one vote had been

cast at the election by a lady who was not a resident of the school district. The lady referred to was Mrs. S. J. C. Downs, one of the best-known ladies of the state, and who has resided in New Jersey more than one year, in the county longer than five months, and in the township more than twenty-four hours. Thus she is a duly qualified voter. County Superintendent Lockwood wrote Mrs. Dunham a letter, telling her he had been officially notified that the election was illegal on the following grounds:

1. That one vote was cast by a lady not a resident of this district.

2. That the election was illegally officered (but in what way was not stated).

3. Because the name of each voter was not duly registered. He further said, that Mrs. Dunham could legally decline to serve, and that in that case he would be relieved of much annoyance.

The old members of the Board were allowed to act without her presence until he could appoint a successor to fill the vacancy which he alleges to exist in the Board, because of the supposed illegal election. Mrs. Dunham was informed this morning that last night a meeting of the Board was held; she said she had not been notified that there was to have been a meeting, but said in view of the position assumed by the County Superintendent, she was not surprised at the attempt to ignore her by those persons who were opposed to women holding office.

From the "Asbury Park Journal," March, 1888.

The actions of the "crowing hens" at the school meeting on Tuesday evening has placed the sex they misrepresent in a humiliating position, and brought mortification, undeserved, upon the ladies of this place. The spirit shown was merely that of bravado, and it is reaping its reward in the flippant ridicule that has been universally prevalent in this neighborhood since the meeting. There was no necessity for a female trustee. The district is one of the largest in the county; it embraces three schools; the board has the employing and oversight of more than a score of teachers; its business involves the annual expenditure of from eighteen to twenty thousand dollars, and in the management of affairs requires not only intricate and careful financial methods, but also a large amount of physical labor. Above every other requirement, a trustee should have a thorough knowledge of business methods, and experience in educational management. Without any possible disparagement to the lady whose name was used on Tuesday night, it may be said there were at least three gentlemen available for the position whose qualifications excelled in these particulars. * * * There is no compensation attached to the office, but they stood ready to give their time, talents and experience freely and willingly for the good of the district. Would it not have been wisdom to have still further advanced

the interests of our schools by selecting one of these gentlemen?

Resolutions passed by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Ocean Grove:

WHEREAS, The legislature of the state of New Jersey has enacted a law, giving the right to females who are properly qualified to vote for trustees of our public schools, or to serve as trustee of the same, when elected to that office; and,

WHEREAS, In the exercise of these rights, the wives and mothers of School District No. 90½ are entitled to the same rights and privileges as the male citizens who were present at the recent election; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Ocean Grove Woman's Christian Temperance Union, indignantly resent the ungentlemanly attack of the "Asbury Park Journal," in denominating the ladies who took part in the election as "crowing hens."

Resolved, That inasmuch as there were less than twenty-five ladies present to vote, and that Mrs. Dunham received fifty-four votes, that we hereby express our gratitude to the more than thirty gentlemen who cast their votes for a woman trustee.

Resolved, That the above be printed in the "New Jersey Tribune," "Shore Press," and "Ocean Grove Record."

MRS. M. A. BELTING, *President*.

MRS. S. CULVER, *Corresponding Secretary*.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., April 4th, 1888.

MRS. A. C. DUNHAM:

Dear Madam:—I am directed by the County Superintendent, Dr. Lockwood, to notify you of the legality of your election as school trustee of District 90½ for the term of three years. I will notify you by card when the trustees meet again.

S. W. KIRKBRIDE, *D. C.*

When the term of one more of the male trustees expired, another woman was elected; and the schools have been run satisfactorily to all concerned, notwithstanding "the district is one of the largest in the county, and requires intricate and careful management of its affairs." And so the world moves on! Mrs. Downs stood for principle against trickery in this, as in every other case; winning to her side many who were won by the womanly tact and patience shown by those who were so needlessly assailed.

During a visit to one of the large cities of New Jersey, where a series of meetings had been arranged, the first one was to be held in a Reformed church. About a dozen persons only came to attend the service. Upon inquiry, we found it was prayer meeting night in many of the churches. "Oh, well," said Mrs. Downs, "we must never conflict with the church meetings. Suppose we go in a body to the nearest church and join in their service," which we proceeded to do. The "nearest church" proved to be a Methodist, and they were holding a union prayer meeting with three sister churches, the four pastors in the altar. Mrs. Downs led the company up to the side front seats, and when the time for testimonies came, she turned to me, saying: "Now, Margaret, do your duty for God and temperance, and give the message with no uncertain sound;" and, as a result, the meeting took a temperance turn almost, as all the testimonies, after this, were for temperance and Prohibition. At the close of the meeting the pastors present gathered around us, and exclaimed: "Why,

Sister Downs, where did you come from? and how does it happen you are here when we had such a temperance meeting?" To which she made answer: "The people didn't come to us, so we came to the people, and have had our temperance meeting."

During the second year of our frequent journeying together, she one day said to me: "I want to plan this trip so you can stop over at Beverly and see my sister." This only sister, Mrs. Dr. Phillips, had been such an important factor in her life that very often as we traveled together in the train she was the subject of our conversation; and I learned to respect and love one so tenderly and lovingly represented to me, and became anxious to meet her. She was living at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Emily V. Street, who, with her now translated husband, Prof. J. Fletcher Street, was doing all that love could devise to make this gentle sufferer comfortable. As we entered her room that day, Mrs. Downs exclaimed: "Well, sister, here I am back again, and have brought another temperance tramp to see you." From the bed came a feeble voice: "You are welcome, always welcome," and, as she extended her wasted hand to clasp mine, she said: "I must lie here and cough, while you go out to do the work." Then she questioned about our trip: "How many meetings have you held? Did the people come out to hear? Have you formed any new Unions?" &c., &c., entering into every incident connected with the trip with interest, and showing that, although laid aside, she was keenly alive to all that was transpiring in the busy world out-

side. Three years confined to her room, and most of the time to her bed, yet with a brain so clear, a mind so active, it rose superior to all hindrances of the flesh and kept abreast of the times, not only in current literature, but in all reform work. Her grandchildren, from the youth preparing to enter college, to the little lad just mastering his A B C's, all came to grandma's room for aid in preparing their lessons; a veritable encyclopædia of knowledge was this rare woman. When Mrs. Downs was about to organize the Beverly Union, Mrs. Phillips gave her name and money, saying: "I want to be the first one in Beverly to join this Union," and until her death was greatly interested in all that pertained to its welfare.

I cannot leave this home without referring to its head, whom God called so mysteriously to Himself in 1887—three years after Mrs. Phillips' death—a man so genial, so tender, so needed, that his place has never been filled in the community. Mrs. Downs telegraphed me this message: "My heart is crushed: Fletcher Street is dead." I knew something of what he had been to her; I knew that his home had been her home; that for the last two winters of Mrs. Phillips' life, particularly, Mrs. Downs had been a welcome inmate of that home; that his purse had often been opened to place in her hands the wherewithal to go to some point in the state requiring her aid. I knew how his helpful words had inspired her during the first years of her work, when she felt herself all unequal to the task imposed upon her, and I knew that from him, more than from almost any other

one in the state, had she received counsel and encouragement to persevere in her Heaven-sent mission, and I knew, indeed, her heart was "crushed." Three months after his death, "little Emily," a gem of a child, followed him. I am sure there was a blessed reunion in that upper clime, when our sainted leader arrived, for it was she who led Mrs. Phillips and her husband, and the dear mother, to Jesus Christ and His pardoning mercy many years before.

As Mrs. Downs had made her home at Ocean Grove for a number of years, and knew of the vast influence extending all over this and other lands from the meetings held there from year to year, it was but natural, as there had not been a temperance meeting held under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for several years, that she should crave a place in the very excellent programme arranged by Dr. E. H. Stokes, the worthy president of that world-renowned and greatly-loved home by the sea, for the New Jersey Woman's Christian Temperance Union, that the thousands who attend those services might become acquainted with our work and workers. Accordingly, upon her presenting the case to Dr. Stokes, he granted her a place on the programme for a one-day's meeting in July, 1883; this was the beginning of a series of meetings, which have continued year after year, until the "Ocean-Grove School of Methods" has become, through the wise leadership of Mrs. Downs, one of the features of the summer programme, and the vast influence extending far and wide from these meetings is beyond compare.

The summer of 1884, Mrs. M. J. Pierson, of England, with several others, was one of the speakers at this meeting. One afternoon she gave us one of her most stirring addresses. General Clinton B. Fisk was on the platform. At the close of her address, Mrs. Downs called on him to make a few remarks. He arose, passed to where Mrs. Pierson was sitting, and, taking her by the hand, said: "Allow me, madam, to thank you personally for your grand address; it has gone to the very centre of my being." Then, turning to the audience, he said, with a force and energy that was thrilling: "Before God and in this presence, I wish to declare my fixed determination never again to cast a ballot for any political party that is not unalterably and unqualifiedly opposed to the liquor traffic—so help me God." As he stood there, with hand uplifted, a hush came upon the people, but only for an instant, when a burst of sympathetic applause showed how the audience appreciated his action.

Dr. Stokes, who was sitting near by, said: "General, that means a great deal." "Yes," the General responded, "but I have counted the cost."

Ah! what a cost it was! A man with a nature so true, so brave and tender, with a heart as gentle as a woman's, and yet, when aroused, like that of a lion; to such an one the misrepresentation, the calumny and abuse which were heaped upon him because he had listened to the voice of God and conscience, and was willing to stand for the Home against the Saloon, choosing, with Moses, to suffer reproach with the people of

God rather than disobey the promptings of his soul, meant a great deal.

Mrs. Downs was one of the first to recognize his probable leadership in the gubernatorial contest of 1886. Previous to the nominating convention, she asked an interview, during which she urged him, if the nomination were tendered, to accept it, and become the standard-bearer of principle, rather than party, in New Jersey. The General said "he felt others could do as well, if not far better, than he, and hoped some other name might head the ticket; still," he declared, "if God calls me, I shall not shrink from my duty." After that memorable convention, held in Newark, in May, 1886, by which he was nominated by acclamation, she wrote him at once, assuring him of her prayers and sympathies, and promising, so far as was in her power, to aid him in every way. This she did, and when, in 1888, he was nominated on the presidential ticket, how bravely she stood by him; how loyal she was to him and the cause he had espoused! and yet, so wise was she, that at no time during those campaign days did she wound any of her constituents who did not fully concur with her in the position she had taken; but frequently, when in the home of those who were not in sympathy with her views, did she strive, in her own logical, convincing way, to remove prejudice and to show them that General Fisk had stepped out of the old party into the new because he felt assured it was a divine call to him; and many who to-day are earnest champions of Prohibition were brought to this way of thinking by her faithful presenta-

tion of the truth. And when the end of life came to that noble soul; when he who had stood as a target for bitterness and hate, and yet, through it all, had kept as sweet as a June day; when he passed on to the gloryland, her heart went out in crying and tears. We sat together during those funeral obsequies, and listened to those who spoke eloquent words of eulogy, as they dwelt upon General Fisk's greatness as patriot, statesman and philanthropist; but we listened in vain for one word or allusion to his temperance record. That period of his life was a blank. It seemed a strange and unaccountable omission; and, as we stood beside the casket, looking down on that calm, still face, her whole frame shaken with sobs, Mrs. Downs exclaimed: "General, your brethren may not recognize or appreciate the work you have done for temperance, but God will not forget it, and we will not forget it, and the broken-hearted will not forget it. May God help us to be as true—'faithful unto death!'" As we passed out of the church, we met Dr. Graw, and, as she took his hand, she said to him: "Doctor, if you live to attend my funeral, promise me you will not talk of me, but talk to the people of temperance and Prohibition."

Mrs. Downs had the rare faculty of remembering names and faces. She could, without apparent difficulty, call a person by name whom she had not seen for months, and sometimes years; indeed, it seemed as though she knew and remembered by name each one of the seven or eight thousand White Ribboners in the state; meeting them on train or at Convention, she was never at a loss to name them.

After she disposed of her cottage at Ocean Grove, it was still deemed wise to continue State Headquarters at that place during the summer months, where she could receive the many who, very naturally, desired to see her during their sojourn at the seaside. Accordingly, during the summer of 1888, White Ribbon Cottage, on Ocean Pathway, was State Headquarters. Here four hundred visitors registered their names during the season; 1889 and 1890, Headquarters were, through the kindness of Dr. D. M. Barr, established at Hygeia Hotel. Here Mrs. Downs endeared herself to every guest who came into the house. Her warm, motherly nature went out toward the suffering ones, and she became a blessing to those shut out from the busy, active world. Returning from her frequent trips about the state, she was always heartily welcomed, and her fresh, breezy accounts of the varied experiences during these trips were greatly appreciated and enjoyed. A little circle of interested listeners would speedily gather about her chair on the wide porch, or in her office, enjoying to the full her entertaining and interesting recital. While she was mindful of every invalid in the house, a very tender attachment sprang up between one of the invalid guests, Col. C. A. Crane, husband of Mrs. Laura Boyden Crane, and herself—he styling her his “little mother.” “She always had time to bring a little sunshine into my monotonous, weary life,” he said to me after her death. A friend stopping in one Sabbath morning after service, to ask a question of Mrs. Downs, was kept waiting some time. When she came she apologized, by saying: “I always make a tour of the

sick rooms Sabbath after service to give them their crumb of the sermon, and I knew they were expecting me."

The Ocean Grove Union felt an especial pride in having her as a member of their local Union, and in many ways sought to do her honor. During her sojourn at Hygeia Hotel, they resolved to give her a surprise reception on her sixty-seventh birthday. She returned home during the day, wearied from one of her journeyings, but in the evening, when the spacious parlors had filled with loving friends who came to greet her, she was one of the brightest in all that company. During the evening one of the ministerial brethren present stepped forward, and, in behalf of the Ocean Grove Union, presented her with a handsome new dress, in these words:

"My dear Mrs. Downs,
I hope that the gowns
That envelope your years sixty-seven,
May each be succeeded,
As long as they're needed,
And then the white robes of heaven."

During 1891 Headquarters was at 94 Main avenue. Here, with Mrs. N. L. Caminade, an old and tried friend of Mrs. Downs, she spent one of the busiest but happiest summers of her life. Between seven and eight hundred visitors were registered. It made no matter how weary, or anxious, or careworn she was, to each and every one she extended a cordial welcome. The busy pen laid

aside, her question: "How is the work prospering in your town, or city, or state?" was not one of mere courtesy, but of real interest. Thus she kept herself in touch with every phase of the work all over the country. Many and earnest were the conversations, often protracted until late in the evening. My daughters, who, in turn, acted as her secretary during the summer months for four years, have come home at nine o'clock in the evening to find me resting, and have exclaimed: "Why, mother, Mrs. Downs has a porch full of visitors, and is as bright as she was at nine o'clock this morning," such was her remarkable vitality.

Word was brought one day that summer of a sad case that was to be tried in the justice's court at Asbury Park: A young Swedish girl had been betrayed by a young American living in the Park, from whom she was trying to get support for herself during her confinement, and for her unborn child. She was homeless, friendless, penniless—understanding very little of our language. Mrs. Downs at once sent word to a half dozen true-hearted women to meet at a certain hour and accompany her to the court room. It was one of the warmest days of the year, but she led the way to that hot, stuffy room, and took her seat beside the frightened, homesick and heartsick girl, telling her: "These ladies have come to be with you during your trial, because you are a woman and in trouble." Soon the room filled with many of the loafers of the community and half-grown boys, all eager to listen to

the sad story of sin. While the girl was telling her version of the affair, in broken English, and trying to understand what the defendant's lawyer was saying, who took particular delight in using phrases unknown to a foreigner, and who, at every point possible, sought to show the jury that it was the young man who had been led astray; that this girl trembling and cowering before them was too vile to live in such a place as Asbury Park, and should be cast out; at which point the girl, not fully understanding what had been said, left the witness' chair and came to her seat. Mrs. Downs had been growing more and more indignant at the turn the case had taken, under the unprincipled handling of this man who was making capital for himself out of the suffering of this defenceless girl, and who enjoyed the laugh he raised at her expense among his male hearers, who "rolled as a sweet morsel under their tongue" the oft-times indecent remarks pertaining to her. As she resumed her seat, Mrs. Downs took one of the girl's cold hands in hers, and, covering her face with the other, wept and sobbed over the shame and horror of the whole thing. Seldom had I seen her show such emotion; her whole being rose up at the injustice of the entire procedure, and she was not surprised to learn the jury had decided for the man. She at once secured a home for the girl with one of Ocean Grove's blessed women, who not only kept and tended her during her time of sorrow, without money and without price, but is still caring for her and her child. This is but one of many instances where she

gave practical help. Many to-day rise up and call her blessed for the aid she tendered them in a time of extremity.

At another time, she addressed the African Methodist Episcopal Conference, and learned of a young brother who had sought to enter the Conference, but had failed in his examinations, and was in great distress of mind. She hadn't time to seek him out, but, upon reaching home, wrote him and told him to let her know if she could help him. He replied, "circumstances had been against him; he needed certain books, and his wife's sickness had used up the money he had laid aside to procure them." Whereupon, Mrs. Downs wrote to certain ministerial friends, asking their co-operation, and, as she went from point to point, gathered up and sent to him not only the books he so much needed, but the nucleus for a good library. Two years ago, she again addressed the Conference. At the close of her address, a fine-looking man came to her, and introduced himself by saying, "next to God, I owe you my thanks for the position I hold as a Christian minister." She manifested her surprise, but soon learned this was the brother to whom she had sent the books, and who was now one of the acceptable ministers of the Conference.

Mrs. Downs had a happy way of speaking kindly to trainmen, gate-keepers, car-drivers, and any one she thought would be helped by a word of cheer. At one of the ferry-houses in Philadelphia stood a gate-keeper, to whom she always spoke pleasantly as she passed through. He did not know who she was—nor did she

know aught of him, but that he stood there year after year. One day, upon alighting from the horse-car to cross the ferry, she found her pocketbook gone—she had been robbed. She was a long walking distance from friends, it was almost night, and for a moment she did not know what to do, when she espied the gate-keeper. Going up to him, she told him her quandary. "Don't let that disturb you, madam," he said, as he put his hand in his pocket; "how much would you like to have?" and he unhesitatingly placed in her hand the amount required to take her to her destination. When she returned it, she wrote him, "If there were more of this brotherly kindness in the world, there would be fewer heart-aches and heart-breaks;" and that she looked upon him as one of "nature's noblemen."

She was one upon whom old age sat very lightly, keeping her heart young and entering into the projects of young people with zest. One day, when a group of lads and lassies were sitting on her porch, she came out with a number of letters she desired to have mailed at once. Handing them to a youth standing near, she said: "Here, R——, run to the post office with these, and as you come back, bring some fruit and nuts, and then we'll have a good time," at the same time placing in his hand the wherewithal to procure the treat; and when he came back she sat with them, enjoying the fun, for nearly an hour, and then went back to her desk. At another time, a little birthday gathering was planned for one of my daughters. Mrs. Downs' name was the first on the list. To these girls, who could not remember a

grandmother's love, this blessed woman filled that place in their hearts, and was admired, revered and loved by them. On the day of the gathering—which was during the last of July, and, in consequence, the very busiest time of year for her—we feared she would be unable to be present; but, about four o'clock, she came, wearing her best cap, and bringing a little gift and some choice flowers. She seemed not at all out of place in that company of young people; on the contrary, they gathered about her, and, when at table each one was required to write a verse of poetry in honor of the occasion, her contribution caused much merriment. Here it is:

“A thought for your birthday, dear Minnie,
Is quite out of question for me;
In poetry I'm always a ninny,
In prose I'll do better, you see.”

While attending the last Hunterdon County Convention, held at Frenchtown, she was told a wedding was to take place in the church at five o'clock. It was proposed that those of the delegates who remained over should attend. “Yes, girls,” said Mrs. Downs, “we must not miss that;” and shortly after, when the usher came to escort them singly to seats, they told him to “take the State President, and we will follow.” Bowing to her, he gallantly offered his arm, saying: “Allow me, madam?” “With pleasure, sir,” she responded, as she took his arm and tripped up the aisle like a girl, her brood following closely behind.

She respected children, and children's rights, always

greeting them pleasantly as she met them going to school, her hearty "Good morning, children," bringing quick response. When children were present at meetings where she was to speak, she invariably suited a portion of her remarks to them. The last time she visited Middletown, Monmouth county, was during the summer, to speak at a Sunday afternoon meeting. Quite a number of boys were present, and she was especially drawn to address them, saying at the close: "Boys, remember what I tell you, for I may never pass this way again;" and when the news of her death reached that place, they repeated some of the things she had said, and expressed much interest in the Memorial Services. She always urged upon Unions the necessity of pushing forward the children's work; indeed, the Loyal Temperance Legion was, to her mind, second to none of the departments. "Our hope is in the children; these boys will soon become voters, and these girls the wives of men who will decide the fate of the republic," was one of the sentiments frequently expressed by her.

Mrs. Downs was, indeed, a true friend to the lowly. Her washerwoman, the huckster, the newsboy, the hack-driver, the fish-man, the man who brought water lilies—all came under her especial care; and if, in any way, she could make a heavy burden lighter, it was her joy to do so. For years she kept a barrel, which she filled, from time to time, with books, pamphlets and papers, sending them to the freedmen of the south. The vast amount of good reading matter which passed through her hands to those needing such help was astonishing; in all her

busy life, this was not overlooked. One of the last acts of her life was to aid a young man—a converted Hebrew—in preparing to enter school. She interested others in his behalf, saw that he had clothing sufficient to be comfortable, a trunk in which to pack them, and not until he was well equipped did she rest satisfied. She said: "He is the stranger within our gates, and I must lend a hand." To those coming to her with books or articles for sale (and their number was legion), she had only kindly words. If she did not purchase (but she usually did cripple her finances very materially by her generosity toward them), then she would encourage them to persevere, assuring them of ultimate success. There was nothing narrow about her. A young Catholic woman came to solicit a donation toward the building of a new church. Mrs. Downs invited her to a seat, telling her to rest while she "finished a letter;" then, turning around, said: "Now, what can I do for you?" The woman told her story; when she had finished, Mrs. Downs said: "Your church is an example to us of faithful, persevering effort," and gave her a small contribution. The woman was full of gratitude, saying: "You are the first person to give me a kind word to-day. I never tried to beg before, and it has been so hard; but you make me feel better." Her great, motherly heart took in many tales of sorrow of those who came to her laden with grief, and poured their sorrow into her sympathetic ear. I have known her to lie awake hours after some peculiarly sad case had been brought before her, turning it all over in her mind, and

crying out from the depths of her heart: "Lord, Lord, do help that stricken one!" She stimulated all who came under her influence to do their best. Many women in this state to-day, in labors abundant, would have remained in the little groove in which their lives seemed cast, but that she recognized the ability within them, called them to higher ground, encouraging, cheering, aiding them to persevere. Says one: "She never made us feel small by her superiority, but helped us to overcome our diffidence and lack of training, and brought out whatever of good there was in us." What a blessing she has proven to the homes that have opened wide their doors to welcome her; how her influence has been felt by each member of the family; how eagerly and attentively all listened to her entertaining conversation, as they gathered about the table; and when at family worship she was asked to take charge of the service, her tender, loving petition for each one—not omitting "the ones who so faithfully have cared for our creature comforts"—always brought a blessing; and when she left, all felt they were the better for her having been among them. She was frequently asked: "How is it you do all this hard work, and keep so well?" Her answer almost always was: "Because our women take such good care of me. Why, I have the *best* homes, the *best* beds, the *best* food, and the love of the *best* women in the country, and why shouldn't I be well?" Often, after we had retired for the night, has she exclaimed: "Lord bless this home! Ought we not do our very best, when these blessed women do so much

for our comfort?" It was a constant source of thanksgiving to her that, almost to a unit, the homes of our White Ribboners were well kept and well governed. Many, many times has she expressed her satisfaction, and would say: "How I should like Dr. —— to see *this* home, and know that *this* mother, with these well-trained children, is one of our most efficient helpers in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union." How full of righteous indignation she became upon reading unjust, and oftentimes untrue, criticisms concerning the "lack of home-keepers among the Woman's Christian Temperance Union women;" or, "what a blessing it would be, if the women who are running about the country would remain at home and care for their children," when she knew the great majority of women actively engaged in this outside work had reared their children to manhood and womanhood; that the homes and children "neglected" were among an entirely different class of women; that the yearning mother-love of our women had constrained them to go out in the by-ways and hedges, seeking for those who, from *lack* of mother-love, had been swept into the maelstrom of sin; to take the warm, throbbing heart of sympathy to those dying for sympathy; to give to unprotected girlhood a mother's protection; to women cruelly, mercilessly crushed by the force of circumstances, down into the blackness of sin, to help them to look upon that blessed Saviour, who so tenderly spoke to the weeping sinner at His feet: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!" How often I have seen her eyes fill, as she

heard these harsh criticisms, and she would exclaim: "Some day there will be a reckoning; some day the eyes of those so blinded by prejudice will be opened; some day those who should stand by us in our labor of love will realize they judged us unjustly; we can afford to wait God's time!"

Mrs. Downs would allude to her own family of sons and daughter with motherly pride; and on election days, with a degree of satisfaction rarely equalled, would say: "I have had *four* votes cast for me to-day; my three sons and son-in-law all vote a clean ballot for Prohibition." After she had left us, I was speaking of her wide influence to one of her nephews, and he assured me: "Not only *outside*, but *inside* the family had her influence been felt for temperance and Prohibition;" and upon inquiry I found there were *twenty-three* Prohibition voters in the family, and that nineteen of them had *always* voted the Democratic ticket until, largely through her influence, they had been converted to Prohibition, and for years had only voted the Prohibition ticket.

When Mrs. Downs entered upon the presidency she became a close student of what other states were doing to bring about the desired end of good; and, when in 1882 Vermont, mainly through the agency of Mrs. M. H. Hunt, National Superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction, came into possession of a law compelling the study of "Physiology and Hygiene" in the public schools, Mrs. Downs presented the fact at our spring Executive Committee meeting, and the de-

partment of Scientific Temperance Instruction was created in our state, Mrs. M. C. Nobles being made State Superintendent. Mrs. Downs from that time until her death was an indefatigable worker in this department. She planned and aided in every way possible the securing of a law, whereby the three hundred and fifty thousand children then in our public schools might be taught the effects of alcohol and narcotics on the human system. We petitioned again and again; other states wheeled into line, securing the law, but still our efforts were fruitless. Petitions were received with derision or contemptuously tossed into waste-baskets. A certain German member, during one of the sessions, arose in his place, and called out: "Meester Speeker, it is only de vimmen and de childrens dat vant dis ting; de mens don't vant it," and as it was "women and children" who were seeking better laws, our honored representatives turned their attention to what, to them, seemed more needing protection—viz., fish, milk, butter, and hogs. Each succeeding year either memorials or petitions were presented, only to be rejected. At another time, one of the members from whom we had looked for better things, as he held an official position in a Methodist Episcopal church, in commenting on the bill when it was before the house, suggested the necessity of "having teachers who had been victims of inebriety, or inmates of inebriates' homes, that they might the better understand what was required of them in the teaching of the effects of alcohol upon the human system;" also, "that the state should

furnish the best of Durham tobacco and china cuspadores to the teachers, to more fully illustrate the effects of narcotics," and so amid scoffs and jeers our petitions have been received; albeit, some brave, true men have stood by the measure from the beginning. At the State Convention of 1889, it was resolved to make still another effort toward securing the law from the legislature of 1890. Again, our faithful women trudged through snow and wet to secure a larger number of signatures to the petitions than ever before, hoping by this means to influence our legislators in its favor. Mrs. Downs spent over two weeks in Trenton, and, with the aid of Mrs. Caminade, classified and arranged, in complete form, to present to the legislature. There were 15,783 names enrolled—viz., 532 ministers, 234 physicians, 135 lawyers, 7,844 business men, and 7,038 adult women. Senator Carter presented the bill in the senate, and Assemblyman Cole in the house. Mrs. Downs had prepared a letter setting forth the merits of the bill, which had been placed on the desk of each member. She went almost daily to the sessions, and soon found that many of the members, even though good, honest men, did not fully look into things themselves, but as the "leaders" went, so they voted on all bills. That year the house was almost evenly balanced as to parties: Voorhees, of Union, being the leader on the Republican side, and Marsh on the Democratic. In the senate, the Republicans were one or more in majority, and she thought "surely now, with the aid of a few temperance Democrats, we will secure the passage of

the bill." But, alas! she soon found one side was as afraid to touch it as the other. The senate passed it; and when it came before the house, an amendment was offered by the leader of the Republican side of the house, which practically killed it. Mrs. Downs, sitting in the gallery, realized how worthless the bill would be as amended, wrote a note to the gentleman, requesting an interview. After waiting several days, he promised to see her, and came at the close of the session with the words: "I have only a few spare moments to grant you." She thereupon called his attention to the non-political phase of the bill, and asked if he had read it. "Certainly, I have," was his answer. She appealed to him "for the sake of the four hundred thousand children in the public schools, to withdraw his amendment and let the bill come up on its own merits." She also reminded him of the fact that thirty-six states and the District of Columbia had already passed such a law; that for seven years the women of New Jersey had come seeking, by education, aid in protecting their children against the eight thousand protected saloons in the state, and called to his mind the petitions which that year had been presented with nearly sixteen thousand names, asking for the law. To all of which he replied: "We are not here to legislate for morals to be taught in the public schools," and much more in the same vein. As she rose to close the interview, sick at heart, he said: "Now, if you ladies would only work to save the children from narcotics, there would be some sense in it," showing conclusively he had failed to

examine the bill. She explained to him that "narcotics were included," but he passed on, and she—dear faithful heart, God saw her tears, heard her sighs, as with disappointment and grief she folded her papers, packed her valise, and went back to her little home at Ocean Grove, the burden of her cry being: "The blessed women, how cruelly disappointed they will be! They have worked so hard; have hoped so much from this legislature—and now, to think it is all for naught. Too bad; too bad!" Before Mrs. Downs' interview with the gentleman referred to above, she invited Miss Willard, who was east at the time, to visit the legislature. Senator Carter thought he had all arranged for the Joint Committee on Education to hear her. Ten or twelve women of Trenton Union, with Mrs. Downs and Miss Willard, passed into the senate chamber, after the session had adjourned, and here they waited over an hour. Senator Carter made frequent efforts to have the committee excused from the house, in order that they might hear Miss Willard, but the speaker would not excuse them, as they were in the midst of a terrible struggle over a *dog tax*, and needed every member present. Miss Willard could not wait longer, and while some six or seven senators took their seats, our women seated themselves in the vacant chairs, and Mrs. Downs and Miss Willard ascended the rostrum, Mrs. Downs taking the president's chair. With a few opening remarks in explanation of what we, as representatives of eight thousand women in the state, wanted, she introduced Miss Willard, who spoke about fifteen minutes on

the advantages of this bill from an educator's standpoint. Then the committee arose. As Miss Willard passed out, several senators wanted to be introduced and talk with her on the bill, which she did in her most kindly way. Then we took up our line of march. As we left her at the home of her hostess, Miss Willard gave us one of her rare smiles, and said: "Well, girls, we have had a very pleasant episode, if nothing comes of it," and history tells us nothing did "come of it."

As my mind goes back over the life we are studying, I see very much to admire and stimulate to better effort; diligent and faithful in the observance of duty, never leaving to-day's duties unperformed, but, as though she kept a "day-book" with God, settling up each day's accounts. She was one of the most truly unselfish spirits I have ever known. And now we come to the last few months of this active life! After the busy, trying season at Ocean Grove closed, County Conventions called her. To these she turned unweariedly, joyfully going from one point in the state to another; always with the same helpful spirit, assisting a timid county president to preside, encouraging, aiding in every way; answering, with an intuition born of God, the often difficult questions placed in the question-box; presiding with dignity at the evening services, bringing out the best points of the meeting held during the day, and giving them to the audience in a terse, comprehensive way; always winning friends to the cause; never omitting to thank the pastor and officary for their generous use of the church, speaking

a few helpful words to the women, and then away to some hospitable home to rest for the night, and in the morning taking an early train, with very often a long, cold ride, and again entering a church where was being held another County Convention. As soon as she entered, new life and energy seemed to enthuse the entire assembly, as, with bright smile and tender words, with no signs of weariness, she told the women "how glad she was to look into their faces again;" and then, through the routine work of the day, alert, watchful, taking in every item of business, and as painstaking as if this were the only meeting of the kind to be held. Again presiding at the evening service, and again loving, helpful words out of her motherly heart, and then to another home to rest wearied body and brain for another day of service; and so on and on, frequently attending four Conventions in one week. Often have I seen her, after such arduous labors, get down beside the bed, and groan out: "Lord, Lord, *do, do* help me!" And when I would chide her for using her strength so prodigally, her answer would be: "Oh! I love the work; it doesn't tire me so but that I soon get rested, and every one is so kind and thoughtful of me. No, I haven't much time left, and I must make the most of it." Surely she did "make the most" of her life! The impress of her life upon the state is measureless; and the influence will go on and on "unto that perfect day."

What has she been to me personally? A trusted friend, a loving counsellor, a faithful guide. Life will be richer and sweeter for the blessed ten years' comrade-

ship. Work seems all the sweeter because of that last call to me, as she was sweeping out into the cold stream of death: "Margaret, you will need to work harder now, but when the work is over, I will meet you;" and so, farewell for a time.

"A life well spent is like a flower
That had bright sunshine its brief hour;
It flourished in pure willingness,
Discovered strongest earnestness,
Was fragrant, for each lightest wind
Was of its own particular kind;
Nor knew a tone of discord sharp;
Breathed alway like a silver harp
And went to immortality:
A very proper thing to die."

MRS. MARGARET B. ELLIS.

CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS.

IT WOULD take a book many times larger than this to contain all the good things written of Mrs. Downs. We make room for a few of them, with the regret that space does not allow us to publish them all:

“Two years ago, in Pennington, at the Convention of Mercer County, Mrs. Caminade read a paper on the rights of women to be independent doers and thinkers. In it she referred to the old church, now replaced by the new. As she sat down, Mrs. Downs arose and asked permission to speak upon that paper. ‘How it has aroused old memories,’ she said. ‘I was married in that church, and you were one of those little girls on the pulpit steps with Joe and Em Phillips.’ From that, with consummate tact, she led her hearers to the paper in question, and made the strongest suffrage speech, from a Christian standpoint, I ever listened to in all my life, and in a place where the theme was most unpopular. Her tact was, to me, one of her

strongest characteristics. We welcomed her to our fireside, with her pronounced political opinions, knowing if any one could win our husband from party affiliations, it would be Mother Downs. As election day drew near, how glad I was to welcome her, for I knew the masculine backbones of my household would be stiffened for election day. She was fortified with unanswerable argument. Though all did not agree with her, all loved her.

“As she came in contact with those who knew nothing of her work, she soon showed them she could talk of other things, and that, too, intelligently. To keep abreast of the times in all things, for the sake of her children, for the sake of her work, was as much a part of her religion, as the going to church. She was the most inveterate newspaper reader I ever saw. Who ever met her in the cars, but that the hearty ‘How do you do?’ came from behind a newspaper? When she was with us, we often used to smile. My husband always comes home with pockets full of newspapers, and, knowing her fondness, would usually place them before her. Soon she would be absorbed in their contents, and it was this broad outlook upon affairs and things that won for her the admiration and respect of men who knew and cared little for her work; and this she did without show or fuss, exhibiting rare tact that I would we might all cultivate. She was a wonderfully well poised woman: grace of manner, and voice, and heart, beautifully combined. A rare creature, indeed.”

The following characteristic incidents in her busy life will be read with deep interest :

“We were always proud of her at the National. We knew little New Jersey would be kept abreast of the most advanced state in the Union. There was no fear that our President would make a false step. To every appeal of Miss Willard, who moves our hundred and fifty thousand women as she moves her right arm, New Jersey was the first to respond. When the Temperance Temple was a doubt, and not a fact, and the woman who had had the faith to originate and carry out the plan was assailed in the house of her friends, the pledge of New Jersey was a rock under her feet. And once, when she had undergone a cross-examination severe enough for a criminal prosecution, with tears in her eyes, she came down from the platform, put her arms around Mrs. Downs, saying: ‘Downsie, New Jersey is always true.’ In the National Executive, they called her their ‘Andrew Jackson.’ We, of her own county of Monmouth, were proud of her ability there; and when she sometimes entered our meetings, and, with the decision of a queen, made some arbitrary ruling (which none dare oppose), we consoled ourselves with the thought that we could not enjoy the honor of belonging to this ‘Andrew Jackson’ without submitting to occasional arbitrary rulings.

“One summer at our School of Methods, a visitor from Nebraska (himself a public man) watched with keen interest the business of the Convention, and said with

enthusiasm: 'I have never seen an assembly presided over with greater ability; that woman ought to rule a senate.' With this trait of her character was combined a perfect effacement of self. When Mrs. Downs brought her work before a meeting, no one ever thought of the speaker—only of the work.

"In her political affiliations, she was a radical third-party Prohibitionist, yet she never thrust her political opinions upon us. At the question-box this phase of our work was always cropping out. Yet there she was, always free from acrimony. Once the question was asked: 'What are the relations of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to the third party?' After a pause, with one of her rare smiles, she said: 'The only relation the Woman's Christian Temperance Union bears to the Prohibition party is—its mother.' A voice in the audience said: 'The Prohibition party is proud of its mother.' With the same bright smile, she replied: 'Well, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union hopes some day to be proud of her son.'

"Will we ever forget that dedication of the woman's building at the Waverly fair? How happy she was that day! I see her now, her arms full of flowers, her look of triumph, as she paused with her foot upon the threshold and exclaimed: 'Who would have thought we could have done it; lots of good times and we in 'em.' Can we ever forget that dedicatory prayer; how she poured out her very soul in praise and thankfulness, that this pure white banner for temperance and Prohibition was raised in the midst of sin and wickedness? With what satis-

faction she emphasized the dedication of the building to free speech—no more to be hampered, but to give the message as God gave it to her.

“Once I remember the question-box held this query: ‘Shall we ask the speaker not to talk on Prohibition?’ ‘I know all about this,’ she said. ‘You meet your speaker at the depot; you give her a cordial welcome; you provide well for her physical comfort, and then whisper: “Don’t say a word about Prohibition; they won’t stand it here.” A wet blanket upon her enthusiasm. *Don’t do it, ladies!* Let her speak as God gives her the message; don’t dare to bridle her tongue.’

“How keenly she felt the reluctance upon the part of some preachers to allow her to speak in their pulpits. Her *temperance* work was her *Christian* work. There was never a more loyal church member trod this earth—this was her part of church work. God pity the blind, who will not see this even now. We believe, as did she, that unless the *church of the living God* is aroused, our work is in vain.

“At the memorial service in Salem, I remember, she said: ‘One by one we are dropping out of line. Who will be the next? None can tell. O, my sisters, let us do our work well.’ With tearful eyes we thank God that for her, life and the beloved work ended together.

“At one time there was trouble in our ‘Y’ Union. I wrote Mrs. Downs for help, for advice, and there came a sweet letter in reply, with a hearty ‘Come and see me?’ ‘Oh,’ I thought, ‘I cannot talk to the State President,’ for this was a very timid ‘Y.’ But I went, trem-

blingly, and soon forgot she was the State President, and felt, before I left, that I had had a good talk with my mother.

“She was an intense admirer of General Fisk, and loyal to the last degree. The General used to tell, in his own inimitable way, how once, while living in Ocean Grove, she had employed a man to cut grass on the lawn. When the work was about half done, she went to the front door, saying (it was when the General was running for governor): ‘See here, my brother, I forgot to ask you how you voted?’

“‘Vote? Oh, I’m all right; I’m a temperance man, and vote a straight Republican ticket.’ The reply was: ‘Here, sir; just step inside. I will pay you; you need not finish the grass; none but Fisk men work for me,’ and the grass was left unfinished.

“She would go without, or walk a mile to spend her money with a Prohibition merchant. Her standard was: The man who *votes right*. Never was the opportunity lost, to ask the question: My brother, how do you vote?”

Three interesting extracts from articles written by Mrs. Downs are given below. The first is especially significant, when read in connection with the foregoing letter. It was written in 1870, while Mrs. Downs was a resident of Tuckerton:

To-morrow is town-meeting day. No questions of much moment are involved in the election, we believe, and the presumption is it will be rather quiet. Now, if

the "sixteenth amendment" were in force, we should not dare to promise so much; but as it is not, and the dear women are yet keepers at home (and it is to be hoped ever will be, so far as going to the polls is concerned), the "lords of creation" will have it all their own way.

In 1887, in a letter to the "Union Signal," Mrs. Downs concluded an interesting article with this frank confession:

I was not interested in temperance, nor did I realize the evils of the traffic in alcoholic drinks, at the time the Crusade movement was ushered in. I belonged to that class of easy-going Christians who believe the church is to work out all reforms, and that to engage in any movement outside her precincts was rank heresy. It took five years of indifference, and sometimes severe criticism of the woman movement, to open my eyes to the truth. In 1878 the awakening came to me, and, with the dawning of a quickened conscience, active work began. The influence of this "touch of God" upon my heart has been felt in every fibre of my being, and changed the whole current of my life. It has given existence a new ambition, and every act a new motive. *Then* I rededicated myself to God and His service. To-day, I lay again upon the altar all of soul, mind and body. I bring to my work the best of thought, of word, of deed—*all* I have! *all* I am! His acceptance of me and *my best* fill my heart with gladness and my soul with joyful thanksgiving!

In no state in the union does the old Crusade fire burn brighter or warmer in the hearts of our women than in ours. Lighted upon the altar of woman's love and woman's faith, it will flame on, till the last foe of the home is vanquished, and this cruel war is over, and we rejoice in a nation redeemed! "No compromise," is New Jersey's war-cry! Faith in God and in ourselves will bring us out victorious!

We wish to call especial attention to the following paragraph, taken from an article from her fluent pen. It is a thorough confutation of the charge made by a certain minister, who said: "All she wants is to set the women against the pastor." Note the sweet spirit of sympathy that pervades the article:

Oh! if persons could realize how many burdens (which they know nothing of) are laid upon the shoulders of a minister, even when his lot falls in pleasant fields of labor, they would not be so chary of their favors. If they could look into the secret chambers of his soul, and see there the ceaseless anxiety and care which he has for his flock; the fears, the doubts, the perplexities incident to his relation to them, not to speak of the warm personal friendships which are interrupted, the ties which are severed by frequent removals, and the partings with congenial minds, never to be reunited on earth. Give him, then, the cordial grasp of the hand, the encouraging and sympathizing word; let him see, by your habitual occupancy of your place in the sanctuary,

that you are ready to sustain him and hold up his hands as he prosecutes his labor of love among you, for, when affliction throws its dark shadow across your pathway; when sickness and the death-angel cross your threshold, it is to your faithful pastor you may look for sympathy and comfort; and how priceless will these prove in the dark, sad hours.

CHAPTER IX.

A HAPPY SUMMER DAY.

MRS. DOWNS went up and down this state, exerting an influence for good upon all classes and conditions of men with whom she came in contact, simply because of what she was, not so much by what she did, though the *doing* was the natural result of the *being*. The influence of a woman will be what she *is*, not what she *tries* to be or *seems* to be. If she be a good woman, the results of her simply living only the scroll of eternity will reveal; silently as the snowflakes does her influence fall. As unconscious is she of her power as the child of its beauty, or the flower of its fragrance. Whether at work or at play, the radiance of what she *is* falls like the sunshine—"a ray here, a flash there, and a shower of jewels everywhere—full of light and life, and tender as the dew of the morning." Silently, never knowing when or how, she sheds the influence of the Christ in her. Happy always! As ready for play as work.

"A halo hovers o'er one golden summer day at Ocean Grove," writes a near friend, "when she brought home to me this marvelous, unconscious power of a

good woman. Perhaps it was a little thing, but no sweeter memory of her lingers in my heart to-day. We had driven to the office, a merry trio of us, begging her to 'jump in,' only for a little ride. Down went the pen, and in a twinkling she was with us, only stopping to get a bonnet and seize a bundle of literature, 'in case we should go near the life-saving station.'

"O the glory of that day! How the sun shone! How the leaves danced in tune to the music of our hearts, and the sea wafted to us its briny fragrance as we sped along its shore; the sea that seems now, in my thoughts, to be always sobbing, as if it, too, remembered. How we laughed and chatted, we thirty (three of us), she seventy—yet all the same age. We had just come from the Summer School at Avon-by-the-Sea, a mile below Ocean Grove. How we fairly deluged her with an account of the good times we had down there—all talking at once. This one must be listened to about the Ibsen lecture; another, the Delsarte lesson, or Madam Le Prince and the sketching-club; and she, taking it all in with our enthusiasm, said: 'Oh, what you girls can make of your lives! Learn, learn everything.' One of the number, a quick, intelligent girl, is blessed with a witty pen. We had urged her long to begin a systematic study of journalism; but her reply had always been: 'I am too old; if I were younger, I would.'

"Presently the subject of conversation turned upon the occupations opening up to women. We said, Is it not strange there are no schools of journalism for women? 'Why,' Mrs. Downs said, 'there is one, and

they are writing me now about establishing a branch here next summer, and I am going to enter the school myself. All my life I have been writing, at sea as to real methods; now I am going to study journalism as it should be studied.'

"We looked at each other, we three, and said not a word.

"After leaving the bundle of reading matter at the life-saving station, and a kind word with the sailors, the happy ride was over. We left her at Headquarters, to take up the pen. As we drove off, we looked back and saw her sitting in the window writing steadily, just as we had found her an hour before, and knew that all that day, and every other day, she would go on working and playing, shedding sunshine and help always.

"That morning, while at play, she had renewed an ambition in a human soul. A few days after I met my friend, who said to me: 'I never felt so little. She, dauntless, progressive at seventy, and I, discouraged and afraid at thirty. It was the turning point of my life. I went directly home to my desk, and wrote to the school of which she spoke, and next week I begin the study of journalism in earnest. I will never think of my age again, as long as I live.'

"Oh, the blossoms of that seed-sowing, and who can count the fruit thereof? Truly, 'Her feet have touched the meadows and left the daisies rosy.'

"Another of the 'girls' that enjoyed that ride, said to me: 'Really, a great load has rolled off my shoulders.

I have been dreading growing old; now I know there need be no old age; I am not afraid of it. I look forward to it, with its possibilities for growth, with anticipations and joy. I am going to learn everything I want to learn. The thought "too old" has gone forever from my mind. I never realized the glory of living until now. God means it to be study to the end.'

"And *she* never knew! Oh, the influence of what a woman *is!* 'The path of a good woman is, indeed, strewn with flowers: but they rise behind her steps, not before them.'"

CHAPTER X.

WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.

THE FOLLOWING article was first published in the "Boston Traveler." We reproduce it entire, as it accurately reflects Mrs. Downs' sentiments on the subject under discussion:

WOMEN IN THE CHURCHES.

(An Open Letter to Dr. J. M. Buckley, Editor-in-Chief of the "Christian Advocate.")

At intervals, for many months past, you have been unsparing in your condemnation of Miss Willard, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. How deeply you have wounded the sensitive nature of that peerless woman, and, through her, the organization of Christian women, of which she is the trusted and honored head, whose only aim is to advance the kingdom of Christ, and save our homes from the curse of strong drink, you will never know until you stand before the judgment seat. We have borne it all, because we love the church better than

we love the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and recognize the high position you occupy as the exponent of Methodist doctrine and usage. In sorrow and silence we have lamented the unbrotherly treatment and the bitter feeling so manifest. But there comes to us all, sometime in our lives, a crisis when non-resistance under injury becomes a sin, and should we hold our peace the very "stones would cry out." Your recent utterances at Chautauqua have brought such a necessity upon us. You are reported (and your own editorial confirms it) as saying in answer to a question concerning woman suffrage:

"Permit me to inform you that a great majority of the open advocates of modern spiritualism are women; nine out of ten—if not nineteen out of twenty—of all the spiritualistic mediums are women; the majority of the adherents and practitioners of Christian Science are women. Permit me to say, that in all the false religions of the world, women are greatly in the ascendancy over men. The Mormons were the first to grant woman suffrage, for they knew that their women would stand for polygamy. There is a great similarity between women and music. Both will help a circus, a cathedral, and an army."

The allusion made to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union I omit as too old to discuss here. That has been worn threadbare, and you have done your full duty to it. It is not as a Woman's Christian Temperance Union member, not as a Prohibitionist, that I resent this unwarrantable attack, but as a woman

I take up my pen to-day. I desire to give you full credit for the good things expressed by you on the occasion referred to.

Taking up your first point, and admitting that your assertion be true (which is an open question), that the advocates of modern spiritualism, Christian Science, and false religions generally, are women, would it not have been just to state that their advocacy of the true religion puts them in an overwhelming majority in the church to-day? I would ask you, who knows so well, Who is it that bears the burdens of the church, to which you and I belong? Who plans for new churches and parsonages? Who supplies deficits in salaries? Who sustains discouraged pastors by their presence at class and prayer meetings? Who keeps the ark moving by prayer and faith?

To all of these questions, truth would compel you to answer: "Faithful and true women and men, with the latter in most deplorable minority." You well know what an impetus was given to the missionary enterprises in the year following the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, the amount of money (more than one million five hundred thousand dollars) raised by these untiring women, their sacrificing labors to help you men evangelize the world.

You know of the Home Missionary Society, formed as late as 1880, which has brought hope and comfort to many homes by its half million of dollars; its supplies of clothing; its loving sympathy and help in time of need.

You know that woman has borne her full part in carrying out the magnificent plans of our Freedmen's Aid Society, our educational projects and Sunday schools, Epworth Leagues, Bible and Tract Societies, and deaconess' work, &c., &c. All this you have the best opportunity of knowing in their widest details.

You once said, in a public address: "Susannah Wesley was the mother of Methodism." You spoke truly, and it was but a just tribute to the worth of that good and strong mother.

Yes, Doctor, your church and mine owes much to her women, for, from the days of Susannah Wesley and Barbara Heck, down through the years of its first century, they have labored for its best interests, both temporal and spiritual. Yet, in the face of all this, you come before a mixed audience and utter sentiments so equivocal, to say the least, as to subject you to wide criticism, and once more stab that class of your church membership to which we owe so much.

How could you do it?

A distinguished woman of our church, who is abundant in labor and in gifts, recently sent this message to the officers of a society whose anniversary I was attending: "Dear sisters, do pray that the next editor of the 'Christian Advocate' may be up with the times. Amen, and amen."

In regard to the advocacy of polygamy by women, I have never found, in the course of my reading on the Mormon question, or in the limited experience that has come to me incidentally, one true woman, within the

boundaries of Mormon territory or out of it, whose soul did not revolt at polygamy and its distinguishing concomitants.

Finally, I can see a striking resemblance between the influence of woman and music. Both are, on the whole, ennobling and elevating. The society of true women will lift humanity to a higher plane. So a soul filled with music will have aspirations for the good and lovely; but as to their likeness to a circus, not having experience along that line, I am unable to trace the analogy. (This last item may have been a misrepresentation; if so, we will drop that, for I would be unjust to none.)

Now, Doctor, is it not about time that this crusade against women should cease? Is not the church surfeited with it? I think it is. Fifty years of membership in the Methodist Episcopal church has endeared its interests to every fibre of my heart. I love the church as I love nothing else on earth.

I value my church relations as I value nothing else; and to know that one who represents the church should, in a great Chautauqua audience, so far forget himself as to use the language referred to, is a humiliation to which I will not submit without rebuke.

Through all the controversy concerning the admission of women into the General Conference, I have been silent, for I knew the righteousness of the cause would insure its success, and it needed no help from me. I know, too, that I am no match for you in controversy, for I am unlearned in the wisdom of men, neither do I

desire to enter the lists as a disputant on any question; but I *do desire to record my indignant protest against such utterances as you made at Chautauqua.*

A proper self-respect demands this. May God forgive you!

SARAH J. C. DOWNS.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

Mrs. Downs was invited by the management to address the great convention held at Prohibition Park, N. Y., in August, 1891. The title of her theme was "Ought Drunkenness to be more Severely Punished, and in what way?" Following is a verbatim report of the address:

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

In answering, as I may be able, the question, Ought drunkenness to be more severely punished, and in what way? I assume that those who use intoxicants to a degree which would entitle them to the cognomen of *drunkard*, have reached the age when we naturally look for some amount of good judgment and common sense, for none attain drunkenness suddenly. It grows upon its victims gradually, and oftentimes distaste and disgust have to be overcome before the habit is confirmed.

God has created man in his own image, pure and

good, with body fashioned after the perfect model of Deity itself; with faculties of mind akin to God; with powers capable of elevating humanity to the highest point of intellectual and moral excellence; but, transcending all, with a soul which is a part of the great God Himself, into which the Spirit of Christ breathes as an enlightener, as a guide. Knowing all this, with all the possibilities of usefulness before him, with all the God-given agencies for good by which he is surrounded, and more than all, with the positive, plain command of God, "Look thou *not* upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," hanging over him; he who defiles his body, dwarfs his mind, taints his soul, and runs recklessly on to ruin, present and eternal, by the habitual use of strong drink, is a sinner of deepest dye, and subjects himself to all the penalties of a broken law.

Next to the anathema of God upon such defilement of what he created pure and holy, science adds its protest against such indulgence by giving in detail the effects of alcohol on the human system; what damage it can do to brain, nerves, tissues, &c.; how it burns, congests, inflames; how it stimulates them to an abnormal activity in their effort to dislodge the intruder; technically denominated by pharmacists as a diffusible, powerful stimulant, when taken into the mouth and throat, thence into the blood, heart, arteries, liver, lungs, &c., every organ of them regards it as an

enemy and hurries it by as speedily as possible. The best medical authority corroborates this. Knowing all this, can any one be guiltless who thus defiles the temple of his body? He is a sinner in the sight of God, and merits adequate punishment. This punishment should *begin* with *social ostracism*. Society should set its seal of disapproval upon any and all who indulge in the use of intoxicants of every kind. Mrs. Grundy has but to say the word, *and it is done*. (Many a youth would be saved if she would.)

Fines, heavy or light, commensurate with the number and extent of the offense, should next be the penalty of transgression. Next, imprisonment should be tried; complete isolation may induce reflection; if not, perhaps absence from the blighted home may bring a reprieve, at least for wife and children, for they know best what the presence of husband and father, maddened with strong drink, means. There has been a vast amount of sympathy wasted upon the drunkard, but very little manifested for those whom he injures most, and not infrequently has the blame of his habits been thrown upon the despairing wife. The poor, ill-treated men are considerably given to doing just that. Their father, Adam, set them the example, which many of them delight to follow.

While I would punish the man who thus degrades himself to the level of the brute, I would go farther than that; I would have him held responsible for the damage he does. I mean by this, repair the *material* damage he does. The damage of the heart—who can

compute it, or who can compensate for lost confidence, blighted hopes, ruined life, squandered fortune? Civil-damage laws should be enacted and strictly enforced, and damages in *hard cash* should be demanded. The idea of a man, because he chooses to degrade himself with maddening drink, to be allowed to sell the bed from under a sick wife, to deprive her of food, and fire, and all the comforts of life! It is a scandal upon the civilization of the day. Rum scores must be wiped out at the saloon, whether there is a dime left or not to purchase a crust for the starving family. Another fiend in human shape, in a fit of frenzy, breaks the furniture, destroys property, burns up clothing, and commits other like depredations—and who calls to account? Who steps in to defend the poor, weak wife or child? Does the law? I think not. *He goes free to repeat his insults and abuse*, and she to suffer the consequence. Oh, men! men, who hear me; why have you been insensible to this thing so long? Why has this curse been allowed to plant itself so firmly on our soil, to devastate this fair heritage of ours? It stirs every fibre of my womanly nature, as I think on these things, and demands stern justice to exercise her right.

Men hold this power in their hands, and it would astonish some of these good brethren here to-day to know just how few real, protective laws for women are to be found among our state statutes. Men have not had the "arrest of thought," until now they begin to see. The Woman's Crusade was the first smothered cry, which, reaching the ear of Omnipotence, was sent

back to the hearts of the manhood of this nation. They are beginning to see how little legislation has done for the protection of that part of society which moulds and fashions everything, either for weal or woe. The home is woman's realm, and everything connected with it is *her* affair. The prosperity of every nation depends upon the virtue of its homes, as much as upon the intelligence of its citizens; and everything calculated to elevate and purify it should be one of the first objects of good government.

Enforced law, wisely framed, is the only thing which the transgressor really dreads, and the absence of courage to make good and effectual legal enactment is the most prominent reason why there are so many dead letters upon our statute books. The paid custodians of the rights of the people are often in league with the offenders, and the guilty consequently go unpunished. Thank God! we are neither makers nor enforcers of law! Upon no woman's skirts is found the responsibility of these things.

But while I would show little quarter to the drunkard, there are mitigating circumstances in his case which ought not to be overlooked. The law of heredity, once so obscure, is now better understood, and we find we are to-day suffering from the moderate drinking habits of our ancestors. From a long line of drinkers comes this uncontrollable desire for strong drink. From away back down the years of generations, held back, perhaps, because circumstances were unpropitious, but gathering strength because of these,

it now rushes on, with maddening force, to the ruin of its victims. Environments favor and hasten this; the yawning doors of the ever-open saloon invite him, bid him welcome. Its attractiveness dazzles and bewilders him, companions tempt, and the gnawings of his own appetite goad on to indulgence; and thus he drifts on, till, like the moth in the candle and the poor fly in the spider's web, he rushes on to destruction. Thus the great army of our youth is being drafted, year by year, till the number of the slain touches the million line! Million! Yes, multiply by another one, and you are still wide of the mark! Lost to society, to family and friends, to the church, and to the world, and, worse than all, lost to heaven and eternal life. For the Book says, No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.

The eight thousand open saloons in my state, are the open sepulchres of our citizens. The \$40,000,000 which went into their tills last year, were worse than wasted. Forty million dollars taken out of the legitimate channels of trade, is enough to beggar a state. No cry of hard times, nor of a stringent money market, need ever be heard in this fair land of ours. Were not so much of our substance wasted, plenty would everywhere abound, and peace and prosperity universally prevail.

Punish the drunkard? Yes!

Punish the rumseller? Yes!

But I would go back of both of these, and lay the blame where it belongs: the country, the nation, the state, the county, the municipality, the courts—all are

guilty; and back of all of them is the voter, who, by his ballot, that most potent of influences, that means so much to us as a people, makes it possible for all these evils to follow. The groundwork of all our trouble lies back and beneath all these. This question must be settled at the ballot-box; *there is no other place!* Men have it in their power, *women have not.* Dear brethren, with the privileges of citizenship go its responsibilities. You have it all in your hands, what will you do with it?

Very few families care enough for their genealogy to commit its history to the written page. Each generation recounts to its offspring the traditions of its immediate predecessors, and they in turn hand them down to those who come after. For these legends seem more deeply tinged with romance when recounted at the winter fireside by an aged grandparent, than when confined to the cold forms of the types or the inanimate tracings of the pen. Even the most studiously matter-of-fact persons will, in their franker moments, admit that the association of some gallant deed or noble act with their individual ancestors awakens in them a thrill of keenest pleasure. We feel, on such occasions, that the brooding mists of antiquity are lifted as if by a friendly magician's hand, and that we stand face to face with heroes of our own kindred.

It takes many kinds of people to make a world, and yet with all our dissimilarities there are certain qualities held in common. In some a commanding eminence is

- attained along certain lines; just how much credit for this is due to heredity, and how much to self, is difficult to determine. Of one thing we may rest assured, however, no matter what the process of analysis, the major share is quite as often due to what we inherit as to what we acquire. We all respond to common impulses; some swiftly, others slowly. What more natural than the truism that nature rewards her more obedient children, and that they whose feet are swift to do her bidding should tread in favored paths? Thus we find an ancestry, whose founders laid the lines in harmony with revealed truth and the most diligent integrity, freely transmitting the cardinal virtues to its descendants. It is this hereditary fact which inspires the noblest aims and leads to the most unselfish sacrifice. The weal of posterity is lodged in this basal truth. Well might we despair if, on the earthward side, all ended with life's setting sun! Would the measure of our reward for the toils and privations of this life be "heaped up and running over" if the solemn intonation of the priest, the muffled tolling of the funereal bell, and the sighings of the bereft, ushered in the *finale* whose consummation was complete with the ending of the grave-digger's task? Surely such a minor strain could scarcely find a responsive chord in many weary hearts. Not that we would surrender all and devote ourselves wholly to a life of selfish ease and pleasure, but if the inspirations of the after life were withdrawn; if the fires of hope were quenched, and if we were left alone to grope in Egyptian darkness, how could we infuse that spirit of zeal

and devotion into our toil that marks the labor of them whose work-song is pitched in the major key?

"Virtue hath its own reward," 'tis true, but the immeasurable recompense resulting from a life devoted wholly to soul-culture and the welfare of our kind is denied all here on earth. During life we are doled a mere pittance, but, content with what we get, we confidently await the day of final reckoning, knowing full well that every good deed, every self-denial, every heroic act will be rightly adjudged and compensated. And who dares say what the reward will be for the fruitage of a long life devoted unselfishly to the good of humanity?

Last September Mrs. Downs visited Richboro (Addisville) to attend the Annual Meeting of the Bucks County Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In her letter to the "Temperance Gazette," September 12th, 1891, giving an account of the trip, she writes:

Just in front of the church is the old graveyard where former generations of my kindred lie buried. I stood beside the graves of my parents as the last living representative of the family name. Floods of tender memories came over me as I went back to the days of childhood, when, on that very ground, I played with my schoolmates by the side of the old schoolhouse, where, under the iron rule of a cruel, unsympathizing man, I mastered the difficulties of the "three great Rs." As I stood by the now tenantless graves (for the ashes of the once loved ones are all that remain) and thought of

the inheritance left behind them (the legacy of tainted blood), I then and there renewed my vows before God, under His blue arch, with the glow of the setting sun and the fast-gathering evening twilight, to do what one woman can to turn aside the heredity tendency and free this fair land of ours from the curse of the traffic in liquid death and all its ghastly and blasting concomitants.

CHAPTER XI.

EXTRACTS FROM ANNUAL ADDRESSES.

THE Minutes of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for 1882, contain no report of Mrs. Downs' Annual Address. The Minutes of 1883, and for each succeeding year, however, give the President's Annual Address in full. Would space permit, we would gladly publish all the Addresses entire, but, under the circumstances, we must content ourselves with merely publishing extracts from the same:

In the 1883 Address, Mrs. Downs says:

We come praying for divine unction, the baptism of the Spirit; we bring our faith and earnest supplication, which, co-mingling before the Throne of Grace, come back to us in rich blessing upon our own souls, giving power and strength for greater, richer trophies for our Master. We must get very low down at His feet; we must make the fullest consecration of ourselves to Him, if as workers in this branch of His work, we shall be workmen that needeth not to be ashamed. In this fierce and deadly battle between the home and the dramshop, woman has been providentially thrust to the

front, and, while we take our place in the ranks of this great army, we realize the magnitude of the enemy we have to contend with. The tremendous current of evil born of and nurtured by a legalized liquor traffic, which is sweeping through this happy land of ours, is no pigmy to battle against, but a monster of mammoth proportions, which has been growing upon the apathy of this nation. * * * One long, strong, persistent effort of combination among Christ's professed followers, and the work is done. May God speed the day. * * * Let us work more, pray more, talk more, and let it be said of the women of New Jersey: "They are at it, *all* at it, and *always* at it." May God permit us to help do the work, and then enjoy the victory which is sure to come.

There were stirring times in this state in 1884, and the Address of that year indicates the feeling of political unrest then widespread. We quote the following:

Along the great highway of life, reaching from infancy in its helplessness, to old age in its maturity, God has placed milestones to mark old Time's journeyings. We call them years, months, and days; a fragment of eternity lent us in which to prepare for what would be the great unknown beyond but for the blessed light of revelation. These years come to us in this day laden with events so momentous in their bearing upon our future destiny as a nation and as individual citizens, that we stand appalled at the mighty respon-

sibility resting upon us, and exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

A strong and powerful evil confronts us on every hand, the influence of which is undermining every interest dear to us as women. As the defenders of the church, as the protectors of home, as the purifiers of society, this curse of strong drink is our mortal enemy, laying waste our domestic Eden, tearing from our embrace the fair sons and daughters God gave to our keeping, transforming the nature and blunting the mental and moral faculties of the dear ones upon whom we leaned for support, and whom we loved as ourselves. In the past we have thought most of *cure*; of late it has come to us that prevention is a better way, and our thoughts and energies now turn into those channels where we can save our dear ones from the taint of the monster. Hence, we come here to consider methods of *prevention*, and we sit to-day in this annual gathering under peculiar circumstances, after ten *finished* years of work along the lines laid out for us. I say *finished* years; yes, finished so far as we are concerned, for between the lids of God's book of remembrance is their record *forever sealed*; but *not* finished in their influence, which, like the waves of old ocean, overlap each other as each in turn sends further seaward the ripples which are lost in its mighty surges. These years have their unwritten history in the world's eye; but God with his finger has marked each deed of love on the page of destiny.

If I were to ask of these battle-stained and scarred

veterans before me if discouragement ever followed defeat; if, after a hard conflict with the powers of sin and darkness, they had never felt the battle an unequal one, I fancy I should hear them answer, "Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Praise the Lord! They could point me to redeemed souls, to transformed homes, to happy wives and smiling children, and say, "These are our trophies of victory." Praise His name! They could point me to this noble hall, to these sober men, respectable citizens, who, once the frequenters of the dram-shop, now clear-headed and clean-hearted freemen; once slaves, now masters, as, with a pure ballot in their hands, upon which they have asked God's great blessing, they go to the polls and drop in the little white paper which seals the fate of their old enemy, the liquor traffic, and sends re-echoing through these streets and hills, and valleys of our beloved state, the cry, "*The saloon shall go!*" God bless them, every one. May they recognize this as the duty of the hour, and acquit themselves like men, casting aside party affiliations when in league with rum and ruin, and taking strong ground for God and the right.

* * * A faint hope has lingered in the minds of our leaders that the existing political parties of the day *might* take up the question (seeing how strong the current of public opinion was swaying that way) at their next presidential election, and give Christian men an opportunity to express their convictions, and not sever

their political ties. In view of this, at our last National Convention, held in Detroit, last October, the following resolution was passed unanimously by the delegates representing forty states and territories, and the District of Columbia :

Resolved, That we will lend our influence to that party, by whatsoever name called, which shall furnish the best embodiment of our principles, and will most surely protect our homes.

This is the attitude of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and it now remains for us as women, disfranchised though we be, to ascertain for ourselves in which of the platforms and candidates we see floating the "white banner of Prohibition."

* * * May 27th, was the national day of prayer for presidential platforms, candidates, Christian voters, etc., etc. This was also observed quite generally with most blessed results. New Jersey rejoices in the fact that the prayers of her faithful ones helped to bring to our nation the blessing of at least *one platform* and *one candidate* whom Christian, virtuous women will not blush to advocate. The remembrance of the gracious outpouring of the Divine Spirit upon that day in many of the meetings held, encourages us to believe that He who heard and answered them will not close His ear to the cry of His children when again they ask for the success of those principles which will free our native land from the blighting curse of a legalized liquor traffic. * * * We need a more thorough organization

of the forces at our command. Women to work out our plans of work are wanted for the departments. While we need a few leaders, we want more workers. We have them in our ranks, and the old adage that "many hands make light work," is eminently true of our work. It is no mark of a good general to try to do *all* the fighting, but he is most efficient who marshals his forces and places the strong in the weak places, and so on. There is every variety of talent to be found among our workers, and a place for all to do her part. We need to be more systematic in our county work. While some of the counties are well arranged, and grand work is being done, not more than one-half of them have acting vice-presidents.

The year 1885 was one of many discouragements to the valiant Woman's Christian Temperance Union workers, but neither they nor their leader lost heart. The Address this year is especially marked by a kindly, Christian spirit. It was a time when grace, as well as grit, was sorely needed :

The earnest, conscientious work of true womanhood has always been approved of God and honored of men, in whatever sphere of action she has exercised her powers. Through the long line of centuries, from the hour when the promise came to her in her forfeited Eden, down to the present, it has been given to her to cross arms with the powers of evil. In this generation she confronts the mightiest agency that the Prince

of Darkness has ever employed to destroy the souls and bodies of men. The Christian civilization of to-day sanctions her engaging in this conflict, and the story of the Woman's Crusade against the organized forces of a legalized traffic, is familiar to every one. The soul of this movement yet lives; so, after eleven years of experiment, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, "its sober second thought," stands unrivaled in its broad catholicity, its ever-widening influence and growing power. We come to this hour, as a part of that mighty enginery which is doing so much for humanity, with one hand upon the fading past, and the other outstretched into the unknown and untried future. With reverent gratitude we retrospect the conflicts and victories of a vanished year, humbly acknowledging that it has been "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," and with noiseless footsteps we tread upon the threshold of a new epoch in our history. No year of our life, as a state organization, opens with such momentous issues, such weighty responsibilities, yet such grand and noble possibilities, as this present one. The smoke of the battle, consequent upon the last presidential election, for months clouded our sky. The bitter animosities engendered by the struggle for political ascendancy between parties, both radically corrupt and equally the willing slave of the rum power, seeking vent in scorn and contumely visited upon the heads of weak but resolute women, to an extent hitherto unparalleled in the history of this country. But, understanding our position, and sure of

the righteousness of our cause, we have stood firm in the strength of our Great Leader, for our conflict is with a sin against God, and "a crime against man which no human law can make right." But the skies are clearer to-day than a year ago, and, viewing through the rifts of the clouds the broadening light, the glowing sunshine, we recognize the quickened sentiment of a more enlightened judgment, which is rapidly carrying this great reform through its transition state up to a plane where it touches the pulse of the body politic, with so pronounced a pressure as to make the old carcass tremble before this latest evolution of the truth.

* * * In our Bands of Hope and Temperance Schools lie the latent power which is to perfect what we have only feebly outlined, and *somewhere* in this broad field of yet undeveloped effort is the *Moses* who is to lead on to victory. May God give to the leaders of the Children's Work a double portion of His spirit.

* * * The sowing of the gospel seed is bringing blessing to our own souls, therefore when I speak of the pre-eminent value of our evangelistic work, I mean to magnify the social meeting held weekly for the spiritual profit of the workers, and bringing in wanderers to the Master's fold. I cannot adequately express to you my heartfelt appreciation of these precious means of grace, as I have been permitted to enjoy them incidentally. The trophies won from the ranks of sin for our Master have been numerous, so much so that only the great day of eternity can unfold their number. This, after all, is the best of all work; a soul saved, a

sheaf garnered, is of priceless value; and, while we branch out in more extended avenues of usefulness, let us never lose sight of this, our primal object and universal aim. * * * During the nine months of the active work of the year—for three months at its beginning I remained in the west after the St. Louis Convention, during which time I attended to my official correspondence, and did what I could at the distance I was (eight hundred miles)—I have visited fifty-nine towns and cities in the state, made one hundred and ten addresses, besides leading prayer meetings at home and abroad, and giving Bible readings when occasion admitted. I have spoken in ten towns, where no Unions exist, by invitation of the pastors and others. I have organized five new Unions. No less than seven hundred letters have been received and answered. I have been able to keep all my appointments with a single exception (when a severe cold prevented). I have had (excepting this attack) the most perfect health, for which I desire to publicly render devout thanks to the Great and Good Giver of all my mercies and blessings. I thus close up my review of the work of the state with these personal allusions, which I cannot well avoid, if I present a true *resume* of the transactions of the past twelve months.

Prayers are heard, but ballots count. Both are hemispheres of the same golden globe: separate them, and they are useless; unite them, and they are an irresistible force. God had a purpose in keeping women so long in the background of the temperance reform; *now*, as a

reserve power, they are brought to stand side by side with men, to add their influence, social and political (if we have any), toward the final overthrow of the greatest enemy of the home and of our common humanity. May we be found firm and true, and, doubting nothing, but believing in His promises, fight on for God, and Home, and Native Land.

The Address of 1886 was delivered just a few weeks prior to the memorable election of that year, when General Fisk polled nearly twenty thousand votes. Note the introduction. It would be difficult to match it for strength and beauty of diction, or for the sentiment permeating and interweaving its every fibre :

Down the dim, voiceless aisles of old Time's temple, memory wanders to-day, with noiseless tread, among the ruins, searching for the footprints of something which has made the world better and mankind happier. The records of martial deeds of noble daring are there; victories of master minds over error, the scattering of moral darkness, the uplifts of truth; and all along the centuries are milestones to mark grand endeavor and triumphant success. But what is this which stands out so boldly, marking the latter decades of our own nineteenth so conspicuously? It is Woman's Crusade against a mighty wrong! A bloody battlefield is before us, upon which lie a hundred thousand slain! A still unconquered enemy, still strong and mighty! "Woman to the rescue!" is inscribed on many a streaming banner!

Side by side with heroic and brave men stands the consecrated womanhood of the nation. "Down with the saloon!" is their common battle-cry. The world pauses in its busy round of labor and pleasure to watch the outcome of this deadly conflict. Whose shall the victory be? Shall the traffic in intoxicating liquors be prohibited or not? Shall the overthrow of this drink monster, this moral Juggernaut, under whose wheels struggling victims are mangled, be subdued by the potent power of human law, or shall the vital interests involved be yielded to hungry greed or political power? This question confronts the Christian world to-day, and God stands awaiting the answer. As a part of the great army of women who have answered God's call, as a part of the aroused mother-heart of this nation, we—mothers, wives, sisters, daughters of New Jersey—are here to-day in Convention assembled to help answer this question. From the hillsides and the valleys, "from country waste and city full," we have come; we meet not as strangers, but as sisters beloved, wearing the simple badge of our common sisterhood, speaking to the world in unmistakable language that we are in this fight 'twixt right and wrong, and there to stay till "this cruel war is over," and the homes we love are forever freed from the curse of strong drink. Loving words of welcome have been spoken to you, and the recognition of these kindred bands of workers have been pleasant to all our hearts, in which your speaker most heartily joins, realizing how much she owes to your kindly sympathy and forbearance. To veteran and new recruit alike, my heart goes

out in liveliest interest. May God's great blessing come to us all, while in this friendly convocation we linger, among these kindly friends, whose hospitable doors have opened for our entertainment; and may the knowledge here gained, and the kindled enthusiasm born of contact with kindred minds, enable us to go back to our fields of labor with renewed zeal and freshened energy, and do better work for the Master than ever before.

* * * Acting upon a suggestion from one of our old and tried friends, who never fails to put in a good point for us when opportunity offers, I met, by permission, with the committee of five appointed by our last legislature to consider the propriety of the erection of a *State Prison for Females*, the accommodations of our present brown-stone mansion on the banks of the Delaware being found insufficient to accommodate the wretched fruits of our barbarous license system, which eminent jurists have declared to be at the bottom of seven-eighths of all the crimes committed in this commonwealth of New Jersey. I was allowed, by courtesy, to offer my suggestions and unfold my plan, which was received and ordered put upon the records of the committee's work. In the name of four thousand of my state, I claimed protection for my sex while incarcerated for crime in our penal institution, with what results time will show, as the arrangements for a trip west, to Indiana, and another east, to Massachusetts, to examine the institutions there already established and controlled exclusively by women, was all the visible outcome of the committee conference.

* * * Throughout our entire state, Prohibition by constitutional enactment is our rallying cry. I think our women are a unit on the subject, and, standing out on its broad platform, victorious in prospect and faith, we give notice to a wondering world that, trusting in the Lord God of hosts, we will wage an unending warfare against the iniquitous traffic in human souls. Abreast of the most advanced thought, we are looking back and beckoning to some of our lordly brothers, who, pausing to discuss possibilities, are losing their advantage and allowing the enemy to gain ground. Strange, isn't it? Disfranchised citizens though we be, our womanly instincts take in the situation, and, as the advance guard of the great temperance army, we have bent our ears to the sound of the advancing hosts, and, like the intrepid Scotch girl, who, with quickened perceptions of sight and sound, heard the tramp of coming reinforcements, and with her cry out: "Dinna ye hear the slogan?" But they're coming, coming, many hundred thousands strong. The fiat has gone forth; the saloon power must be overthrown, and that, too, by the strong arm of the law—organic law.

I wish to speak especially of the very great kindness which I am constantly experiencing in my work from the clergymen of every name, with whom my work brings me in contact—their invariable courtesy and brotherly interest. I cannot give you an adequate idea of its value to us, as workers, and to me, as a pioneer for woman's work in many places. Let us cherish this, dear sisters, for the prestige which their favor gives us

we can get from no other class of men. God bless them! I notice that those among them who speak out most boldly against this enemy of the church as well as of the home, are the most successful in saving souls and building up their churches.

Another year of experiment in methods has just closed. It is among the things of the past. Between the lids of God's book of remembrance are forever sealed its record! It is no longer ours, but His. God's purpose in thus educating the Christian womanhood of this age, we cannot fathom; but we know that He has heard our prayers and sighs, and been mindful of our tears, as, like Rachel, we have wept for our children because they are not. Man has had *his* opportunity; it *may* be that woman is to have hers. We know not, but this I do know:

"That right is right, since God is God,
And right the day shall win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

The Address of 1887 is chiefly noteworthy for its advocacy of the ballot for woman. So far as we know this is Mrs. Downs' first public declaration along this line:

Surely God has wonderfully honored the womanhood of this day, in placing in their hands this great and momentous interest. To be made the messengers of relief to poor besotted humanity; to be placed side by

side with noble and true manhood in this battle with wrong; to be permitted to lend a helping hand to those whose place is in the thickest of the carnage, is surely a phenomenon at which the world pauses to gaze to-day.

* * * As I look into your eager eyes just now I realize that each one of you is a part of that mighty aggregate of thousands of earnest Christian women drawn up in well organized battalions facing the deadliest foe against which the sword of vengeance was ever drawn, and with every blow you are striking "for God and Home and Native Land," you are growing stronger and stronger. * * * The "strong man armed" of God's Word finds an analogy in our well-known and justly-dreaded enemy. We find him entrenched behind political and social influence, rearing his proud and defiant head on every corner of our city streets and in towns and hamlets throughout our entire territory, with very few notable exceptions, where the will of the people, crystalized into ballots, has set boundaries beyond which he cannot pass. * * * Our bridges are burning behind us and we are marching to music that never plays *a retreat*. * * * Our pledge is the keystone of our arch, and we must carefully guard it, not lowering it one hair's breadth. * * * To me it is sheer folly to think of staying this tide of evil, which is deluging our native land, with anything short of *compulsory law*. The total annihilation of the traffic by organic law is my remedy for this cancerous sore upon our body politic, which is sapping the foundation of everything that is good, and pure, and noble; *law*, and *law enforced* with

the heaviest penalties and punishments due to flagrant violation and the direst crimes. We have dallied with this thing long enough, let us now take a firm grip upon the throat of this monster and make short work of his overthrow. The saloon is in politics; for proof of this take this single fact: Out of one thousand and two political meetings held in New York city last year, seven hundred and ninety-two were held in saloons.

* * * Viewing these things from our standpoint, and realizing the necessity for immediate and very prompt action, I have come to the place and time when I can say what I have never said before in this presence, *give woman the ballot*, and I hope that this Convention will declare unequivocally for equal franchise, believing it to be the surest method of overthrowing the liquor traffic and all other sins against our homes.

* * * It is difficult to bring ourselves to realize that the good, true man, the able exponent of Prohibition, John B. Finch, is gone from us; that the hand of death was laid upon him in the midst of his power and usefulness, and in the twinkling of an eye his brief life went out. No truer friend had the Woman's Christian Temperance Union than he, and we are bereaved of a brother, advocate, true friend. To short-sighted humanity it would seem that our loss is irreparable, that just now we needed *so much* his wise counsel, his clear foresight. But *He knows*, and we bow in submission to His high behests. * * * I would bear testimony to the unfailing kindness in your treatment of me. I feel that I cannot adequately express the deep gratitude of my

heart for your patience and charity. The performance of the duty has not always been satisfactory to myself, and I cannot hope that it has been so to you. Imperfection *must* characterize every effort *not divine*, and mine I know have been full of imperfections. Sustained by your earnest prayers, which I know have followed me in my journeyings, I have done my best. God has been very good to me in giving me so much of good health and strength to perform my work. I regret that I could not do more, but such as it is, it is now history, and so far as God's glory has been my aim, just so far has it been successful.

I do not know where falls the seed which I have tried to sow
with greatest care ;

But I shall know the meaning of each waiting hour, *sometime,*
somewhere.

I do not look in nature's book nor on the present to read my
fate ;

But I do look for promised blessings in God's blessed book, and
I can wait.

We cull the following extracts from the Address of 1888. It is one of the most interesting of the nine:

Every reform has its infancy, when the motherly tenderness and wisdom of its advocates are called into constant and patient requisition. This is pre-eminently true of the cause which we have espoused and whose interests have called us together to-day. It was a feeble child when the Christian womanhood of this nation became its foster mother! It was pining for the

woman's hand and the mother's heart! We have seen this nursling of ours pass through its stout boyhood and come up to a stalwart manhood, albeit it has to *lean hard* sometimes upon its mother. The bondage of the saloon is still upon us, imperiling everything dear to us as women, and heavy lies the yoke of his remorseless power. But the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand at first, has grown into proportions which now alarm our enemies, and send them to their strongholds of defence. The nation is aroused; the irrepressible conflict is upon us; society is in upheaval, and right lifts its head with greater confidence. * * *

It is too true that the cowardice of official power yet permits the audacious rumseller to find his warrant for his murderous business in human law, and upon our statute books, state and national, are legal enactments which shelter him from the justice which *ought* to punish his diabolical acts. Sadly we admit that this is so; still hope sees the glimmer in the distance, as the church seems waking up to the consciousness of the inconsistency of sending out in the same vessels missionaries to teach the benighted sons and daughters of the dark continent the salvation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and whole cargoes of New England rum! The developments of that wonderful book, "Free Rum on the Congo," is startling the public mind and awakening the public conscience. The atrocities perpetrated upon the defenseless and unsuspecting emigrants landing at Castle Garden by the minions of the liquor interest have found their way into printer's

type, and the busy multitudes pause to read of the efforts of the proprietors of the rum-shop and the brothel (twins in crime) to entrap the unwary. Yes, the world is rubbing its eyes after its long slumber of perfect indifference, and we see the glimmer of a brighter day.

“Though right’s forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And within the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own!”

General Fisk, our grand standard bearer, the exponent of woman’s creed of what government *ought to be!* No speaker calls together larger audiences and more impresses the hearts of our people. The gentleness of his manner and speech is truly worthy of all commendation. No word of vituperation has ever been heard from him during this or any other campaign in which he has been a prominent figure. Truly the opposition has the entire monopoly of that. Christian in practice as well as profession he honors the church of his choice, and his charitable forbearance and non-resistance, sweeten even the political arena, whose malodorous concomitants and disgraceful calumnies are a reproach to us as a people. A genuine man, whose fair record his enemies have been unable to mar with a single act unbecoming the Christian statesman and patriot, his labors in the state have been abundant and effective. An honorary member of our State Union, he is everywhere our champion

and true friend. If the government of these United States acknowledged the rights of *all* her citizens and did not make *sex* a stumbling block, the *votes of women* would place him where his virtues and capabilities would shine out commensurate with the necessity for such men in high places, and the old White House at Washington not only have a *mistress* who cleans out periodically the old castle of its accumulations of liquid death, but whose *master* stands out before the world as an abstainer from *all that intoxicates*, and whose constitutional advisors shall be men after the same pattern, and not the after-dinner debauchee whose muddled brain vainly grapples with state questions only to make direful blunders, which often foreshadow for the country disaster and disgrace.

The bare fact that the signs bearing the name of the cottage, "White Ribbon Headquarters of the W. C. T. U., of New Jersey," hung out on two sides of the house, which front on two most prominent streets in Ocean Grove, was an educator in itself to the people. Every passer-by glanced upward to read the name, some to *rejoice*, some to *wonder*, and *a few* to sneer; but out in bold relief from June until October, the gilded letters told their story. Flung out to the gaze of the thousands and tens of thousands with woman's faith! Shall we not continue to flaunt our insignia before the multitude? Shall our flag be hauled down? It remains for *you* to say. It will be the keenest of disappointments to some of us if the answer is an affirmative.

No mother ever took greater pride in a grown-up

daughter, than does the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the "Y's." As I look in the faces of the bright young girls before me, upon whose breast is knotted the symbolic white ribbon, I thank God with the deepest consciousness of His goodness, and with the profoundest gratitude that He has raised up such an army of young women, upon whose shoulders will rest the mantle of usefulness, once worn by the older workers, and who will fill up the broken ranks of our army, when the Master shall call us from labor to reward. In every bright, cultured, consecrated girl I see a polished shaft for the Master's use. * * * Let there be the most perfect unanimity between the two branches of the work. Mother and daughter dwelling at the same hearth-stone, should not be more loving and considerate of each other's welfare. Again, the girls are nearer the schools than we are. To some of us, the days when we tried to get the mysteries of fractions and the conjugation of verbs through our brains is so far away in the dim past as to be *almost a dream!* But the girls are fresh from the books, and the mental discipline they have acquired by hard study fits them to take hold of work demanding the pen of the ready writer and the quick perception of truths which require explanation. I reckon, among the most gratifying experiences of my official term, the hearing of reports and minutes from these young workers. The successes of my own children never thrilled my heart with a deeper satisfaction. God bless and multiply our "Y's" everywhere, and

bind them to their true friend and loving mother with a deeper love and stronger tie of common sisterhood.

Some who have labored faithfully from the "crusade" days have recently passed away. God called them before the victory was announced, but who knows but from their bright abode they shall watch the conflict and join in the loud anthem of thanksgiving when our enemy shall be vanquished? Who knows that their employment in the "great beyond" will not be the guardianship of the soldier yet in the field? The Bible warrants us in believing that we each and all have our guardian angel. Surely, "but dimly the veil intervenes between the fair city and me!" The unseen is nearer to us than we think, and who dare deny that intercourse in some way is not permitted by Omnipotent power? Sisters, for *us* will this service be performed *some* day; *when* we know not! Let us be ready when the summons shall come.

I cannot forbear reiterating in your hearing what I have so often brought to your minds in my Annual Addresses. I make no apology for so doing, because its great importance becomes more and more apparent. *We must read and study more!* Our periodicals are teeming with matter which our workers *must know and understand* in order to be able to meet the enemy on his own ground. Our state publishes more temperance matter, according to its territory, than any state in the union. The "Temperance Gazette" is the oldest, and is a necessity to every state worker. * * * Books

and papers are our weapons with which to wage battle, and as well might a soldier go to war without his gun and ammunition, as temperance workers undertake good service without a general knowledge of the tactics of our enemies, or the means being tried to outwit him by our friends. All this can only be obtained through the public prints.

Moral suasion has had its day, and I would not under-rate the efforts of noble and self-sacrificing reformers, but the rapid strides truth is making in the world, is teaching us that we must do more than *persuade*; we ought to compel men to do right by wholesome laws and courageous enforcement. I am well convinced that we are striving to "make bricks without straw" when we seek to remedy the evil by means less summary. If the civilization of a nation is graded by the righteousness of its laws, then is *our* boasted freedom a farce.

I ask of this Convention to adopt Miss Willard's suggestion of a pledge, and make it a personal matter, "never to speak disparagingly of the workers, or discouragingly of the work."

The Annual Address of 1889 contains much that is instructive and interesting, but we can only give a few of the good things it contains :

The Woman's Crusade was the first smothered cry, bursting from broken-hearted motherhood and childhood, hitherto ground under the iron heel of the liquor curse. Suffering womanhood had dreamed only of deliverance

when death's kindly sleep closed weary eyes and folded still hands over sorrow-stricken hearts. To oppose this deadly foe, to lift her puny arm and trembling voice in opposition had never crossed her mind. But when God applied His mighty power and helping hand, and by the descent of His Holy Spirit, *He* called out woman's latent power; when, in that supreme hour, queens were crowned and prophetesses were anointed, then was sounded the first stroke of the death-knell of the home's great foe. That phenomenal event was the beginning of the end. For fifteen years we have been marching under orders given then and there. *We were to close the saloon.* That was God's mandate to us. We have been trying to obey. We were to pray and work, we were to educate and agitate. We have done so, and yet our enemy has grown stronger, more arrogant, more aggressive. How is this? Is God's plan at fault? Not at all. He meant, undoubtedly, that woman's work should be along reformatory and educational lines; that she should only be a scout before the grand army of Christian workers, of Christian men, who hold in their hands the power to crush our enemy at a single blow. But, alas! for human weakness! While God points out the way, man fails to enter in, and in *the* exercise of his free agency frustrates the plan the good God set before us and shuts out hope. We are to-day facing a great problem; and in view of the tests which are being applied to men in the management of it, it is narrowing down to just this: Will man, in the exercise of his power as a citizen, stamp out this iniquity? or must there be put in

woman's hand power to do it? Frances Willard first declared the faith that was within *her* on this point amid the "piney woods" of Maine, and afterwards at the third annual meeting of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union in our own Newark, when the dignified presiding officer, Mrs. Allen Butler, of New York, at the close of Miss Willard's address, said, "The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is not responsible for the utterances of this evening. The weapons of our warfare are spiritual and not carnal. We have no mind to trail our skirts in the mire of politics."

Twelve eventful, fruitful years have rolled by since that hour, and to-day good men and true, women fair and faithful, are rallying around the standard of equal suffrage, and ere long all power, without regard to sex, will be centered in the wee bit of white paper which falls

"As silently as snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
But executes a freeman's will as lightnings do the will of God."

A long list of names constituted the subject of our memorial service last evening. The number of the "discharged" is growing larger every year. This year, notably, we have laid away two of our county presidents, who were very dear to all of us. We miss them in our council chamber, for both were wise and lovely. We pause as we drop our tears into the open graves of these and other departed ones, and wonder who will be the next. They were our companions in labor and in bless-

ings, and while we miss them all in the various fields of labor, and some from this Convention, let us thank God that our workers *die so well*, and upon the new-made graves of these who have preceded us to rest and reward, let us lay a garland of true affection, with the brightening hope that we may meet them in a happier, holier sphere.

Our work is widening *so* rapidly, that it is attracting the notice of men and women hitherto unmoved by its grand philanthropic idea, while enemies are rising up on every side. The intelligence of the liquor trade is being brought to bear upon our tactics. It is no longer the illiterate foreigner, dealing adulterated poison, who rails against "dem Rock of Ages vomens," but the pomposity and shrewdness of the millionaire beer barons, who are bringing their influence to bear against us as a dangerous factor in this conflict with their profitable business. So we must match them by our acquaintance of events, of men and things; we must add to our faith and prayer, *knowledge* as well as patience. Then let us read and study more, and may God quicken our understanding that we may take in the things which will fit us for the mighty conflict before us.

It is quite time that conscience was made the factor in politics, and that men looked upon the ballot as they do upon the Bible, just as sacred, and test it by the matchless prayer of our Lord. This question ought to be answered as for eternity by every Christian voter: What is the relation of my party, my candidate, my platform, to the setting up of Christ's kingdom on the

earth? The answer to this query is sacred enough to come from our pulpits on the Sabbath day, and it *ought so to be*. The sacredness of the ballot has never been estimated; human sagacity has not yet settled its status in the consciences of men. Mary Allen West has said, "To-day Christ sits over against the ballot-box, as of old He sat over against the treasury, and judges men by what they cast within." * * * Two political parties are striving for the mastery in this nation to-day; one stands by its old record of *make* all you can, *sell* all you can, *drink* all you can. The other assents to this, but appends to it this supplementary addition: Put a high license on it and make it pay for all it costs the country. We have no sympathy, no prayers for either; but if God, in His providence, ever puts a ballot in *my* hand, it shall be cast with the party that has no rum-makers or rumsellers in it, but which stands for the protection of the homes of the nation.

Few of the Addresses appeal with stronger force to the mothers of the country, than did that of 1890:

The world moves, and we must move with it, or we shall find ourselves swept on by a flood of circumstances which will bring us to a sudden and startling awakening. Our lives seem too short for the weighty matters thrust into our hands, and upon our hearts. Hurry, bustle, excitement, pressure mark every passing hour. The work of days is crowded into as many hours, and the laggard finds himself belated on every

hand. Facts explain this. As a nation, we are making history at almost lightning speed: startling events crowd each other in such quick succession that they almost take our breath away. The tragedy of to-day, at the announcement of which the world paused in its giddy whirl to read of, is succeeded to-morrow by the recital of one more startling still. Thus we go on, as the days lengthen into months and months into years, and life is lost in death and time in eternity. The temperance work, thrust upon woman so providentially, brought her into this whirlpool of God's activities. It found us happy, contented in our wifely, motherly duties. We had set up a high standard of virtue and religion within the hallowed precincts of home, and we are living by our own rule, and thus by godly precept, and loving, tender example, trying faithfully to influence our loved ones around us. But the time had come when our eyes opened to the *sad truth* that there was an enemy outside the breastworks, who, with cruel purpose, was breaking down all our defences, and, with malice born of Satan himself, was seeking to destroy all we held most dear and sacred. Single-handed, we could not resist this mighty power, but, as the tiniest thread may be multiplied till it becomes the giant cable, so "organized mother love," crystalized into consolidated effort, may be the agency which shall fell this mighty Goliath of Gath, which, entrenched behind social and political power, is the one great enemy of our homes—viz: *the legalized liquor traffic*. This foe stands upon the threshold of every home in New Jersey, and

is the inspiration of every crime which disgraces our civilization, and we face it to-day. The law of this state is license, and license means drunkenness, pauperism, and crime. From eighty to one hundred thousand souls annually, in this broad land of ours, go down to drunkards' graves, and this army, ghastly, despairing and lost, is to be recruited from American homes! Then, wonder not that, like the tigress, which is fiercest when her offspring is endangered, woman rises in her just indignation at this most cruel of wrongs, and stands angered, aroused, determined to fight for souls, for God, and her own sacred altars. * * * To-day we pause at our seventeenth annual milestone along the great highway of our lives as temperance workers in New Jersey. Looking backward, we see gleams of sunlight in the rifts of the clouds of defeat. Some successes, more failures, not because we have failed in plan or purpose, but because those whom we trusted failed us when the ordeal was upon us. God is true but man is fallible.

Our work is wholly reformatory and educational, and has no political bearing upon any party or parties. We are unalterably committed to the principle of Prohibition of the sale and manufacture of ardent spirits, and are ready to help all and any agency organized for its promotion and final achievement, but so far as our work goes, we are undenominational and non-political in every sense. Some of us endorse the Prohibition party, and a resolution having such reference is usually passed by a large majority of votes at our State Conventions, and from which every one has the right to

dissent. While we do not recede one iota from the position held heretofore, on this point, we do desire that our educational work be made pre-eminent, as *that* is within our province *now*, and the power to wield *political* seems yet in the distance. Meanwhile, we shall work for the ballot for woman, and for the entire extirpation and annihilation of the liquor traffic, and are ready now, as ever, to lend our influence as far as disfranchised citizens can, to any agency which is organized to that end.

I have given to my work all I am and have to give. None can go beyond this. Errors have been made, doubtless, but they have been of the head and not of the heart. My health has been uniformly good, not having lost a single appointment by sickness, and but few from bad weather and storms. God has been very good to us, and let us devoutly thank Him from whom all our blessings come. Let us work on in love and harmony as of aforetime, and some day we shall together shout the harvest home over a country redeemed, and a direful evil conquered.

The Annual Address of 1891 is especially fraught with interest. In no other address does Mrs. Downs give such evidence of the weight of the responsibility of the work:

When we duly estimate the magnitude of the work God has put into our hands, and fully measure the gigantic proportions of our enemy, and appreciate the influence—social, political, financial—which is ever

ready to do its bidding; of the greed and avarice which stand behind every open bar, and the unconquerable appetite which pleads before it, I am reminded of that most interesting incident in the life of the Saviour, when He faced the hungry and famishing multitude on the mountain-side, and the answer of His disciples to His kindly question: "How shall we buy bread that these may eat? There is a lad here with five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" It seems like the lifting of a single arm to stay the whirlwind, and yet God is with us, and He is greater than all those who are against us. "Home versus the saloon," is our war-cry! This is the problem that faces us. Which shall conquer? They are natural enemies, and each is seeking supremacy. The Home is the institution of God Himself; it is the corner-stone of society, and the perpetuity of our civilization depends upon its virtue and intelligence. Whatever is arrayed against it must be carefully watched and persistently antagonized. We must bring to bear our mightiest agencies to remove the blight and mildew of the liquor traffic, and bring it speedily under the ban of popular condemnation, and to so educate public sentiment that the open dram-shop, with its flaunting signs and glittering allurements, shall no longer disgrace us. There is a mighty work before us, and, almost despairing, sometimes we cry out: "Who is sufficient for these things?" Sisters, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the little lad, which itself, and all it is and has, is a hostage to this destroyer, for we count not

our lives dear if we can save the homes of the future from the direful influences of the present. We are lifting our puny arm against its mightiness, hoping, trusting, praying, that ere long the opened eyes of the Christian church may be turned upon us, and be led to see and appreciate the necessity of action, and aroused, infuriated at its audacity and aggressiveness, with united forces make an attack upon its hitherto impregnable fortress, which shall be resistless. This has been, and still is our task.

This present gathering of New Jersey's earnest and faithful workers marks the tenth anniversary of my election to the office, which, through your kindly preference, I have held in the years past. At the close of that year—1881-'82—our membership numbered 1,200, in 39 Unions; in our juvenile schools, 3,500; and in our "Y's," 157. Our Treasurer's Report showed receipts, \$341.06. In 1890 (not counting the present year), we number 204 Unions, with a membership of 7,736. Our Juvenile Work foots up 10,000 (three-fourths pledged). Our "Y's," 1,596, and Treasurer's Report, \$2873.33. During this time, every one of the 21 counties has been organized and placed under the leadership of faithful and efficient Presidents, with associate officers, who are carrying on the work grandly. In these ten years there has been but one change in the board of officers, Mrs. Ronan retiring after one year's service as Recording Secretary, Mrs. Emma Bourne taking her place and holding the office for nine consecutive years, with satisfaction to all concerned.

One great hindrance to progress along this line is the

want of willingness on the part of our women to assume the responsibilities of office. So manifest has this been, that it seems to me all important that we should seek a special baptism of Divine Power, that we may overcome this timidity and be willing to do what we can to advance the cause. While most of the larger towns and villages in our state are already pre-empted for God and temperance, there are many smaller places where we ought to set up our banners. Wherever there is a saloon or drinking-place, *there* should our standard be planted, for never has there been one set up *anywhere*, but some one was hurt by it, and it was mostly a *woman first to be struck!* So let us all be watching for opportunities for lengthening our cords and strengthening our stakes. There are thousands of women in New Jersey who ought to be enlisted in this cause. They cannot afford to be indifferent, and it is given to us, who have had the God-touch upon our hearts, to rouse them to a sense of the danger which threatens their homes. In listening to Colonel Hadley, recently, I was struck by his proposition to his workers, to single out some one drunkard for whom we were to pray and work with specific reference to their reformation and disenthralment from the bondage of strong drink. This is a grand and practical idea! What if each of us should, in our own minds, designate some dear soul who had not come to the light, and offer for her special prayer, and direct effort be made for her enlightenment; if we should put in her way our periodicals and literature; if her children could be gathered into our Loyal Temperance Legion, what a tide of success would roll in upon us.

And this is just what we ought to be doing. We must pass the blessed light around among our benighted and unawakened sisters, whose interests are involved in this conflict as well as ours.

Several of our Unions have had the death angel enter their ranks and bear away from the activities of the work those whom they loved and honored. In humble submission to His high behest, we bow our heads, and, although our hearts are aching and tears dim our eyes, we know He doeth all things well. To our human eyes, we could illy spare them, but God speaks, and we are dumb before Him. As one by one our true and tried workers drop out of the ranks, let us, whom God permits yet to wave aloft the banner of the cross and of temperance, be more than ever faithful and persevering in the work, so that when we are called to render up our account, it shall be said of us, as we say of the loved ones gone before, "she hath done what she could."

The interest in the work of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union was never greater than at present, and never were our relations with our daughters more tender and kindly. We realize more and more the necessity of bringing the young women into our work. Seventeen years of service have left their mark upon us who were the pioneers in the work in this state, and we must soon fall out of the ranks and our places must be filled by younger women. How important, then, is it that our daughters be trained for the duties of the future. Their number must be increased, their capabilities must be tested, their education carefully considered, that we may be succeeded

by others better trained for service than we were, who have been warned of the quicksands in the path of life, and be well fitted to meet the need of the hour. God bless the "Y's," and may their number be doubled the coming year.

In conclusion, let me thank you all for your unfailing kindness and forbearance, as expressed in loving words and kindly actions. I am conscious of falling far short of my own ideal of what the position demands of its incumbent, and still more conscious of my utter inability to reach it, but I have done my-best, inadequate as it is; *it is all I have*. Your loyalty to me during these *ten* years of service, imperfect as the service has been; your prayers and your sympathy, are cherished in my inmost soul as tender, sweet memories; your unfailing welcomes to your fireside have been like dew to the thirsty earth, and many a time, as I have stayed my weary feet at your thresholds, I have given thanks to God for the friendship of earth. No unkind or hasty word has ever been uttered to me by any one of our number, and good will and the kindest of relations exist between us all. It is sweet to linger over these pleasant memories. Their fragrance is like the perfume of flowers. God grant that nothing may ever occur to disturb these pleasant relations. We need to be united in heart, and, with strong ties of universal sisterhood, to be bound together, firm and strong, that our enemies may see and recognize the *God-life* in our character. God bless you all; and now unto Him who hath loved us and bought us with His precious blood, be glory and honor, praise and power, now and evermore. Amen.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST HOURS.

This life doth but our life begin,
 Is but outside the porch of the abode,
 And death the going home, the entering in,
 The stepping forth on the wide world of God.

HERE are occasional passages in our human lives so informed with the Divine that, before them, methinks the angels must needs veil their faces.

It behooves us to take the shoes of earth off our feet, as we now enter the sacred chamber of death. It is a holy place. Those who were privileged to tarry there, where heaven and earth touched, seeing and feeling unutterable things, like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, marveled and feared, and would forever keep silence, wrapped in the after-cloud of their bereavement, did they not know that there was a message here the world must receive through them.

Mrs. Downs died, as she had lived, a triumphant witness to the faith as it is in Christ Jesus; to the fulfilment of every promise of the Gospel. Not in fitful utterances and last messages only, but in every circumstance connected with those final days and hours, in

which she laid down the work of earth in full consciousness of all that it meant to her and others, and went forth to meet the unknown work beyond, resolutely, fearlessly treading the enemy under foot at every step. He might rack her body with pain, as he did, and wring tears from her eyes, but her mind was as serene, her soul as calm, her hold of God as firm, her courage as unflinching, as the eternal realities upon which she was entering.

She was not called with any unfinished work on hand. She dropped the pen only when the Minutes of her last Convention were complete, rejoicing too much in the loved labor, with her dear co-workers, to take note before that she, herself, was weary.

The eye of filial love, however, had already detected, with a thrill of anxiety, the unusual sign, and the daughter's heart had said in a previous day's shopping, when sharing lovingly together woman's needed nothings: "Mother must have rest; I shall tell Mrs. Ellis to have the women spare her more." And all the while, mother and daughter were happy in preparations incident to their first attending a "National" together. It had been a long, fond dream, and now it was on the eve of fulfillment.

This was Wednesday, November 3d. Monday evening Mrs. Downs had come from the Convention to the loving welcome of her daughter's home-nest. Dear little arms she loved unutterably, clung fondly around her neck, as the grandchildren climbed to their seat of privilege before she was more than across the threshold.

The "Temperance Bag," sure not to fail, was raided next, and, as they expected, yielded abundant proof of grandma's loving provision for the delight of the little ones, who were never forgotten amid her larger, pressing cares.

Oh! the glow, the light, the joy of that first evening; its sweet rest from labor; its promise of enjoyment to come—a foretaste, it now seems, of the great reward so near. Would we could blot out the intervening dark passage of pain and sorrow. But, how so? Should we not then have also missed, what we needed, that lesson of a strength born of God, by which we might grow stronger? Surely, were she to pass the same way again she would not count the pain, were we only profited thereby. This we know.

The Minutes written up; the dinner, that now seems a sacramental meal, eaten in love together; the dear hands dropped, and Mrs. Downs thought she would rest awhile. It seemed just the thing for her to do. None were anxious—all were glad—when she stayed abed next morning. She would be that much more fitted for the approaching journey. Yet there was disturbance in nature's workings. Simple remedies were used; proving ineffectual, the doctor was called. He, too, saw no cause for anxiety, but his remedies were powerless. Steadily the disease—peritonitis—with all its terrible anguish crept on, and the tired frame was unequal to the contest. Gradually it was rumored that the dauntless leader lay low; but very slowly did the truth unfold itself to the watching circle of friends.

Sunday morning, regardless of pain, the voice they never questioned, called the dear ones to her bedside. "Come here, all of you, and let us pray." The son led, all joining, she with them, in the Lord's prayer. Later, she called for her old friend, Rev. George Hughes, but when he came it was not thought best that she should see him, and so he prayed down stairs. She wanted afterwards to know all he had said.

Monday, one of the dear women she loved so well, sent her exquisite roses. She buried her face in them, and the unbidden tears flowed silently at this last token of love. That day she would follow the daughter with "Don't stay long," whenever called away from the room; and even yet, they did not understand. Monday evening, for the first time, the doctor said "there is danger." It shot terror into the unexpecting heart, and a trained nurse was instantly sent for. "My angel of light," as Mrs. Downs called her. Oh! these blessed ministers of the sick-room. God be with them!

A consultation of physicians next morning put the danger apprehended beyond a doubt; and though no intimation was given in the sick-room, as they left the patient said: "The fiat has gone forth, I am going home." On being remonstrated with, she added: "No, I have not yet given up hope. It would be so strange for me to die, the Master has such need of workmen!"

That last Tuesday, election day, her thoughts, true as the needle to the pole, turned in all her pain from self to the testing hour of pure manhood, and forgetting the

bodily suffering, her soul poured itself out in an agony of pleading that man might do right. Every other interest paled before this supreme issue, and the grand soul, with its large vision, spent itself in unremitting prayer for the church of the living God, that it might wake up to the emergency of the hour. "So many men this day will forget God and home, as they cast their ballot." "So many men are doing wrong to-day." "God help the church! The votes of Christian men are all I ask—but they will not, they will not; God forgive them!" Every hour of that day, some such cry escaped her. Oh! could they have known—the voters—that this strong soul was travailing in a pain for them that conquered the pain of death, would they not have been moved? Brave heart, thy pain is stilled, and thou hast gone where thou knowest that it has prevailed. In the day when He, whose right to reign has come, and results are counted, there will be one more note of triumph to swell the victory, because of that travail of soul on thy dying bed. Even so, Lord Jesus, Amen.

The next morning she was told, the first thing, the returns from the various states. Cutting the account short, in which she generally took so great an interest, she said: "Give me the Prohibition vote?" Some one, told her: "A thousand." "It's not so," came with her wonted determination, in a strong voice, "there are over a thousand in Essex county. Wait until we get the 'Voice,' and you will see. There are more true men than that in New Jersey."

When the paper came, she was past reading it, but

asked several times if we knew the vote yet, frequently exclaiming :

“I forgive everybody; I forgive even Dr. Buckley.” She said: “I do not think I am going to die, but if I should, this is no time to get ready. If I were not ready to go, there would be no time now.”

Mrs. Ellis came, and Mrs. Downs opened her arms, and took her in a long, lingering embrace, whispering: “Margaret, Margaret Ellis!” They then talked of the National. Mrs. Downs said: “I want you to represent New Jersey in Executive.” On learning from Mrs. Ellis that she was not going: “Oh, yes; you will,” came the quick reply, “don’t disarrange things.”

As the daughter stood by the bed, next morning, with her baby in her arms, the grandmother looked at the child, then at the doctor, and said :

“Ain’t she the prettiest thing you ever saw?” and baby was left playing in the room.

At four that day, a change came rapidly. The doctor said: “I want you to rest.” She threw her head back upon the pillow, with the remark: “I think it will be the long rest.”

The agony increased. It was a strange experience to one hitherto exempt from bodily ailments. “All my life long,” she said, “the Lord has sent so little suffering, I will bear this, until He says, enough. On ye brave; on, on ye brave!”

Presently, she grew easier—resting, her eyes closed. To the daughter, watching, there came an unutterable longing to have the mother speak to her again, and as

the doctor was asked, "Could she?" Mrs. Downs opened her eyes, and, with a tone sweet, melodious with love, said:

"Louie knows it all. I haven't left it until now to tell her. You haven't waited to put roses on my grave, child, but have scattered them all along my path."

Then, as a dying message, she gave not a word about the other world, not once "Meet me in heaven;" but, the characteristic injunction: "Keep abreast of the times. Be foremost in every good thing." The teacher, the leader, the reformer still lived.

To the doctor she said: "Is there any hope?"

"Yes, Mrs. Downs."

"Praise His name!"

Shortly after: "Doctor, is there any hope?"

"No, Mrs. Downs."

"Praise His name!" was again the ready answer, followed, as she looked around, with:

"Now, I do not want a tear shed in this room."

Presently she turned, with a loving greeting, to her son-in-law, who had come in from the city:

"Neddie, they say I am dying."

"Yes, mother; you are."

"I am not afraid."

A pause; then: "Ned, how is Prince's foot?" The horse had hurt his foot, and the tender heart remembered it in her dying hour. Still speaking to her son-in-law, she said:

"I will find your mother when I get there, and tell her what a son you have been to me." Then, recalling

the time of day, she added: "I want you all to go get your dinner, and leave me alone," in a manner from which there was no appeal.

All this time the suffering was on the increase. At seven, Mrs. Ellis came. She drew near the bed. The brave patient looked up, with a rare welcome in her eyes, as she tenderly said: "I wanted you to see me die. Now, Margaret, won't you kneel right down there and ask the dear Lord to sever the cord quickly?" And the brave heart, the faithful comrade, knelt beside that bed, clinging to the hand that had led her through ten long years of toil for the Master, and, with faltering voice and broken heart, prayed that He would spare the dearly beloved one further pain, and take her now to Himself. Still the Master waited. Her son came from Brooklyn.

"Why, James, how did you get here? Did they telegraph you? You have come to see mother die. I wish you would sing 'My ain Countrie.'"

The windows of the chamber where she lay were all open to the night. Through them the clear, beautiful voice trembled, faltered, but finally rose and rang out—joyously, almost—upon the midnight air:

"We'll all gang at last to our ain countrie!"

As the echoes died, there came from the bed a great heart-cry:

"*Room*, ROOM for my bairns in paradise!"

To the doctor, weeping at the foot of the bed, Mrs. Ellis said, through her tears:

"Do you see many such scenes?"

"No, Mrs. Ellis; nothing like this, ever."

As the suffering increased, the doctor made the suggestion that he could ease her, but at the cost of consciousness and the shortening of the hours. It seemed hard to consent to this; but at the mother's word, intimating her intuition of what had passed—"Don't you keep me, Louie"—the consent was given.

Expecting this would be the last, Mrs. Ellis spoke to her, and got the message for the women: "Tell them to work harder; to work just as if I were here to spur them on." To Mrs. Ellis' promise that she would work harder, came: "When the work is done, I will meet you."

The family gathered around the bed, before the doctor administered the medicine that should take her speech away; but were met with:

"What are you all coming here for? It isn't time yet. I will tell you when to come to kiss me for the last time. Not yet."

There was a scattering, a silence, a long waiting; then: "Mother, do you know us?"

"Know you? Of course I do, as well as ever I did in my life."

Another watch—the pain all gone—the mind still clear. The doctor was amazed. "Her mind," he said, "will be the last to succumb. There is no ordinary mind here."

"Oh, I wish I were not so extraordinary," came, with a little laugh.

Then: "The hours are leaden. How long, Doctor?"
"Not yet, Mrs. Downs; be patient. Soon, I hope, He will come;" and he stooped, and reverently kissed her brow.

"That was the kiss of a son," she said. "I will find your mother and tell her." She reached out her hand for his, and he knelt beside her, telling her every few moments how fast the Death Angel was coming, the soul was so eager to take its flight!

"Do you remember how they whipped old Uncle Tom, and could not kill him? This old body will not die; it makes me think of Uncle Tom's Cabin."

True to her life's instinct to be of help, she said to the doctor:

"I want you to use my body if it will teach you anything or do anybody any good." Pain could distress, but not rob her earth-life of its completeness, its symmetry of action, even to the perfected close.

With a movement toward the hills, she said:

"Louie, up there in the beautiful Orange Mountain."

"Tell John I love him. Tell him to be good. He knows mother's idea of goodness. Tell him to vote for Prohibition, for the liquor traffic will be outlawed, and blessed is he who helps!"

"Mrs. Ellis, write at the close of my Address, died, November 10th, and the hour. I think I shall go at the noon of night."

Still the expected coma does not come.

"Oh, Doctor, what is this sudden pain at my heart?"

“That, Mrs. Downs, is the last effort of your heart to do its work.”

“Praise the Lord! O death, where is thy sting; O grave, thy boasted victory! Death is not the king of terrors. Be good, be good! Nothing else pays when death’s cold chills are creeping on. Doctor, will the coma come soon?”

“I think it will not come at all; but in a few moments you will go.”

“Praise the Lord!”

Still slowly He comes. The very angels seem waiting, breathless. Lower and lower they bend over the dear form, and gather her in their arms. Surely it is after she has caught a glimpse of their radiance that she remembers—remembers the dear ones of earth, and wafts to them a faint, joyous message—“All right”—and is gone.

The heavenly influence, the blessing of that scene remains an undying memory, a living witness.

Thank God for such a legacy of faith, as through her has become vision! For us, who through it, have seen what we have believed, a new halo must henceforth invest our Christian course; a halo, a joy, over which no subtlety of unbelief can ever have power. So grant it, Lord Jesus!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FUNERAL.

THE morning of November 13th—the day we were to look, for the last time, upon the face of our Mother Downs—dawned beautiful and bright. The clouds had lifted and God's sunshine was everywhere; who could think of her without it? By ten o'clock the dear form (so like her) lay in the simple casket in the home she loved so well, that home where, only a few days before, the voices of happy children had rung out in glee the glad news, "Grandma's come;" the home from which the pure spirit began its flight, and where her influence will live forever; the home that was her resting place, her Mecca; and how beautiful and bright it was that morning!

"Mother was the embodiment of sunshine; we must be true to her." There was no gloom.

With the intuition of love, which planned better than it knew, the door-knob was twined with ivy, emblematic of the beauty and strength that cannot die, and the fragrant violet, prophetic of awakening life. As the ivy, she had clung to the Rock of Ages, and we had looked upon her, and seen her grow in vigor and rich-

ness unto the end, clothing life and service in the freshness of heaven. Like the violet, she exhaled fragrance in, and made beautiful the lovely places of earth.

Loving hands had touched with brightness the room where she lay; the sun streamed through the windows its benediction, and the flowers lent their perfume to the song of praise that burst from the heart—praise that a human soul, in this world of ceaseless, restless strife, this world of sin, and want, and woe, had lived a life as pure, as spotless, as the gentle lilies that nestled upon her breast. Oh, Mother Downs! the fragrance of the lilies will die, but the fragrance of thy life will never die; the flowers thou didst strew were plucked from fields that are fadeless, and their perfume is wafted by the winds of eternity.

Peacefully she lay amid the sunshine and roses; how like Mrs. Downs it all was. Her dress was simple as always; the beautiful white cap that we loved to see her wear at conventions when she looked every inch our queen mother; a sweet peace upon her brow—did we imagine a halo hovered there as we gazed? Dear, tired, ceaseless, unselfish worker for humanity—could it be that the great mother heart was stilled?

Very simple, yet impressive were the services here, conducted by Rev. George Hughes, an old friend of her husband; another last look, and the face which was an inspiration to look upon, went out from our sight, borne by loving hands, from the home which never again would be blessed by the sunshine of her presence.

The public services were held in the Halsey Street

Methodist Episcopal church at half-past one o'clock. Each arriving train had brought some to swell the number of those anxious to do honor to the memory of Mrs. Downs, and an hour before the appointed time these began to assemble before the closed doors of the church. Hushed voices, silent hand-clasps, and the black ribbon, blending mournfully with the white, spoke the common sense of loss. Some brought flowers for the casket; all brought the tribute of love and tears for the dead. The memory of the recent State Convention in Salem, where Mrs. Downs had been the central figure, was fresh in the minds of many, and the thought of that gathering gave peculiar pathos to this. The burden of all hearts seemed to be, "Who will take her place?" "What shall we do without her?"

When the doors opened the waiting throng moved silently to their places inside the church. The entire congregation rose as the casket, borne by her sons, moved slowly up the aisle. Through the hush came the soft notes of the organ. Above the silence rose the clear tones of a strong voice: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me shall never die."

Mid waving palms and lilies white they left her. Services were conducted by Rev. N. A. Macnichol; prayer by Dr. Hanlon—a prayer full of tenderness and comfort. Then followed the reading of a telegram from the National Convention, in session in Boston, which at the same hour was holding, in Tremont Temple, Memorial Services for our fallen leader and their comrade.

The first address was by Rev. George Hughes, who said:

“Here lie the remains of the most heroic woman I ever knew. God’s saints never die. We did not come here to talk of death, but to commemorate her coronation.

“Forty years ago her husband was my colleague in the ministry. I have known her as a wife, a mother, and a worker in the field of the itinerancy, and in these later years as a worker in the gospel temperance field. Converted at seventeen, she grew into a solid Christian, holy woman, devoted in her powers, pure and ardent in love and constancy, and intensity of thought; full of strong faith that could not shrink before any foe, a woman of great moral courage, a Joshua, as it were, possessed of great patience, of forbearance and long suffering. She illustrated the perseverance of the saints, for no mountain was too high to cross, no seas too broad to pass if the word of duty called her.

“In her family circle I saw her, so devoted to husband and children, all of whom are enlisted under the banner of the cross. She was a light to her husband’s ministry; her death a triumphant transition from the terrestrial to the celestial, beyond language to describe.”

The next speaker was Rev. John Atkinson, D.D.

“I have been asked to say something of the early days of my acquaintance with Mrs. Downs. Forty years ago I went to the house of Mrs. Downs. I was then not

quite seventeen years old. 'Mrs. Downs was not at home, but would soon be in.' I waited, and I never shall forget how she looked at me as she came forward extending her hand so cordially, saying, 'Is this our supply?' She took me at once into her confidence, and her home was indeed a home to me; and she a sincere, tender friend all her life. She was the most devoted of wives; her devotion was tested and never failed. I have a vivid remembrance of her mother who, though aged, made a lengthy visit there while I was a member of the family. Everything a daughter could be or ought to be, she was to her mother. The love between her and her only sister, Mrs. Dr. Phillips, I have never seen equaled. As a mother, I remember her when the oldest son was too small to remember me. She and her husband gave me my theological education; then religion was a personal religion lived in the heart. I would not be here to-day but for her and her husband. They nurtured, cheered and counseled me. I owe to her a debt I cannot pay. To-day I lay upon that casket a chaplet—a chaplet bedewed with tears to the purest, noblest woman the world ever saw.

"I rejoice in what she was and did: a power for God and humanity; noble wife of my dearest friend, his helpmeet, true; maker of my success in the ministry. God bless the workers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; she fell in your glorious service."

A favorite hymn, "Work for the Night is Coming," was then sung.

Rev. J. H. Payran was the next speaker; he said:

"I can scarcely realize the facts that crowd themselves into this hour. Only a few weeks ago she was entertained in my home in Atlantic City; she was then so clear in mind and so vigorous in every way. At the parsonage at dinner we talked over the doings of the past twenty years; talked over the earthly and spiritual prospects of the children. It was my pleasure to receive the daughter into the church. Twenty-one years ago I followed her husband, Charles S. Downs, to his last resting place. Such a triumphant death; he died so calmly. I remember as the doctor came in Mr. Downs said to him:

"'Doctor, don't be afraid to tell me; am I nearing my end?'

"He replied, 'Yes, Charles; only a little while.'

"Mr. Downs said, 'I go where they never die; you remain where they are ever dying.'

"I admired Mrs. Downs in the Tuckerton church; she had a deep and genuine love for church work; her spiritual life was grand."

Rev. Mr. Little spoke as follows:

"The grandest moral movement of the Nineteenth Century is that known to-day in twenty-seven countries as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. If we judge by the loftiness of its aim, or breadth of its operations, or the diversity of its agencies, or the efficiency of its organization, or the heroism of both its eminent and humble members, it is the grandest as well as most practical and philanthropic movement inaugurated since

the days the Son of God visited our suffering humanity, and 'went about doing good.' This great Union trains young life for long life and good life, by juvenile organizations for instruction in total abstinence; it secures in their interest the legal introduction of text-books on the nature and effects of alcohol, in a majority of the public schools of the nation. It also warns the heedless scorners, who reject the Divine command, 'Look not on the wine when it is red,' and with perilous and profitless dalliance, venture the moderation currents far above the cataract from whence many thousands of inebriates annually shoot Niagara, first into the resistless rapids, and then into the fiery whirlpool of a drunkard's hell. It also reaches forth the gentle hand of kindly sympathy to the despairing inebriate, while with the other it points to the cross as the only perfect cure and sure deliverance. It also appeals to our legislators to frame laws that shall favor 'God and home and native land,' and it throws the whole weight of this society's combined influence fearlessly and prayerfully for any and all who will make laws for the protection of the weak against the wickedly strong; who will make the streets a safe passage between home and the place of daily toil.

"Time will not permit even the mention of forty other departments of practical and wise benevolence in which the work of Christian women becomes a good Samaritan to our common humanity, and an additional safeguard to the homes of Christendom.

"I am here to say that a leader in this movement, a Deborah in our modern Israel, has been promoted out of

this strife and toil of seventy years, into the eternal rapture of the countless years of heaven ; her great gain is our great loss, a loss to the entire state she loved and served. No longer will she wear the 'white ribbon,' that significant badge of purity and peace through righteousness, but she will wear amid immortal companions the 'white robe' of which a little ribbon seemed in these years of conflict a fitting suggestion, as well as a worthy precursor.

"As President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of the state of New Jersey, she served her God and country for the last ten years of her life. Her efficiency in that service is well attested by her continuous re-election to that office amid many worthy women who would have graced and honored the office had it fallen to them. She was a good officer, not a perfunctory official, or an ambitious woman grasping for the honors of a noble organization. Her service as a private in the white ribbon army was equally devoted and faithful. Neither was she an hysterical enthusiast, borne along by the warmth of her feelings into the currents of fanaticism, and against the strong bulwarks of reason and solid judgment. She was richly endowed with sentiment, and her feelings were like the current of a river, deep and wide, but always controlled by a clear-thinking and strong judgment. Her addresses, therefore, were both intellectual and convincing, her manner quiet, her reasoning clear, her words fitly chosen, her logic convincing, and her self-devotion to the cause she plead conspicuous, while her self-interest in the issue

was invisible, because non-existent. She had not that peculiar talent which has so richly endowed some of her sisters, which seems to be moved by a kind of instinct akin to genius, which has all the charm of poetry and the enchantment of music, but which cannot stand a careful analysis or the scrutiny of the critic. The last time I heard her speak was in the vast auditorium at Prohibition Park, where she appeared in connection with the most eminent temperance talent in our country, and her strong, sound reasoning, and natural manner, won the enthusiastic applause of the assembly.

“As an organizer she was thorough and comprehensive, and by the strength of her judgment and the weight of her personal character gave great efficiency to the Unions that were favored with her presence.

“As a leader of the noble women of New Jersey, she was always courageous—never timid, yet never rash. Nature gave her the endowment of a clear vision. When she saw the right, she saw it clearly, and she could quickly decide where to take her stand, and there was only one way to move her from it: it was by convincing her judgment and her conscience.

“With a kind and valiant spirit she led the praying, working hosts of the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union of New Jersey. That her patience was sorely tried by the apathy and indifference and sometimes the bitter prejudices of her brothers and sisters in the church, who had not her clear vision, I need not state. She charitably believed such negative or positive opposition was born of unsuspected ignorance of the

facts and issues involved, and not of inhumanity or aversion to a Christ-like devotion to the great work of making society safer and the world better. The Holy Spirit, which nourished so constantly her Christian life, also imparted the moral courage which was so eminent a trait in her character, and enabled her to stand by the right and the truth, even though a mocking world should ridicule her devotion.

“May the descending mantle of this ascending saint, fall on younger shoulders and bring even a ‘double portion’ of that same spirit which actuated and crowned her life.

“I will close this tribute of personal esteem by applying to our sainted dead, these lines, which so fitly adorned the casket of the lamented President Garfield :

“ ‘Life’s race well run,
Life’s work well done,
Life’s crown well won—
Rest in Peace.’ ”

The hymn, “How Firm a Foundation,” was then sung, after which Dr. Stokes spoke as follows :

“The spirit of Christ in a human soul is a vital principle, which must produce holy activities. No man or woman can be truly born of God, and live the divine life, without giving evidence of that life in their daily walk. The fruits of the spirit are love, joy and peace. Because the love of God dwells within, there will be love toward humanity for Christ’s sake. Love towards

humanity for Christ's sake, will bring joy from the Holy Ghost; joy from the Holy Ghost fills the soul with unutterable peace. Thus, from the motives of human selfishness alone we might labor to do good. But an infinitely higher motive is to do good for the benefit of others, and for the glory of God. The spirit of Christ in the human soul makes us Christ-like, as He who was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich. The good spirit in us must work out for the blessedness of others. The Christ Spirit must find activity in helping on in every good thing. Hence, Christian benevolences, holy charities, good works, which were never more universal than now. Among the most fervent and effective in all Christly and benevolent services, is *woman!* Never was the world under such high and noble obligation to consecrated womanhood as to-day. She is foremost and unwearied in every good work. Her practiced eye is quick to discern real want, her fond and emotional heart ready to respond in the wisest and best ways. There is no mountain too rough or rugged for her to ascend, or valley so dark as to awaken fears. No sea so wide as to chill her enthusiasm, if an imperiled life is to be rescued, or a lost soul saved. Bold, courageous, strong in affection's might, she is ready for any work where good is to be accomplished; and when all agencies have been tried and seem to fail, she, in the intensity of her zeal and unconquered and unconquerable determination, will invent another, and with that march straight forward to success. Whether she stoops

or rises, there is one aim in view—to overcome; and she rarely fails. The form of such a woman lies before you. She started out to win, and she has won. She won the crown of success here, and wears, beyond all doubt, the conqueror's crown yonder. Of imposing physical proportions, she possessed a still broader mind, well poised, clear and strong. She was not only the President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New Jersey and, as such, a woman of large influence in the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, now in session in Boston, and in whose deliberations six days ago she expected to have taken part, but she did not disdain to be, and was a private member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Ocean Grove, and Superintendent of the Press Department in that place, where her presence was always a benediction. She was a member of the Executive Board of the New Jersey Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society, and, at the same time, an active member of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of St. Paul's church, Ocean Grove. She was also a member of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of St. Paul's, Ocean Grove, and a member of the Parsonage Aid Society of the same church. She was a member of the Elim Association of Ocean Grove, an organization of ladies, whose aim is to aid, by the reduction of their expenses, sick and poorly-paid ministers in their summer vacation. She was a true, loyal and royal King's Daughter, and belonged to the circle of 'Willing Workers' at Ocean Grove. And whatever else there

was of good in the church of God, her hand, heart, voice, purse, pen, influence, example—everything, was cheerfully laid upon the altar, and to promote that particular interest, she was always and everywhere a ‘willing worker.’ She was willing, and worked up to the last. In the spiritual department of the church she was ready to pray, bear testimony, exhort, expound, unfold, enforce, persuade, lead sinners to the cross, comfort and encourage the weak, or join with the strong in their song of holy triumph. Of course, in the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union work, to which she was, no doubt, divinely called, she especially excelled. Of this others will speak. Sitting at the same table with her only a few days ago, and talking with great interest about who would be at the great Boston meeting, now in session, and where she will be greatly missed, I said, a little inquisitively, perhaps, and, even playfully: ‘You don’t expect to be there?’ Turning, and looking me squarely in the face, her countenance kindling with the highest, and I might say almost *divine satisfaction*, she answered: ‘If there is any body there, and I am alive, I shall surely be there.’ Is she disappointed? No, no, no; a thousand times no! Disappointed among the joy-bells, the songs, waving palms and coronations of high, holy and eternal heaven? No, no! Mingling with the white-robed and exultant multitude; welcomed by Christ, crowned by the divine Father, surrounded by saints and approving angels—not only not disappointed, but full of exultant joy, she joins in the blessed wel-

come home, and, if possible, sends love songs and holy messages of hope and inspiration to her Boston sisters; and I almost hear her say: 'Be not weary in well doing, for in due season you, too, shall reap if you faint not.' Courage children, and grandchildren, friends, fellow-workers, it is only a little way to where she now lives and waits to welcome you at last."

Dr. Graw was the next speaker; he said:

"My acquaintance with Mrs. Downs dates back over a period of more than twenty years; at that time she was living in Tuckerton, and was one of the most devoted and earnest workers in the church. Mrs. Downs was useful in the Sunday school, as well as in all the general activities of Christian duty. She was a member of the Order of Good Templars and began her public temperance work within that organization. As she studied the temperance question, her interest deepened and broadened in this important work. When the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized she, naturally, was attracted towards it, and soon united with it. Her first public address on the subject of temperance was delivered in Millville, N. J., during the session of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention. With steady and ever-increasing pace, she moved forward in the temperance work. Her qualities as a leader attracted the attention of the active spirits in the organization of which she was already recognized as a prominent and useful member. Ten years ago she was elected President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New Jersey, and of this decade in her life I

shall now speak, as it was her particular request, if I outlived her and spoke at her funeral, that I should speak of her work rather than of herself. These words were spoken after the funeral services of General Fisk, on which occasion but little reference was made to his work in the cause of Prohibition, and this conspicuous omission was particularly deprecated by Mrs. Downs. She said the noblest work in the beautiful life of General Fisk was his devotion to the great principle of Prohibition; asking, why was it that so little was said on this subject? Then fixing her eyes upon the speaker, she said: 'If you outlive me, I want you to speak at my funeral; it is my wish that you should speak of my work rather than of myself.'

"The great work of Mrs. Downs, as President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, will forever stand as a monument to her zeal, her self-denial and her untiring labors for God, for home and native land. I never knew a person so fully absorbed in a great work as was our departed sister. She talked, she prayed, she traveled, and she toiled with tireless efforts to rear the walls of our Prohibition temple. While in the beginning of her work she was not what is called a political Prohibitionist, still, being a sincere student of the liquor problem, she reached a conclusion that all honest men and women must reach who study this question, that for the overthrow of the liquor traffic there is but one hope, and that is Prohibition. An evil must be outlawed before it can be exterminated, and this was the faith of our sainted sister, as was

expressed in her dying words, 'The liquor traffic will be outlawed, and blessed is he who helps.' And how glorious were the last ten years in the life of Sister Downs! Let her work as an organizer speak. How completely equipped for duty is this Woman's Christian Temperance Union to-day, and in every department of this organized work you may trace the hand that now lies before us cold in death. And who shall tell of the harvest that shall come from the seed that she has scattered in every part of our beloved state! From Sussex to Cape May her voice has been heard pleading for the boys, the girls, the fathers and mothers who have been made to suffer in consequence of the cruel work that alcoholic poison has wrought.

"While Mrs. Downs at first shrank from public speaking and questioned her own ability to stand before the public in this capacity, she quickly rose superior to what might have seemed to others adverse circumstances, and became a most efficient and impressive speaker. All the pulpits in New Jersey were open to her, and even the preachers who did not accept her radical political Prohibition views, listened to her words with interest and respect.

"Her life has ended, and its last ten years are more beautiful and enduring than any monument that can be placed over her grave. God buries His workmen, but His work goes on. Sister Downs has ascended, but her work remains with us. The soldiers of Alexander carried his dead body into battle on a shield of gold; the spirit of Sister Downs will go with

us into every battle, to nerve our hearts and strengthen our hands. Let us show our love for Sister Downs by doing all that we can to forward the work that filled her heart and hands during her life; especially the last ten, so conspicuous and glorious."

Throughout the service there were marks of intense, though subdued feeling, which reached its climax when Mrs. Ellis told the sad, yet joyful story of the struggle and the victory, the pain and the peace of those last hours. Like the dying words of a mother to her children, of a victorious commander to his hosts, so will Mrs. Downs' last message be cherished in the hearts, and bear fruit in the lives of the temperance workers of New Jersey.

"I have stood," said Mrs. Ellis, "in hard places, but this is the supreme hour of my life. Mrs. Downs was a very dear friend. She was a mother to me! With her dying breath she said, 'we've loved each other and walked together for ten years, Margaret, and we've never had a word of misunderstanding.' I could only kiss those cold hands and say, no, no, never a word of misunderstanding.

"When her children asked me to speak on this sad occasion, I felt it would be a difficult task, for I loved her so; but consented, knowing it to be their desire, and so I will try.

"October 20th, I met her in Camden, *en route* to Salem, where our State Convention was to be held. We went together as we always did on the train, and as the women came in one by one, how their faces lighted

up as they caught sight of her. 'Oh, there is Mother Downs!' and then how heartily and lovingly did she greet each one by name, for she seemed to know and remember the entire membership of White Ribboners in New Jersey; and what a cheery, happy time was that hour and a half ride to Salem. The Executive Committee were to hold a session during that first afternoon. At the opening we repeated in concert the twenty-third Psalm, sang 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul;' then she led in prayer, and we who were present, I think, will never forget that prayer; we had never heard her pray like that before. It seemed as if the Gates of Heaven were opened, as if she touched the very Throne of God; her soul was in that prayer! When we arose from our knees we looked at each other with a wonder, a question in our eyes. We were in tears; what does it mean? There seemed to be a holy touch upon her even then. It was somewhat like unto that last prayer of Christ for His disciples, when He was about to leave them. Ah! how little we dreamed that three weeks from that day she would go from us to be forever with the Lord.

"The business of the Convention went on very smoothly. Love and good feeling were everywhere; differences were forgotten, and that night when alone in our room she said, 'Does it strike you that this is a most harmonious Convention, or am I mistaken?' I assured her it was indeed so, and she replied with fervor, 'It is wonderful, wonderful.'

"Her Annual Address—who of us will forget it?—

was the outpouring of her great motherly heart for us, for the world. It seemed to draw us all into her arms, close to her heart. Dr. Graw listened to it, and I saw him go up and speak to her at the close, and saw her dear face light up with pleasure. That night she said in her quaint, funny way :

“ ‘See here, Ellis, do you know Dr. Graw said some very nice things to me this morning?’ ”

“Dr. Graw, I am so glad you followed your heart's promptings, and said those appreciative words to her at that time. Ah! how well I know how she was cheered and encouraged by the kind words of her brothers in the ministry, and how disappointed she was when sometimes they were forgotten, or overlooked. Her great heart, so modest, was thus cheered and comforted.

“When the vote was taken, and she was declared our President for the eleventh time, a committee was selected to bring her back to the chair she had vacated. They found her sitting alone, with such quiet in her eyes and manner. Her face broke into a smile when the spokeswoman said: ‘Dear Mrs. Downs, we want you again.’ ”

“ ‘Do you, girls? I am glad, but thought you might feel you must have a younger woman.’ ”

“As she entered the church door the Convention arose, and, amid the waving of handkerchiefs, she stood while we sang ‘Blest be the tie that binds,’—and the tears running down her cheeks. Then with tenderness in her voice she said:

“ ‘For me the shadows are lengthening; I shall soon have done my work, but I do try to keep young; to know all that is going on in the great outside world, and to keep posted in everything relating to my duties; but if possible I shall work harder than ever to merit your confidence during the year that is to come. All that I am and have, I have given to you, sometimes my children think more than I give them; but you have dealt so tenderly with me, have received me into your homes, and ministered to my comfort as children to a loving mother, and are my children in the Lord.’

“As was our custom at the close of the Convention, we stood and sang ‘God be with you till we meet again.’

“She came up from Salem to Ocean Grove for a Sabbath, then came to Orange, to her daughter’s home, where we had planned to meet and get the State Minutes out before we went to Boston to attend the National.

“Wednesday, she went to New York to make some purchases accompanied by her daughter, and such a happy day as they had! Thursday morning, Mrs. Bourne and I went up early to work on the Minutes, but found her already at the desk, cheerful and bright as sunshine as she greeted us; but she looked pale and worn, and upon inquiry said: ‘I don’t feel just well, but think it’s nothing.’ We worked hard all day, only stopping for lunch. Ah! had we known that was the last day’s work for those dear hands as she steadily plied her pen until seven o’clock, when she laid it down, saying

with a deep sigh of satisfaction, 'there, that's done!' and her life work was finished!

"As we left her she followed us to the door kissing us tenderly. We urged her to go right to bed and get a good rest, but soon, ah! soon, came the eternal rest. She was taken violently ill in the night, and for eleven days her sufferings were intense, the disease resulting in peritonitis, but through it all she kept in cheerful, brave spirit. During one of the paroxysms she exclaimed: 'On, on ye brave,' as though encouraging herself to overcome the shrinking from pain. During the afternoon of Tuesday, November 10th, the doctor told her 'the end was coming soon.' All that medical skill could do, and tender love suggest, had been done, but of no avail; yet she never faltered, but with perfect faith and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, faced the dread hour of her life unflinchingly. Her heart-broken children were about her. To them she gave loving, tender words of counsel and endearment, telling them to 'be good, and you know what mother's standard of goodness is,' and when their sobs would attract her, she would exclaim: 'Oh! don't hold me back; oh! let me go.' She sent loving messages to her absent son, and other dear ones. She said again and again, 'I am dying, but am not afraid!' and again, 'I did not think death was like this; He is called the King of Terrors, but there is no terror here. See! my fingers are stiffening in death, but I haven't a particle of fear; am no more afraid of the grave than if there were no grave,' and repeated that passage in Corinthians, 'O Death, where is thy sting;

O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"To the women of New Jersey she sent this message:

" 'Tell them I love them every one, tell them to work as hard as though I were here to spur them on.'

"Then resting, she added: 'I have given ten full years to the work, and now "the Master is come and calleth for thee;" how often I have repeated those words to inspire others, but now "the Master is come and calleth for *me*."' "

"Among the many golden words, which fell from her lips, that never-to-be-forgotten night, were these:

" 'The liquor traffic will be outlawed; blessed is he who helps.'

" 'Vote for the children.'

" 'Stand by the church; church activity is Christian life.'

" 'Good night, here; in a happier clime, good morning.'

" 'Lord bless Frances Willard! How I love her! Tell her to take good care of her health, and not work too hard.'

"To me, she said: 'Margaret, you will need to work harder than ever now; but when the work is over, I will meet you.'

"At her request, one of her sons sang most beautifully 'My Ain Countrie,' we all joining in the chorus, during which she waved her hand in token of victory, and at the close said, 'Beautiful, beautiful;' then

raising her hand aloft, said: 'Room for my bairns in Paradise.'

"Her strong mind was the last to succumb to the dread destroyer. She said to the physician, who had so faithfully attended her:

" ' Doctor, I supposed I would enter into a comatose condition and sleep myself away.'

"Upon her being assured this was not necessary, as she was so strong-minded, and her mind would probably be the last to yield, she said: 'Yes; I have always been called strong-minded.'

"Passing her hand over her face, she said: 'My nose is pinched, and that is another premonition of dissolution.'

" 'I think I shall go about the noon of night,' and she did. Just as the breath was gone, her son cried out: 'Mother, mother, you're going; is it all right?' Back from the threshold of eternity, in a long gasp, came the words: '*All right!*'

"And thus a royal soul passed into the glory-land. To her I owe a debt of gratitude, I can never repay. She taught me what a woman could be; she taught me, for I saw it in her, that a human soul can get utterly out of self. She always thought of others first. How she smoothed the rough places for our feet; how we shall miss her; and, oh, how we shall *need* her! We little knew how hard we leaned upon her, for she was so strong. Oh, women; women of New Jersey! *let* us 'work harder,' and by-and-bye, by-and-bye we shall meet her; and I believe, from the windows of heaven,

she will watch how the battle wages. I believe it was with a prophetic vision that she uttered those memorable words: 'The liquor traffic will be outlawed; blessed is he who helps.'

"When at that bedside we parted company, after ten years of the closest friendship, I promised her to work harder, and, God helping me, *I will*, until my work is done. Next to God, she has been my guide and counsellor during these years. *I am bereft*; but I rejoice in her glory. I am glad to-day for her song of victory. I shall praise His name through an endless eternity that He permitted me to know her, and love her. Beloved comrade, 'Hail and Farewell!'"

The services closed with the singing of our own benediction hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

"Through the mist of falling tears, I saw visioned that last Convention. As she stood before us, and with faltering voice said, 'For me the shadows are lengthening. My work will soon be done,' again her voice mingled with ours in the hymn she loved so well.

"In the hush that followed, in the silence that seemed to shout victory, we came for the last look at our dead commander; dead, upon the battle field, and it was the morning of the first day of the battle.

"As we turned away it seemed to me, to each she said, 'God be with you till we meet again!' And an answering echo sang, 'At Jesus' feet, at Jesus' feet.'

"Meanwhile the short autumn afternoon had worn

itself away, and it was late when we reached the cemetery.

“ ‘On the beautiful Orange Mountains,’ she had said, and here, all in the glory of the dying sunset, we gathered round the spot, evermore to be a hallowed place. Here Rev. George Hughes and Rev. Dr. Atkinson uttered the last words.

“As the dear form was lowered lovingly to its last resting place, the evening star in all its glorious beauty stole softly out and stood over the spot. As the moon bathed the sacred soil with its brightness, we slowly turned away, content to leave the precious dust with Him, who counts the hair of His childrens’ heads, and who tenderly guards the sleep of His beloved.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WORLD'S MEMORIAL SERVICE.

THE noontide hour of the World's Convention had arrived, when Miss Willard announced that there had just come from New Jersey, the state which originated the noon tryst of prayer, this message from the daughter of Mrs. Downs:

"Almost no hope: mother is going home; pray for us."

Our hearts were saddened, indeed, at this announcement, and very fervent was the prayer of all present, voiced by Mrs. Barnes, of New York; but the brave spirit of New Jersey's President preceded it to the throne of God, as a telegram received soon after announced.

Miss Willard's Annual Address, then in type, had thanked God that death had not entered the ranks of the Executive Committee during the year. May we not now thank God, amid our tears, that He had given such a grand spirit to earth, leaving her with us till she had fought life's long battle well, and now has called her to her coronation in heaven?

Amid the business of that first World's Convention, we paused to hear the message read that should go to the stricken household:

"Tender sympathy and condolence. We grieve for you and for ourselves. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

"FRANCES E. WILLARD,
"World's Convention."

Miss Willard, amid all her cares, found time to send this personal message:

"I miss the noble comrade of many great Conventions. How is our strong staff broken, and our beautiful rod! As one whom his mother comforteth, so may God comfort you."

Alas! how suddenly the news came to us as we arrived during that evening and the next day. Our hearts were all warm for the greeting she would give us, and she not here! Gone home! We were stunned. Everybody was kind; everybody pitied us. Oh, that first meeting of the delegates without our strong human leader. The pressure of the hand, the tearful eye, told the story of our loneliness; and we sat in hushed silence. In Miss Willard we saw a great pity for us and the deep love for one who had been to her a wise counsellor and mother. How like her it was to have the memorial

service at the same hour of the funeral. How our hearts were comforted by the strong words spoken and the tender love shown.

As the regular programme was laid aside, we were thrilled with the music of that hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," the reading of the twenty-third Psalm, and the symphonies of faith and prayer. It seemed as if all the loving hearts of the nation had assembled to participate in the ceremonies of her coronation, for it did not seem that we were commemorating her death. When Mrs. Bourne spoke for us, the bereaved state, we were carried back to the State Convention so recently held at Salem, and the tears flowed fast as every New Jersey member remembered our dear mother's request that we sing, "One more day's work for Jesus." Once was not enough for her, so she had us sing it three times.

Miss Willard said, "Death is but a bend in the stream of life which sends us heavenward."

Mrs. Hoffman, President of Missouri, then said, "For ten years we have been accustomed to see Mrs. Downs in our Executive Committee. She was distinguished for her reliability and motherliness. While she was long past the prime of life, she kept her heart young and fresh, and I notice that the girls of New Jersey were just as fond of Mrs. Downs as were the women of New Jersey. In parting from me the last time she gave me this message, 'Clara, be good, be good.' She repeated this, and, as we were about to separate, she called me again and said impressively, 'Until we meet in

Boston, I want to give you this scriptural text, "Trust in the Lord and do good. Commit thy way unto Him and He shall bring it to pass. Trust in Him and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart." ' Thus we women, who had left home previously to the going out and upward of our sainted comrade, were permitted to unite in thought and feeling with those who were more favored in listening to the testimonies of those knowing her intrinsic worth, and in looking upon the face which never more should smile upon us, as she pressed our hand, saying, ' Well, dearie, we will work on, do our best, and we shall win.' "

Mrs. Lathrap then offered prayer: "We come into Thy presence in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, our Father, as we pause here in the hush that has come where a comrade has fallen. We know that for us, for some of us, the battle and the tumult, the care and the anxiety still go on, but we pray Thee that amidst our loving and amidst our grieving, the peace into which she has entered may come into our souls, and keep them in perfectness. We pray Thee, our Father, that to-day as we pause here in this sadness which comes to us, and in the presence of that mystery which the puzzled children of this world call death, that Thou wilt come so near to us by Thy Spirit as to teach us that these are the gateways of eternal life. We pray Thee that we may recognize them as the gateways through which John saw the heavens; help us to see Him who is the King eternal, immortal and invisible, in all His glory, as He sits there the Prince of all kingdoms, the Ruler of all nations and

the Solution of all problems. And we pray Thee that out into the peace of His presence our tired and grieving hearts may go until we find His unutterable peace. We thank Thee, dear Christ, that Thou didst walk among men, and for the hearts that Thou didst comfort, and for the words Thou didst speak to weeping Martha. We thank Thee for the things Thou saidst to Mary after Lazarus died. We thank Thee for saying to the world, 'I am the resurrection and the life, and he that loveth and believeth in me shall never die;' and we believe what Thou dost say to-day, and so we talk not of our fallen comrade as one who is dead, but we know that to-day she is in the glorious life. We pray Thee to lead us to lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help, unto the beautiful hills where she is with her Master, and rejoice that she has entered into glory and into rest. We thank Thee for this beautiful, this strong, this wholesome life that has touched us with its strength and with its beauty all these years that are gone by. We thank Thee for the friendship she gave us; we thank Thee for the words of wisdom Thou didst teach her; we thank Thee for the spirit Thou didst put upon her; we thank Thee for the beautiful life that we say to-day is ended, but that God knows is just begun. We pray for the state in our great constituency that is specially stricken. We pray for the dear young women that she took to her motherly heart and taught the lessons she loved. We thank Thee for the strong, steady, brave women that for years have stood at her side and helped her in the work in New Jersey. We thank Thee for the

work that she has been able to do and leaves as a priceless monument behind her. Oh, bless this stricken delegation, and as they sit mourning the leader that has fallen, we pray Thee that the richness and fulness of Thy grace may comfort them, and that they may learn some lesson out of it that they could not learn even out of her presence. We pray for Thy blessing upon the National Union which is singularly stricken in this loss. Help us to remember that as we pause for this one, others shall sometime pause for us. We pray Thee that these last years of life may be richer and fuller and grander than any that have gone before, and that we may be admonished by this deprivation to be ready to do Thy work and to be faithful unto death. At this hour we tenderly pray for those that are nearest and dearest of all: for the daughter who weeps by the side of a mother so soon to be put beyond her sight, for the family circle so stricken, for the hearts that will remember when others have forgotten. Dear God, behold them, comfort them with Thy spirit, touch them with Thy love and grace, and we pray that in that stricken household and upon all our hearts that mourn may come the blessed benediction of Thy grace. Now wilt Thou be with us as we take unto our hearts the sweet and solemn lessons of this hour. Give us the peace of God. Give us the joy of faith; give us in our souls the promise of eternal life. While we wage the battle here, may we do it knowing that in a little while we shall receive, if we are faithful, the crown that she has received, and we shall enter into the peace into which her

spirit has entered. Wilt Thou bless us, wilt Thou keep us, wilt Thou hallow us under this sorrow, wilt Thou make our lives sweeter and gentler for it, and by and by when our work is done may we as triumphantly pass into that inner presence to come no more out forever,—we ask it for Christ's sake, Amen."

Mrs. Lathrap's prayer caused a tidal-wave of sympathy to sweep over that vast gathering, and we felt :

"Over the arches a perfume falls,
Like breath from the hills of balm,
And melody sweeps to a world in pain,
As notes of an angel psalm.
The song rings out, like a prophet's cry,
And tells of a day that is drawing nigh."

At the Memorial Service it seemed as though a mother had died and left a great family of children to mourn for her: the older would so need her counsel; the younger would so need her tender love and encouragement.

The chair which she would have occupied, was decorated the entire Convention with white flowers. Miss Willard found occasion, at nearly every session, to call attention to our loss and hers; and, when, on Tuesday evening, the moment came for New Jersey's President to speak, she said, so tenderly:

"I have looked down often, during the week, at the sable decorations and the calla lily, and seen the loving faces of the New Jersey delegation. The name oppo-

site is that of Mrs. Downs, of Ocean Grove. I do not know what you think, but I have a very sweet persuasion that she knows we are here, and that she will, perhaps, as clearly discern and know what is said about New Jersey as any of us. Will her loved friend and comrade, Mrs. Bourne, please speak for her state?"

After Mrs. Bourne had spoken, Miss Willard continued:

"For the sweet influence that it will be to us, let us listen to Mrs. Harris, while she sings one verse of 'The far away home of the soul,' in memory of our comrade who left us so few days ago."

"We felt that heaven was nearer and dearer truly, and caught a fresh inspiration for the on-coming days. Who shall say that her spirit was not hovering around us, giving us clearer visions of the great unknown chasm, which intervenes between the now and the hereafter? Very confident am I, that our dear President breathed our thoughts when she prayed:

" 'We bless Thee for the dear sister of our Woman's Christian Temperance Union that has passed into heaven, that comrade with the strong face and keen eye, that during so many years looked up at us. We know that to-day, that which was mortal of her, lying in its mortal, earthly grave, wears the same badge above that pulseless heart that we are bearing over these hearts that beat and pulse with life. We know when we shall pass away that we shall be with her and the company of the redeemed. Make us to feel

a little bit what it is to be a Christian, some glimpse of what it is to have been adopted into the family of the Lord. Give us more gratitude, 'tis a heavenly plan. We would trust each other more. We pray Thee to bless us, who are not the triumphant, but the militant soldiers, who in these tenements of clay still find burning the immortal spirit that shines through.' "

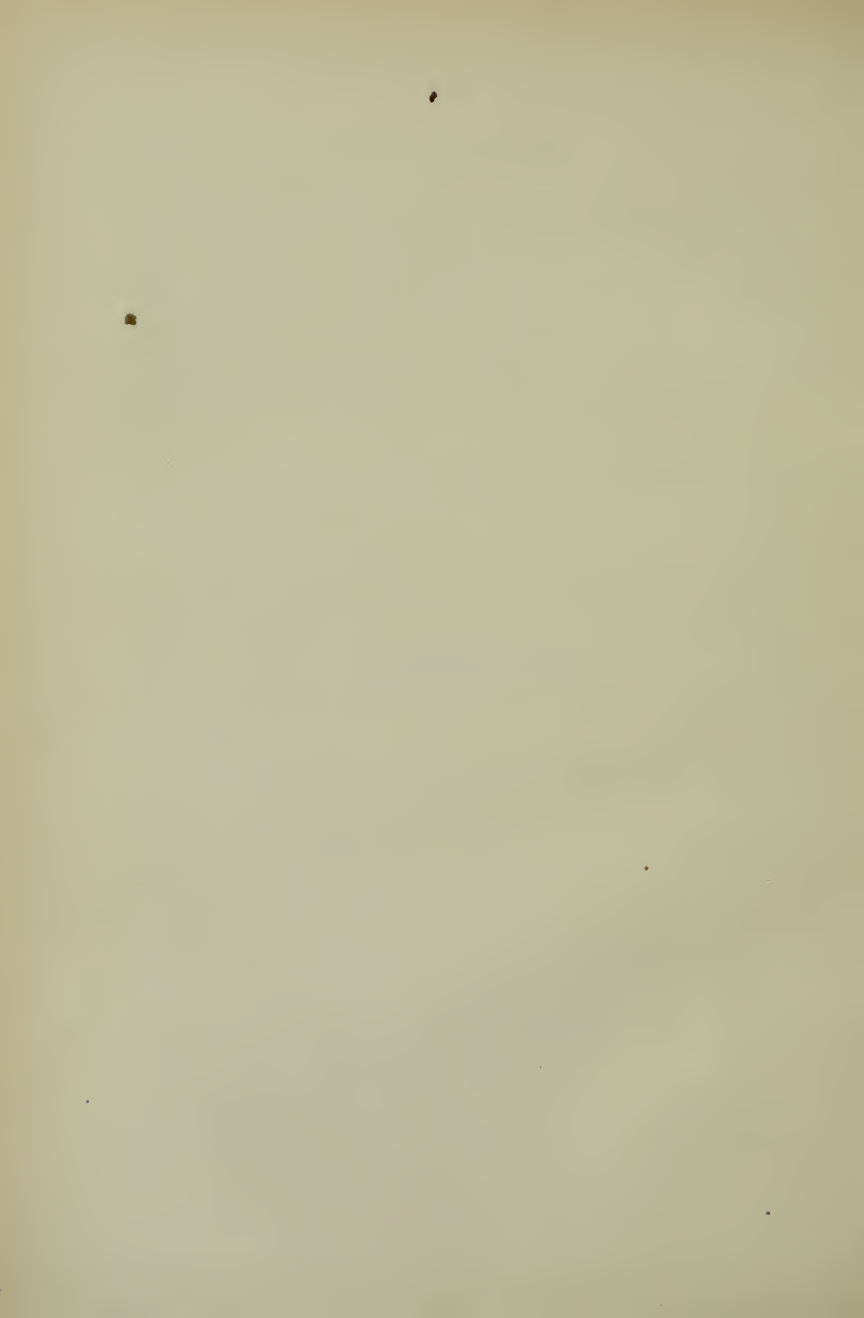
Resolutions had been prepared by the Executive Committee, which were adopted by the Convention. They are as follows:

WHEREAS, The Executive Committee of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union is called to mourn the loss of a most honored member, and sister beloved, Mrs. S. J. C. Downs, President of the New Jersey Union, who heard and with joy obeyed our Father's loving summons, "Come up higher;" therefore,

Resolved, That we thank God for the long years of close friendship, suspended but for a little, to be renewed farther on; that we cherish the memory of that great, loyal mother heart, and rejoice in the unfaltering faith that rung out in the words, "The liquor traffic will be outlawed; blessed is he who helps." While we pause to chant the tender requiem, thought follows beyond the grave; with upward gaze and hearts aglow, we pledge ourselves never to forget her loving admonition, "Be good," and we will follow where her finger pointed, as with dying lips she left these last inspiring words, "On! ye brave."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and sent to our sister's only daughter, Mrs. L. Downs Quigley, East Orange, N. J.

Tributes.



TRIBUTES.

MRS. SARAH DOWNS.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

WE used to call her "The Andrew Jackson of the Executive Committee." She was a woman of large mould, physically, mentally, emotionally and ethically. The words "much every way" characterize her as well as any single phrase could do. For years hers was "a face that duly as the sun rose up for me" in great conventions. The New Jersey delegation has always had a decided individuality. Indeed, each state delegation has to a degree, but in some the salient quality is more emphasized than in others; in none more so, however, than what we were wont to call "The New Jersey Regiment," at the head of which always sat this dauntless general who had stamped upon the work and workers so much of her own pronounced personality.

First of all, I should say she was religious while wholly free from cant. Fanaticism found no home in that broad intelligence. Her Christianity was breezy,

bright, heartsome. She suited the action to the word and the word to the action. She read the gospel and carried it out to the smallest details in daily life. This characteristic has always been a most notable one in the New Jersey delegation. The noon-hour of prayer was made a feature of our work by their request, presented at the second convention we ever held—in 1875. They brought it to my mind, if ever in the hurry of business I was likely to omit its observance in the great conventions; sometimes by lifting her watch Mother Hill would remind me; other times dear “Mother Downs,” (as many of us learned to call her) would bring me to a state of recollectiveness. It was the New Jersey women who issued the little souvenir of the noon-hour, sending it to all their local Unions. It was an old-fashioned clock, and had suitable Scripture passages by way of inscription.

Another quality of Mrs. Downs and of her women was *bonhomie*. They were large physically, as well as large natured. I believe the delegation would have weighed more in proportion to its numbers than any other in the convention. A certain amplitude of good nature, bright and winsome, especially characterized them as a class. Seated at the head of her delegation, Mrs. Downs had in her steel-blue eyes no steely light. Wit, wisdom, shrewdness and a genuine piety were mingled in her every glance. She, like those whom she represented, was remarkable for the forceful character of her opinions. Many think that religion makes people conservative, but this is not my observation. In the

steeple chase of opinion no group has taken every fence with better poise and swifter movement or more cheery-going skill than the New Jersey leader and her co-adjutors. They were early in the field for a paying basis of membership, for woman's suffrage, for independent politics—the three great subjects of controversy that our eighteen years have registered.

In debate Mrs. Downs was perfectly at home; most courteous and considerate, but explicit to the last degree, and her blows were always ponderous. There was in her kindly countenance the light of devoted conviction, but she had the friendliest feelings towards those from whom she differed. She was like a mother to me, and many a time her strong, warm hand has grasped mine, or her arm been thrown over my shoulder as she has bemoaned the stress that a presiding officer cannot escape, and the burdens that a leader must bear in the intervals of those harvest homes we call conventions, when the clans rally, the platform is built, the superstructure of plans raised upon it, and the alignment for the new year determined. So considerate was this New Jersey Great-heart, that she forebore writing to me many times when I should have been glad to hear; but she thought, and said in her letters, it would "only make one more letter of the ten thousand you have to answer." She had, indeed, little occasion to counsel with her official chief, for her independence of character made personal initiative attractive and agreeable to her. She knew whereof she affirmed, and she did not fear to affirm. On my part, I always felt that things were going

well in her great parish. There was a heartiness and zeal among the workers, and an *esprit de corps* unexcelled by that of any other state. Her love was testified in many ways that linger now in memory, and in none more appreciated than the giving of my name to a newborn granddaughter when it had been decided that the little one should bear her own.

If Mrs. Downs had lived fifty years later she would have become Governor of New Jersey, or a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal church, for in her were united the deepest mother-heart and the bravest brotherly brain. She was safe in counsel, fearless in action, and strong in the mind and will force that sent her forward along whatever paths opened before her keen and watchful eyes. In the great battle for Prohibition, she dealt heavy blows to the enemy, yet always with a smile. She seemed to know nothing of jealousy or revenge, but would go out of her way to do a kindness to one from whom she differed politically or otherwise. When the dynamite, now being so slowly worked in beneath the Hell Gate reef of public prejudice, shall at last be set off (perhaps, as in the earlier instance, by the touch of a child's hand), the great, happy, new age will hardly stop to learn who sunk the mines, who risked reputation and life itself to put the combustible material where it would do the most good, but in that upper air where all sounds are registered, the reverberations will echo in no ear celestial that will welcome them more warmly, the great, new light will be reflected in no eyes more keen and kind than those of this noble, mother-

hearted woman, chosen by God for a difficult emergency; our Deborah, whose motto always was, "Let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people."

May God bless and all good men hallow the name, the memory, the services of Sarah Downs.

Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill., Feb. 16, 1892.

AS I KNEW HER.

MARY T. LATHRAP.

SOME characters reach completeness early because their scant resources have no need of time to bring them full development; so even in youth they reach the sudden finish of a plaster image, with nothing beyond to be attained. Other lives come slowly out in divine ordeal of the years, as the marble statue grows under the hand of the sculptor. There is no die in which they are quickly moulded; the pattern is out of sight in the mind and will of God, while the years are a necessity to give, by chisel stroke and polishing, the rare glory of a rounded life.

Such finished beauty distinguished the character that in the poverty of human speech we seek here to express. Two separate and differing ideals of womanly sphere and work are set forth in these days by thinkers who seem equally honest. The *first*, that woman's highest possibility is motherhood; the *second*, that her divinest achievement is womanhood. We are told with tiresome

iteration that the great need of to-day is good mothers; but the world has been slow to learn the lesson that the ideal motherhood for which demand is made comes *after*, and because of, the highest womanhood, and is impossible without it. The finest illustration of this truth is found in the strong, broad, beautiful life of Sarah J. C. Downs. Hers was a character wrought slowly out; full of late and sweet surprises as it grew towards completeness.

The writer's acquaintance with her began ten years ago, when we came at nearly the same time into the Executive Council of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. New Jersey women had made a strong and impressive record in the crusade, and the organized work that followed it. No one familiar with those early days can ever forget the baptism of power which rested upon them in the great meetings at Ocean Grove, in the evangelistic temperance work that stirred the cities of their own state, and brought blessing and help to the annual conventions of the National Union. To follow such leaders, and command such forces in the more difficult later days, required an exceptional woman, and such was Mrs. Downs. I have been told by her associates that she did not desire the office of President of the State Union; that she was appalled at the responsibility, and at first unfamiliar with the duties required. But in ten years she came to the front rank among the National leaders, and brought her State with her. This was not accomplished by a sudden, brilliant dash, but by patient, self-sacrificing toil. To thus lead

others, and push on a great cause to which her life was devoted, she became a student of principles, methods and men, and, what was quite as difficult, a student of woman, until a certain statesmanlike quality gave weight to her conclusions, and wisdom to her action.

In the long discussion concerning the political attitude of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she stood firm as a rock, and kindly as the sunlight. She was a Prohibitionist because the logic of principles carried her to that conclusion, and made fellowship with law-making forces dominated by the liquor traffic, an impossibility. She understood that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God," and not only took issue with the low infamy of the saloon, but with the higher infamy that legalizes and perpetuates it. Whoever swung toward compromise for the sake of peace, *she never*; and when the truth divided, as it always does, she knew neither doubt nor fear for results.

It was the writer's privilege to be much with her in the summer of 1889, some sweet "off days" at Ocean Grove. She seems often yet to stand in that glorious setting of sea and sky, surrounded with the group of loyal women from her own state, to whom she was leader and comrade. We "outsiders," Julia Thomas, of blessed memory; Mrs. Hoffman, the writer, and others, were taken into the joy of those golden days. Mrs. Quigley, the only daughter, with her two children, were of our goodly company, their presence filling even the business office of the New Jersey Woman's Christian Temperance Union with a certain homelikeness. In

those weeks Mrs. Downs illustrated before all eyes, the best in both ideals of womanly character. She had achieved womanhood; and apart from all human conditions, her life was in itself an inspiration to any within its touch and influence. Being such a woman, motherhood sat upon her as a crown, and her sons and daughter call her blessed.

Sarah J. C. Downs needs neither apology nor argument from any to prove that she made a wise use of life, in giving herself to a wider sphere than that popularly set apart for women. She was a *leader*, brave and full of faith; an organizer of individuals and forces, divinely called and as divinely led. When she came to the office of State President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, New Jersey had twenty-four Unions and a thousand members. When she laid down her work there were two hundred and twenty Unions, and eight thousand white ribbon women united in service for Christ and the world. As a presiding officer, she was just, kind, and far-seeing. As a reformer, she was broad, fair and without bigotry, radical and unswerving as the truth for which she made battle.

In the Executive Committee of the National Union she was easily among the first. Her opinions were sought and prized by her co-workers, and the most difficult questions submitted with confidence to her clear and judicial mind. In all this high endeavor for God, home and humanity, her Christian life and experience found expression in deeds, rather than words. "In quietness and confidence was her strength," until her work was

done. The overflowing joy of salvation was reserved for the last hours of pain, when, with psalms of praise and victory, she went on like a conqueror to her place with the glorified.

These words but faintly outline the life and work of this translated leader. How many who read through tears will fill out, in rare coloring, the fair details of virtue and Christ-like service that find no record here. Did she miss ideal motherhood, this woman who heard across the lullaby she sang to her own, the heart-sob of the motherless? Let the facts make answer.

Some other pen may, perhaps, tell the story of those hours of triumph and rapture which made a fitting close to such unselfish living. We lift, with reverent hand, the curtain for a moment only upon the mother and her children. They were at her bedside in those closing hours when the heaven drew near—strong sons, fresh from life's stern battle, and the gentle daughter. As her eldest son knelt by that bedside, the dying hands were placed reverently upon his head, as solemnly from her lips fell the words: "God bless you, my son; faithful unto death. You have never failed me." Another comes and lays this tribute at her feet. Listen, ye carping critics, who fear that, in reaching for a broader womanhood, motherhood is forgotten:

"Mother, your voice always followed me, by land and sea. I could never escape it, until I came to your God. I shall gain heaven at last, mother, and it will be through you." Then, with glorious voice, he sang at her bidding "My ain Countrie."

The sorrow-stricken daughter, at that bedside kneeling, said: "Mother, while life lasts, you will be my ideal of womanhood, of motherhood, of all that is purest and best."

Another son, in the far West, writes: "Thank God that in heaven to-day mother knows that she may look at my life since I left her, and not be ashamed for me."

In a letter written by one of these children are these words of gold:

"In the hush that came after the soul had fled, we looked into each other's sorrow-stricken faces and whispered: 'She taught us how to live, and showed us how to die.'"

Her life was a sheaf at its ripeness,
Of goldenest grain;
Its wealth had the glory of sunlight
And sobbing of rain.
Ah! who shall contend with the Master,
For whom it was grown,
That now, in its day of completeness,
He gathers His own?
Or who to earth's duty and sadness
Would call the great soul from the gladness
That heaven makes known?

Writing thus far for other women and for all who may be blessed by the record of this noble life, I dare finally a personal word for my comrade and friend. In all my intimate counsel with her, I never knew her to be false to a friend, unfair to an antagonist, or bitter to an enemy. I never saw her show anything like anger, or be other than calm and self-controlled under

the greatest provocation. She had opinions, convictions, and great fearlessness in their expression, but it was the "sword of the Lord" with which she smote in battle. She had a vein of exquisite humor that lighted her social intercourse and rippled like sunshine across her graver moods. She was helpful, loving and true to women, and believed in them with all her heart. She was my strong and trusted friend, and since her going the world has seemed poorer, and I have felt as if a great palm had fallen, or a far-sailing ship had gone beyond my tear-dimmed vision out to sea. What can be added better than her own sweet farewell:

"Good night here; in a happier clime, good morning?"

MRS. S. J. C. DOWNS.

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

WITH gratitude I accept the privilege granted me to join with others in paying tribute to my friend, long honored and beloved, now entered into rest.

It is well that in so doing my glance may, for a time, be turned backward, for, peering from the midst of a busy life into the gates beyond, as the Israelites could not endure the sight of their Lord, I fear the glory of the eternal home, the heavenly mansions, would dazzle vision and blind the eye to that which hath not been seen, nor heard, nor thought. Yet, sitting by my study

table, I walk in memory, step by step, with her since first we were acquaint; and so unswervingly hath she moved on in her unfaltering trust in God; so firmly has she held my hand and helped me through the sometimes dark and rugged way, that, almost unconsciously, I seem with her to reach the entrance of the kingdom with joy, and not with fear, and, as the portals open, to catch the light that shines forth and glorifies the whole being, and for a moment long for translation.

The Convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, toward which Mrs. Downs had longingly looked, was in session November 11th, 1891. Across the wires flashed to that gathering the message that she was sick nigh unto death. The noon hour of prayer (which came to us from her own state of New Jersey) was at hand. The telegram was read, bringing to every heart solemnity and sorrow. Mrs. Downs was the oldest member of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union Executive Committee, but upon the youngest was laid the privilege of pleading for her recovery. Mrs. Frances J. Barnes prayed as a daughter beloved for the salvation of the mother of her heart, and, reaching forth her arms of faith, cried: "If it be Thy will, O God, save, O save our loved one!" But even at that hour, though we knew it not, her last day of earthly pilgrimage had closed, and closed in peace. Already she had heard the voice divine; she had hung entranced upon His lips, whose words were sweeter to her taste than "droppings of the honey-dew," and could say, with poet-saint:

"I turned to see who called me ; and lo ! One
 Wearing a form of human tenderness
 Approached. Human He was, but love divine
 Breathed in His blessed countenance, a love
 Which drew me onwards irresistibly
 Persuasive ; I drew near to Him,
 And He to me. O beatific sight !
 O vision with which nothing can compare !
 The angel ministrant who brought me hither
 Was exquisite in beauty, and my heart
 Clave to his heart : the choristers of light,
 Who sang around our pathway, none who saw
 Could choose but love for very loveliness,
 But this was diverse from all other sights :
 Not living only, it infused new life ;
 Not beautiful alone, it beautified ;
 Not only glorious, for it glorified.
 For a brief space methought I looked on Him,
 And He on me. O blessed look ! how brief
 I know not, but eternity itself
 Will never from my soul erase the lines
 Of that serene transfiguring aspect.
 For a brief space I stood, by Him upheld,
 Gazing, and then in adoration fell
 And clasped His sacred feet, while holy tears,
 Such tears as disembodied spirits may weep,
 Flowed from my eyes. But bending o'er me,
 As bends a mother o'er her waking babe,
 He raised me tenderly, saying, ' My child.'
 And I, like Thomas on that sacred eve,
 Could only answer Him, ' My Lord, my God.'
 And then He drew me closer, and Himself,
 With His own hand, His pierced hand of love,
 Wiped the still-falling tear-drops from my face,
 And told me I was His and He was mine,
 And how my Father loved me, and He loved."

And while this passed in heaven, we tried to do the bidding of our Lord, with thought divided between heaven and earth, with hope, while heeding duty's call, to us might come some glimpses of the infinite to be. How strong we grew in memory of her life! How clear to us the spirit power of her great soul!

As President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New Jersey, she followed a saintly woman whose health could no longer endure the strain. Neither her state nor national comrades measured her well, or she grew with rarest speed under the responsibilities unexpectedly thrust upon her; for unawares, in our very midst, there stood a woman with a heroism that touched the sublime, alike in doing and enduring; a woman with hope so triumphant that through storm or darkness its eye ever caught the victory.

The real epic of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, glorious in its ultimate consequences, is being continually wrought out. Great chapters are added each year, but none have been of mightier import than those written at St. Louis at the National Convention of 1884. A new problem had risen among us. We were surprised and grieved. There must be a right and a wrong to the question, and the great body sought the right. Conscience was aroused; the monitor rallied the forces to *stand*, yet there was danger! At a moment of unparalleled importance a silence fell upon us. Who should break it? and what would be the word sent by God to our longing souls? Mrs. Downs was His chosen messenger.

With the utmost simplicity, but with *naive* skillfulness, she outlined the required action, and with unique vividness portrayed the result, were we to fail in the duty of the hour. The intervening years have proven her sagacity, and no regret has followed the acceptance of her proposition.

No protrusion of self marred her truthfulness. What mattered it to her that she was a marked figure for praise or condemnation? She was called of God to patient, heroic participation in that episode, and no such paltry motive as self-interest could hold her back. From that hour she was held in warmest appreciation. No one of all the host inspired more complete confidence. Her judgment was often sought and a new fountain of delight was opened in a fellowship of heart, unbroken through the years. In her the Lord created a tabernacle worthy of himself, where he might enter in and dwell, and leave no doubt that she was the "temple of the Holy Ghost."

Her life was a holy psalm—a canticle of love. Her example evidenced the endowment and beauty of grace; her inward spirit was written on every lineament of her countenance and found expression in her every act. The memory of her blameless life, of a soul sanctified and spotless through faith, will give to her co-laborers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union courage to act well their part.

Yet, while we rejoice with Mrs. Downs, we mourn our loss. The daughter, loved and loving, sits not alone in her sorrow, but with her, before His throne whose will is

ours, we bow, and, with a trust the mother has taught, we hold in loving faith the stricken child, whom Jesus loves, and to whose heart the Spirit will bring comfort and make mighty for Himself. With her we look forward to a "reknitted companionship," for

"Upon this earth we lived and loved ;
Ours was a fellowship of light :
The outer circle might be dark,
But all within was fair and bright—
A day without a night !

"One faith, one hope was ours—the faith
That can the cloudiest night illumine,
That seeth the unseen ; the hope
That looks into the joy to come,
Foredating rest and home !

"We parted : one went up to be
Where partings are forgotten ; where
Life in its fullness dwells ; where love
Breathes its bright perfume through the air,
And every face is fair.

"And we were left behind, to wait
A solemn while on earth ; to long
For the eternal meeting where
All sing together with one tongue
The everlasting song !

"The earth is lonelier now, when she
Who walked with us its ways is gone
But loneliness will soon be o'er,
The blank forgotten and unknown
Not long, not long till then "

Ravenna, Ohio.

OUR "ANDREW JACKSON."

CLARA C. HOFFMAN.

WE CALLED Mrs. Downs the "Andrew Jackson of the Executive Committee." With the most unbending integrity, the most fearless advocacy of the right, she combined the most delicate and thoughtful consideration for those who could not agree with her. The forty to fifty women who constitute the National Executive Committee, cannot always see eye to eye—cannot always agree as to policy and plan—and during the past few years some severe tests have come to that body of consecrated women; but, in the most trying ordeal, it was Mrs. Downs who said: "We must be true to principle—true to our highest conviction of right—though friends misunderstand, and foes malign; though the heavens fall, we must do our duty." This devotion to principle and to duty was the keynote of her well-rounded, harmonious character.

There was no member of our National Executive Committee who did not trust and respect Mrs. Downs. She was so faithful a friend, so fair an opponent, and so judicial in judgment, they could do no other. Some of us, who learned to know her intimately outside our great, crowded, absorbing conventions—outside the long and exhausting work of the Executive Committee—learned to love her with a great and exceeding love. To the writer she was "Downsie," the trusted friend and

beloved elder sister. At Ocean Grove, in the quiet of her own apartment; in long, earnest talks by the surging, sobbing sea; in social and private prayer, hearts were knit together with bonds that death cannot sever. Here, again and again, were revealed the generous nature and the tender motherliness that reached out to every stricken, sorrowing soul.

Mrs. Downs had great self-control—hence her control of others. I remember a Woman's Christian Temperance Union School of Methods at Ocean Grove in the summer of 1884. I was present but one day. The heat was intense, and the excitement of the campaign still more intense. A large number of ministers were scattered through the audience, and the majority of them were not Prohibitionists, and were fully convinced that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was most unwise to openly advocate St. John's election. These ministers, and many others from the great audience, asked questions. Some were written—some oral. For two hours they came like shot toward the platform. Mrs. Lathrap and myself were appointed to answer these questions. The most radical of the radicals, we did not always pour oil upon the surging waters.

Dear Mrs. Downs presided, and, although equally as radical as we, with most consummate tact and skill, with gentle but most firm hand, she held that great audience in order and sweetness through that hot cross-fire of question and reply. All felt and acknowledged her fairness, her unflinching goodness.

It was Mrs. Downs who brought the lamented Julia

Thomas to Ocean Grove, and encouraged young and old to enter Miss Thomas' classes for physical culture. Mrs. Downs was the first to recognize this need for her women, and with all her cares and years upon her, she entered the classes with the enthusiasm of the youngest. She interested herself to gain admittance to the class for two young girls who could not afford the course.

In the most practical and unostentatious manner she *lived* the Christ life, and "went about doing good"—a good life and true. Though dead she yet speaketh unto all who knew her.

To the intense, impetuous nature of the writer, she was an anchorage, wise and tender, when injustice to woman, whether in church or state, called forth indignant protest and scathing denunciation; when the infamy and cruelty of the liquor traffic, upheld and perpetuated by Christian manhood, rent and embittered the heart, "Downsie," feeling every pang and responding to every sentiment, yet soothed and calmed the tempest, and strengthened trust in One who is Justice, Truth and Love.

As an elder sister, who has filled a mother's place, we shall miss her, we shall mourn her. On her grave we lay this tribute of her love:

"We are truer, stronger women for the blessed comradeship of our sister; and we will patiently follow where she has led the way."

"THERE IS LIGHT ABOVE."

MRS. R. P. PENFIELD.

MY ACQUAINTANCE with dear Mrs. Downs was formed as we walked to the cemetery in Millville, during noon recess of the convention. As we stood at the spot where one of her children rested, we talked of death and the grave. But, "*There is light above,*" said she. On that sacred soil I elected her my friend, and have had no reason to repent my choice. I voted for her as State President when dear Mrs. Denman was so ill, and have watched her unwavering, dignified course in all our gatherings, her patience in discussions, her rulings in committee and at conventions, and felt that, as our head and counsellor, she could be trusted to lead our gospel temperance work. When shut out from the active duties of our work, I followed her, as reported by various Unions and the press, and I felt at peace, knowing that *our* John Knox was traversing New Jersey with a heart set on the *outlawing* of the liquor traffic. Having served the state faithfully for ten years, she was just elected to the eleventh term, when she passed from our presence into her Father's house, leaving children, kindred, and her loving Woman's Christian Temperance Union comrades overwhelmed in their bereavement—dumb with sorrow and loneliness. But her last message, "work harder," came with a force that aroused them from the stupor of

grief, and peace came to them through this "accepted sorrow."

In the clear morning of that other country,
 In Paradise ;
With the same face that we loved and cherished,
 She shall arise !
Let us be patient, we who mourn, with weeping,
 Some vanished face ;
The Lord hath taken, but to add more beauty,
 And a diviner grace.
And we shall find once more, beyond earth's sorrows,
 Beyond those skies,
In the fair city of the "new foundations,"
 Those heavenly eyes,
With the same welcome shining through their sweetness,
 That met us here ;
Eyes from whose beauty God has banished weeping,
 And wiped away the tear.

Plainfield, January, 1892.

The writer of the above sketch, Mrs. R. P. Penfield, is the oldest White Ribboner in New Jersey. For many years she was one of the most prominent workers in the "Home for the Friendless," in New York city. An earnest advocate for everything which would advance the kingdom of Christ on the earth, she entered the ranks of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the very commencement of its history, and has been one of its most zealous and fearless members. On her seventieth birthday she presented to the state of her adoption (New Jersey) a beautiful banner, designed by her own hand, emblematic of the "noontide hour of

prayer." Although now shut in from active work, nevertheless her fluent pen sends out its message of cheer and encouragement to those in the heat of the strife. May she long be spared to us!

M. B. ELLIS.

MRS. S. J. C. DOWNS AS I KNEW HER.

REV. HENRY BELTING.

AMONG the pleasant things that a Methodist preacher meets with in his itinerant life is the variety and number of friendships he forms in the various charges he may be called to serve. Among these he finds not a few "elect" and "honorable women," "mothers in Israel" indeed, who are often more to the church than many of the official brethren. Their deep spirituality, love for souls, love for the church and the means of grace; their strong faith and readiness to work, are a source of constant inspiration to the pastor. Among such women Mrs. Downs occupied a prominent place.

Years ago, when the writer was but a boy, he heard her worthy husband preach in the Broadway Methodist Episcopal church, Salem, N. J., and the impression the sermon produced is still fresh in memory. The personal acquaintance with Mrs. Downs dates back to 1883, not long after she had entered upon the great work for which she was so well prepared and adapted, and to which God called her as clearly as he calls any one to

preach the gospel. At that time but few organizations of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union existed in the towns and cities of New Jersey; and, as a consequence, many pastors knew but little about the organization. Meeting Mrs. Downs at one time at Ocean Grove, the writer invited her to come and spend an evening in Pitman church, New Brunswick, and explain to the people what these Christian women were doing. The audience was not large, but some were deeply interested in the address of the evening, and the writer was won at once to the cause she represented; and the interest then aroused has found no abatement, but has steadily increased from that period on to the present. The impression then made was, that Mrs. Downs was the right one to be at the head of this organization for this state. In her address then, and in many listened to since that time, there was indicated a clearness of perception that evinced a breadth of view and a comprehension of the great cause for which she labored, that many persons fail to grasp even at the present time, when years of added light have brought the subject into clearer view. No doubt her careful study, and close and extended observation of the curse of the liquor traffic, enabled her thus to see what others failed to perceive.

Her knowledge and her convictions always kept pace with each other. To her the conduct of some apparently good men was inexplicable. They could utter burning words against the evils of the drink traffic, holding out no mercy for the drunkard or the drunkard

maker, and yet fail to see that by voting for its continuance they made themselves partakers of the sin. In her addresses sometimes this glaring inconsistency would be held up with such clearness that many voters winced under the force of her logic, and the clean-cut convictions of right and wrong upon this matter to which she gave expression. To arraign men thus at the bar of conscience and show their sin of participation with the giant evil, required no small measure of courage, but with this was always blended prudence and discretion. In this she showed great womanly tact. Harsh denunciation of an evil, however flagrant that evil may be, rarely wins the evil doer to a better course, and Mrs. Downs never lost sight of the great end to be secured in all her addresses, namely: to so inform her hearers as to win them to the cause she loved so much. Facts were stated, objections were answered, misrepresentations corrected, and prejudices were gradually melted away by her womanly gentleness of manner, which almost disarmed criticism, and in most cases won converts to her side of the question. This is no small achievement in a public speaker, and especially so in the line of temperance; because the subject is one of such vast and far-reaching interest, and the evils of the traffic in intoxicants are so enormous, that there is a natural tendency to become aroused and more or less excited when these things are presented in a public address.

The same self-possession manifested in addressing an audience, whether in church or hall, was manifest in the chair as presiding officer. In state or county con-

ventions, or what was probably even more trying, conducting the School of Methods at Ocean Grove, she never seemed embarrassed, or became confused in her rulings or decisions. At these gatherings at Ocean Grove there were present, usually, the best and most experienced minds of this great organization; and at almost every meeting some of the sterner sex were present who were not always in full sympathy with these women; and among these were many who were skilled parliamentarians; but through all these she presided with a dignity becoming a bishop presiding over some great religious assembly. Her executive ability was of a high order, and she made a model presiding officer. She never lost her head, and always kept the business well in hand.

With all her love and devotion to her chosen work, Mrs. Downs could not be called a "hobbyist;" her heart was large enough, and her sympathies sufficiently broad, to take in other subjects which meant good for the human race. The Woman's Home Missionary Society found in her a warm friend and active co-worker. She gave not only her thoughts and sympathies, but frequently her slender purse was called upon to aid in the good work. The needs of those nearest her excited her first sympathies and efforts, but she could look also to the "regions beyond," and spare something for the women of heathen lands, and so the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society found in her a friend and supporter. In all the various benevolent enterprises of the church of her choice, she felt a deep and abiding interest, and

responded to every appeal with readiness, and was one of the "cheerful givers" to God's cause. The poor, and the wronged or oppressed, were sure of a friend and counsellor in her. To these she gave as she was able out of her small income, and incited many others to do likewise. She is enshrined in the hearts of many persons of this class, to whom she proved a shield and refuge in times of trouble and sorrow.

Mrs. Downs' character was so well rounded, so symmetrical, that it is difficult to say which quality predominated; but to those who were nearest to her, and were privileged with frequent visits from her in the home and family, as in the case of the writer, her motherliness seemed to make the deepest impression upon every member of the family. Being her pastor for four years, and having her at the parsonage almost every week, we learned to love her more than a friend or fellow-worker in God's cause; we felt she was indeed "mother" to us all. Children loved her as well as those more advanced in years. When the sad tidings came to the parsonage that Mrs. Downs was dead, a shadow fell upon our hearts as if we had lost a mother. The youngest boy, a lad of thirteen years, was so overcome that he went to another room and cried bitterly, so keenly did he feel the loss of this good, motherly woman.

Though burdened with the cares which her responsible position brought, she could enter fully and heartily, and with a true motherly sympathy, into the cares and troubles of other hearts. Never had a pastor a truer

friend, or a more willing worker in the church, or a more appreciative hearer, than the writer found in Mrs. Downs. Having herself been in the itinerant ranks, she knew something of the cares and trials of a pastor, or a pastor's wife. If there were misrepresentations, or misapprehensions, she was ever ready to stand for the right, and clear away the mists. If the pastor's hands seemed ready to hang down, her support was given freely, so that new inspiration for the work was aroused. She was a good counsellor, and ought to have been a member of the official board of her church, and would have been, had not her duties called her away from home so frequently. She understood the needs of the church far better than those brethren who managed to get to the prayer meeting once a year, so as to be present at their election as a trustee. Prejudice was allowed no place in her mind; she calmly and deliberately weighed matters, and thus formed an intelligent and unbiased conclusion.

Happy is that pastor who has such women as his helpers in the gospel! How we shall miss her motherly presence in the Sabbath services, in prayer and testimony meetings, in the School of Methods at Ocean Grove, and especially her visits at the parsonage! All this is our loss; her absence from us means to her "eternal gain," for, "being absent from the body," she is "present with the Lord." There we hope ere long to meet her, never more to part again.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

E. D. H.

¶ I SHALL never forget the occasion of her last visit to us (October, '91). As we marched into the convention with one hundred and twenty-five children of all ages, from five years up to fifteen, singing:

“Tramp, tramp, tramp, O, see them marching ;
Full of hope they're marching on ;
Never thinking of retreat ; never dreaming of defeat ;
But determined that the vict'ry shall be won,”

She arose to her feet, and stood with uplifted hands, exclaiming, “The children, the children;” her countenance meanwhile beaming with joy. And when I said to her that we did not wish to take up the time of the convention, but that we would like her to say just a few words to the children, that they might cherish as a remembrance of her, she replied: “Take up the time of the convention! Let me assure you there will be no time in this convention better employed than this very moment.” And then how beautifully she did talk to them, telling them, among other things, that she was a sort of great-grandmother of theirs; and what loving, motherly advice she gave the young girls; they will not soon forget it, we know. And when, at the conclusion of her remarks, a request was sent up that Mother Downs take a position at the head of the aisle, and take

each child by the hand as they passed out, her reply was, "To be sure I will, and reckon it, too, as one of the proudest moments of my life that I am permitted to do so."

It was a beautiful sight; one never to be forgotten. As those children filed past her she took the hand of each in hers, and looking down into their eyes, she gave to them from her great, warm, motherly heart, beautiful parting words.

And so she passed away from their sight, but not from their memory. We believe the memory of that scene, and the words she then spoke to them, will remain with them and be an influence over them for good as long as they shall live. "She being dead, yet speaketh."

Cape May, N. J.

SHE "NEVER SURRENDERED."

MRS. E. R. WARE.

MRS. DOWNS' letters to me about our work impressed me very strongly with the thought that she "never surrendered" herself, and never wanted any one else to surrender to the foes of our temperance work.

At one time, when the President of Woodbury Union was undergoing some persecution because of her religious views, Mrs. Downs wrote from a State Convention, in the midst of all her cares:

"I have just seen the newspaper article against you and your work. Don't be turned aside; *go right on*. Yours lovingly, in sympathy, S. J. C. D."

This, of itself, was a great comfort and inspiration to this discouraged worker, and afterwards she wrote of the same matter :

"I did not know what your religious sentiments are, and do not now know to what church you belong. I never inquire, for our organization is as unsectarian as it is non-partisan." And in the same letter she said: "Disband! *never*, while there is an open dram-shop in the land."

When a meeting of the State Executive Committee was being held in Woodbury, trouble was experienced in securing a church for an evening meeting. Finally one minister gave his consent for the use of his church, with the precautionary request that the women should not talk on "Prohibition." As Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Hammer and Mrs. Downs all made stirring speeches, it is needless to remark that considerable Prohibition sentiment slipped out, and the pastor of the church was moved to make this confession :

"I am in a dilemma, and cannot tell with which party it is my duty to vote, for there is no grit in the Republican party, no grace in the Democratic, and no gump-tion in the Prohibition party." Mrs. Downs answered him in this way: "Brother, if you want to be on the safe side, vote with that party which has no rumsellers in it."

Her last visit to Woodbury was made in the interest of a Parlor Meeting, which she addressed with even

more than her accustomed power, and several persons remarked that she seemed to keep right on "growing"—and every year seemed to broaden and deepen her noble character. That night, in speaking of the excuses offered by many women for not joining our temperance organization, especially the one that they had too much "church work" to do, she said: "Dear friends, do you not know that there is no more important *Christian* work being done in Woodbury to-day than the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union?" And she emphasized the fact that it was a work in which women of all denominations could join heartily. After the meeting, she was entertained at the home of the President, and seemed so well and lively, and talked so brightly of her experiences at the National Convention, which met at Atlanta, we all felt that she was a truly remarkable woman—physically, mentally and spiritually—and we prayed that we might have her with us for years to come.

Although by her death we feel like motherless children, the memory of her strong, brave spirit will always inspire us with courage.

Woodbury, N. J.

MEMORIAL MEETING AT SUMMIT.

ON DECEMBER 11th, the Summit Union held a Parlor Memorial Service to express their grief for the loss of their State President, and their love for her. The services opened with singing "Our Days are Gliding Swiftly By," followed by prayer from Mrs. Helena Nicoll. The following passages of Scripture were then read in turn: Ps. 116:15; Rev. 14:13; Is. 25:8; Is. 60:20; John 9:4; Ecc. 9:10; after which the hymn, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," was sung.

Mrs. Geo. Wilcox followed by an impressive reading of I Cor. 3, from the eighth verse. Mrs. Rebecca Lore, though confined to a wheeled chair, lovingly lent the blessing of her presence, and led in a full, feeling prayer.

The hymn, "Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings," was next sung, and then Mrs. M. B. Easton, who had charge of the meeting, spoke a few unwritten words, of which the following is the substance:

"We are met to-day, dear sisters, to honor the memory of one to whom we owe much as temperance workers. Not only officially, as to a faithful, untiring, judicial, judicious leader, who ably fulfilled to the last the duties of her onerous position, increasing in labor instead of declining with increase of years, but as to a woman who grandly fulfilled, in her well-rounded life, the high calling of her sex. To Mrs. Downs it was given to reach to within one month of the appointed term of life

on earth—three score years and ten—a fit emblem of her completed womanhood, which, in its bud, blossom and fruitage, stands before us—pure, wholesome, without a blemish that man can detect—a living witness to the grace, the truth, the power of God. In Him were all her springs, and with no wavering trust did she draw the needed supply from day to day, that kept her force fresh, unabated to the end—a steady growth. Hers was no fitful light, but that which, once kindled, shone ‘more and more unto the perfect day.’

“As maid, as wife, as mother, she met every duty, faced each change, with the poise of a spirit that had mastered self, and was a support to others. Thus much it has been my privilege to glean, from the few facts of her life that I have searched out. It is the barest outline, but, such as it is, I dare bring it to you, thankful if it convey one tithe of the blessing I myself have received from it.

“When at fifty she was left a widow, without means, and four children to support, two of whom she had not borne, but over whom she brooded with a true motherliness, she rose to the full height of her emergency. Wisely, ably, lovingly, she met and overcame the difficulties in her way, and fitted for usefulness each life entrusted to her care. Then, when each stood in its appointed place, and God needed her well-trained motherhood for the larger work, she stepped bravely to the front of our need. For ten blessed years we have been taught by her precepts, moulded by her wisdom, led by her courage, increasing in strength,

in numbers, in power, and have never found her resources less than our requirements. Yea, rather ahead of them. Peculiarly gifted as a presiding officer, she has imparted grace and dignity to the presidential chair, and held our individual impulses in abeyance to the general good. With an unusually clear and legal mind, she handled and settled every vexed question of the hour, and the very tone of her voice spoke, "Peace, be still," to the fluctuations of thought or feeling in our assemblies, that might have led to friction, and there was a calm. She had a keen perception of the latent ability of individuals and of Unions; a happy faculty of developing both, bringing out in our meetings, conventions, Schools of Methods, all that was best and most progressive. She went in and out among our Unions, dropping the ripe fruit of her experience fresh with the breath of God's fields upon it, and we were fed, refreshed, strengthened.

"Her personality was much to me, individually. When craving, as your hearts have also craved, deliverance from the drink-curse of the world, as its countless evils met me at every turn, I entered the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was with hesitating steps, questioning each method as it arose in its new dress before me, and it was the calm assurance of Mrs. Downs that stayed my heart, and her terse, direct logic that won my reason, while her cordial, unflinching welcome allured me. Her sure appreciation encouraged every effort and made attainment possible, whether private or public. I never found her time or ear too

preoccupied for a fair share of what concerned me or mine, and the testimony I bear is reiterated from every quarter. Her life, her work, have been an inspiration to me, and I record the fact to-day with grateful, reverent love.

“We have lost a great leader, but one whose watchword, ‘Go forward!’ abides with us. Let us not waver. It was well-fitting that the close of her life should have been as it was, a calm, fearless facing of the ‘King of Terrors,’ who had no power to dismay a soul that had triumphed by faith over every previous adversary. She had tested the power of God to sustain; therefore, without a tremor, in full possession of faculties, whose liberty to use had never been abused, she met and noted each assault of our common enemy, called Death. He might storm the fort without, *she* was impregnable. To the doctor, she said: ‘I am dying, am I not? There is no longer any pulse.’ To her sobbing children: ‘Do not try to keep me back.’ To her loving co-workers: ‘Tell the women that they work harder, than if I were there to spur them on. The liquor traffic will be outlawed.’ As her hands and features stiffened, she remarked: ‘This is dissolution, but I am not afraid;’ and, again: ‘I did not think death was like this.’ At eleven P.M. she requested her son to sing: ‘My Ain Countrie,’ waving her hand triumphantly in the refrain. She then said: ‘At the noon of the night I think the Master will come for me.’ And it was then He came, taking her, after recent intense suffering, very quietly

out of the pain to the rest, out of the conflict to the reward.

“Human nature shrinks instinctively from the approach of death. It is often hard for the Christian, even, to follow our Saviour into the dark. Such a witness-bearing as this one is only an added grace, through His loving mercy, to help us who still lag behind. What more could He do for us than He has done? In leaving us, Mrs. Downs crowned her many lessons of life with that one of How to die, sealing indelibly the impress of her faith upon her work, now committed to us. May we prove worthy to carry it on!”

Mrs. Easton's remarks were followed by a corroborative testimony from Mrs. Cory, of New Providence, who, with tears in her eyes, told of her having been one of Mrs. Downs' pupils in her early life, and how she had profited by her teaching.

Dear Mrs. Lore, who had honored the meeting by her presence, though she had to be wheeled in a chair, spoke of the times she had met “Sister Downs” in missionary meetings, and how often she had admired her broad, catholic spirit, capable of taking in all sides of Gospel work.

Mrs. F. B. Humphreys then sang, with deep feeling, most beautifully the hymn “Meet Me There,” which she had joined with Mrs. Downs in singing once at Mt. Tabor, and we felt the hush of a heavenly influence, the inspiration of a heavenly message, as we parted.

LETTERS, REMINISCENT AND SYMPATHETIC,

FROM STATE AND NATIONAL LEADERS AND WORKERS.

THE sad news came to me, as you know, at the very opening of our National Convention duties.

We shed our tears over the books, in our loss, and for your sorrow. Oh, how we needed her sanctified judgment! The tie to heaven seems stronger to me since her entrance there; to earth weaker since she went.

MARY A. WOODBRIDGE.

Ravenna, Ohio.

I cannot realize that she is gone. More and more will we miss her wise counsel and tender sympathy. As we lose the inspiration of her faith and zeal will we begin to realize the awful truth. I hear her "Be good" always in my ears.

Very sincerely,

(MRS.) J. S. BAER.

In 1852 I first knew her. She was then a woman of such mental force and intelligence that I have, up to this day, met but few who have excelled her in intellectual strength or loftiness of character. I sorrow with you in the loss of so tender a friend and mother. God bless you always.

Very truly yours,

JOHN ATKINSON.

We cannot understand God's ways. They are beyond finite mind; but we shall know some day. The Lord comfort us! He will, for has He not promised? Let us lean hard upon the Burden-bearer. I cannot remember when she was not our friend—rejoicing with us in her joy, weeping in our sorrow—and we are sad indeed. In the cause she loved, her place can never be filled.

Yours in love,

MARY L. COX.

Middletown, Del.

We can do nothing but talk of her. We have lost a dear friend. For forty years I have known her. I congratulate you and the dear brothers. It is an honor to have had such a mother. * * * What a worker she was! When I was stationed at Tuckerton, she was my counselor, my "right-hand man."

Yours in Christ,

(REV.) T. S. WILSON.

Windsor, N. J.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I knew your dear mother long and well, and my memory of her glows with the radiance of a sunbeam, as it recalls her name and her face. Always cheerful, always courteous, always intelligent, sunny-faced and clear-eyed, she drew friends to her easily, and held them firmly by her intelligent mind and kind heart. She was the embodiment of Christian charity, and I never heard her utter a censorious or bitter word in regard to any one. Her heart yearned

with the God-like desire to help somebody, comfort somebody, and, in every way in her power, to make this world a little brighter and better by her residence in it. What a blessing to the world are such spirits, and what a void they leave when God takes them to Himself! But while there is sorrow on earth, there is great joy in heaven. What a welcome and what a greeting awaited her there! "Better was the day of her death than the day of her birth." She has reached heaven and, with a heart all attuned for its blessed society and services, has put off her mortal garments, and put on "the white robe," for which she so often prayed and sighed. She has joined the *lustrous* and *illustrious* company of God's redeemed.

"Yon robes of theirs are not like those below,
 No angel's half so bright;
 Whence came that beauty, whence that living *glow*,
 And whence that radiant white?
 Washed in the blood of the Atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs *became*;
 And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
 They wander where the fairest pastures lie,
 Through all the *nightless day* of that *unfading sky*.

Ever lovingly yours,

A. A. WILLITS.

Dayton, Ohio.

She will long be remembered as a citizen of Pennington. Faithful to her own vocation, she was ready, also, to enter into the labors of others, and was closely identified with the interests of the town, and especially

with those of the church and Seminary. She had a fresh and cheerful sympathy with youth, and particularly with girlhood, which made her always an agreeable companion and an efficient counselor and guide. This was manifested in a remarkable degree toward the young friends of her daughter, for whom her motherly heart at once made room, and who were ever after freely welcomed to her home and hospitalities. She was never so busy or so tired that her face did not light up with genuine gladness to meet and greet her daughter's friends. One of these recalls a summer evening, years afterward, when she arrived, an unexpected guest, at Mrs. Downs' cottage in Ocean Grove, and found her seated in the midst of a group of callers on the front porch. She arose quickly, and came forward with open arms to meet the newcomer, quoting warmly the words of Rochester to Jane Eyre: "Come in, come in, and stay your weary, wandering feet at a friend's door!" It was this gracious blending of dignity and tenderness in her manner that made the words, "Mother Downs," fall so naturally from the lips of the younger women who knew her. Here on earth she made them think of home and mother; now her memory gently turns their thoughts toward heaven, where, in some bright one of those "many mansions," "Mother Downs" still waits to greet "the girls."

We loved her in life and honored her in death. She had won the women by her strong, common sense, her counsel and advice in trying times; her heart of love

always shining through her dear face. But the Master had need of her above; her work finished here, He called her to come; we shall meet her. I rejoice in her life; I rejoice in her death. God be with you.

M. C. NOBLES.

New Haven, Conn.

I was smitten when she died; I loved her and trusted her so. We had been together "off duty," when we had time for personal friendship. I see her this moment, with the glory of the sea for a setting; its mighty music her psalm of victory.

MARY T. LATHRAP.

Jackson, Mich.

Each time she visited our Union she was with us in our home. What a beautiful, happy way she had of winning one's love; there was such a lovely influence about her. One afternoon I love to think of, before an evening meeting, she was sitting upon the couch with note-book and pencil in hand; I fancied she looked tired, so brought a robe and, throwing it around her, said: "I wish you would rest a little; you have work to be done; we want you to be young." She laughed her good-natured laugh, saying: "Why, I'm not old; how can I be, when you all take such good care of me, and love me as if I were your very own mother." She threw herself down to rest, and in a few moments was sleeping, as calm and peaceful as a babe. She always did me good. Oh, what a shock her death was to that Convention.

S. A. T.

The State Convention, held in Millville in 1880, was the first one Mrs. Downs ever attended. I shall never forget it. I was impressed at that time with her earnestness and zeal, and knowing Mrs. Denman was to withdraw, said: "There is the woman." The following year in Lambertville, I urged her to accept the nomination. "Why," she said, "I have not the ability, nor the means to carry on the work." After considerable talking, she allowed me to nominate her. It was a Convention long to be remembered. After the election, she arose and said:

"Well, ladies, I come to you with more zeal than knowledge. I will do the very best I can; I will give you all I have—you must bear with me. I shall make mistakes; but, remember I did not seek the office, the office sought me."

Ten years we've walked together, in paths not always strewn with roses. We did not know how much we loved her until she was gone; I cannot make her gone. How considerate she was of the women in the state; too lenient, I would tell her, but the reply was always: "We must have charity." I can hear her now, in the midst of a heated discussion in Convention, say: "*Steady, ladies.*"

E. A. M.

She was so welcome to my home, I always longed for a whole week of her presence, but her reply was always, "I have no weeks to spend away from my work." Once I remember while here there were two

young men, verging on manhood, at the table. She asked them how they were going to vote. "The Republican ticket," they said. "Now, see here, boys," she replied, "why do you ally your young political life with a dying old party? Come to the clear, clean new party where there are no rumsellers." Truly she never lost an opportunity.

The last time she spoke here I was wonderfully impressed by her earnestness. "Eight thousand open saloons in New Jersey," she said, "and eight thousand white ribbon women. What are we going to do about it?" Oh, how she did plead with men that night to vote down the liquor traffic, instead of helping to build it up by indifference; and with the women, to don the white ribbon, and put their shoulders to the wheel.

The last time I saw her was in my own home when, after the County Convention at Dover, she came with her bonnet and wrap on, and said, "I have arranged with Mrs. Ellis for the evening meeting, and I am going home with you to rest." That evening is full of delightful memories.

H. M. MULFORD.

We cannot estimate the value of her ten years' work for us. Once, while passing under the shadow of a deep affliction, she said to me: "We do not take time to help each other bear these heavy burdens; and do not tell each other how much we love them until it is too late. I cannot forbear uttering what is in my heart for you. May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb have you in His holy keeping."

She always had a word of commendation when we did our best. She never sought popularity, and was always ready to do a kindness. None was ever overlooked. What a wonderful memory for names she had! The eight thousand names of our women seemed to be on her tongue's end. I met the dear mother first at Mt. Tabor, just after she was elected President. Since then she has been my warm friend, my inspiration. Her encouragement has done more for me in temperance work than all else combined. I could always do my best when she furnished the motive.

Another link is made in that mystic chain which binds us to the heavenly city. We are only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown. Then, when faith shall have changed to sight, and hope to glad fruition, we shall meet her, and unite our voices with hers in ascribing praise to Him who washed us, and made us white in the blood of the Lamb.

HELEN M. BRITTIN.

Very early in my acquaintance with Mrs. Downs, I discovered that the secret of her success in temperance work was her unwavering faith in God. She believed He was in the temperance movement, and especially in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She believed—therefore she worked and talked. She knew no defeat, she yielded to no discouragements, because she felt that He in whom her soul trusted would turn and overturn, until the traffic in intoxicants should be done away.

At the outset, I was impressed with her perseverance

and determination, as instanced in the way she moved up and down the state, which, for one of her age, was simply marvelous. She seemed to take Paul's motto for her motto: "This one thing I do;" and with what zeal and determination she did it, we who are left to mourn her loss can testify. And then, how motherly she was; how ready to enter into all our plans, how kind in all her criticisms, how tender and sympathetic.

Who shall say that her death, coming, as it did, just at the time of that wonderful World's Convention, was not ordered of the Lord? Surely, her benediction fell on that Convention; and God grant that her last prophetic words may be the watchword and inspiration of the weary temperance worker in all lands, until the blessed time comes when "The liquor traffic will be outlawed; blessed be he who helps."

Coming in contact with Mrs. Downs many times during the past few years, I was greatly impressed with her strong, earnest Christian character, and it made me long, as never before, to do something for those around me, and to live a more earnest Christian life. Her beautiful death made the future seem very real, and a prayer ascended that I might live so as to meet her on the other shore.

L. A. HUSTON.

In my thoughts of the dear departed "Mother Downs," there is nothing but love, admiration and helpfulness. Perfectly do I remember my first meeting with

her, in which she pictured the need of united action against the common foe of the home, saying: "You know not but your door-post will be the next one sprinkled with the blood of your best beloved." In my contact with her she was always and ever the same tender, loving friend and counselor. Never did she chide me for my mistakes, but encouraged and helped me in my weakest endeavor. Words fail to express the loss that she is and will be to me; but the dear Lord never makes a mistake, but "doeth all things well." Yet to-night, as I write, her memory is, more than ever before, an inspiration to all that is better and higher.

The question box was one of the features of our County Conventions. Mrs. Downs always took charge of it. The clear-sightedness, the consecrated common sense, the words of cheer, the suggestions of practical methods, always more than met our most sanguine expectations. In one of our public meetings, when urging the voters to come up to the issue for the protection of the home, she said: "For five successive years, the Scientific Temperance Instruction Bill has been before New Jersey's legislative bodies, and there it stays, and sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. They legislate on skim-milk, and make laws to protect the beasts and birds and fishes, and the lovely, trailing arbutus, from wanton destruction, but our four hundred thousand children are left to the mercy of the eight thousand saloons in the state." Many times has she said: "I have long since ceased to consider the worker; it is the work—first, last, and always."

Fully did she realize the blessedness of the "sunshine of commendation," for it was a word of cheer here, an encouraging suggestion there—always kind, thoughtful and appreciative. Gladly was she welcomed into the homes of the White Ribboners of Morris county, each vying with the other as to who should entertain her.

We shall sadly miss her, but know that to her there was no death, since

"What seems so is but transition."

ADA B. S. GREENMAN.

The memory of Mrs. S. J. C. Downs is very precious to many of the ladies of Chatham. No one in our village was personally acquainted with Mrs. Downs previous to April 17, 1889, when the Morris County Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention was held in the Methodist Episcopal church, for the first time in this village. It was a dull, rainy day, and the Convention had been opened by our worthy County President, Mrs. E. C. Greenman, when Mrs. Downs arrived. The first we knew of her presence, the delegates began clapping hands, and we saw Mrs. Downs moving quietly up the aisle. As she turned, bowed and smilingly accepted the applause, in her gentle, motherly way, she seemed to be a ray of light to the heart of every woman present, and at once we felt that we loved her; and we learned that day that a gentle Christian woman could preside at a business meeting with as

much tact and ability as a man. Mrs. Downs organized the local Union in Chatham that evening, and gave one of her excellent addresses.

Four weeks later, on the 13th of May, Mrs. Downs came and spent the day with us, and led our Union meeting. I shall never forget that day. She came on one of the early morning trains from Dover, and was entertained at the parsonage, the meeting being held in the parlors that afternoon. After my morning domestic duties were completed, and we were seated in the quiet parlors, she began at once to ask me about our church work here. I said to her, I should suppose you were so busy with the temperance work that you would have no time to be interested in church work. She replied, "Ah, no, my dear! you are mistaken. I love the church; I love all the churches, particularly my own. I am especially interested in the Methodist Episcopal church in Chatham, for my husband preached here many years ago, in the earlier days of his ministry, before I knew him; and when I come to a spot where he has worked, his memory is so precious to me I am greatly interested." Then I learned she had been an itinerant Methodist minister's wife, as I am now. I felt that I was in the presence of a friend and mother in Israel, and I opened my heart to her, telling her of our toils and trials, our joys, and what we hoped to do. She encouraged me with much sweet, Christian, motherly advice, that I shall never forget. After conversing about the spiritual interests of our church, she asked about the financial work; had we a ladies' society,

and what were we doing? I told her how the ladies were trying to reduce the mortgage on our parsonage. We were, just at that time, trying to get up a "name quilt." I laid the plans before her. She was at once interested, and, with pencil and paper, drew another pattern, and suggested a better plan, showing how, by getting names at ten cents each, we could succeed. She then drew out her purse, giving her name and the first ten cents that went on that quilt. We adopted her plan; the quilt was a success, netting our church one hundred and fifty dollars, which was paid on the mortgage. That quilt is now parsonage property, and can be seen any day in the Chatham Methodist Episcopal parsonage. I mention this circumstance to show Mrs. Downs' love for the church, and her desire to work for the Master everywhere.

Mrs. Downs presided at our Union that afternoon, and laid our plans for temperance work; called us her baby Union at that time, and left a pleasant impression of a noble Christian woman behind her. The last Morris County Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention before Mrs. Downs' death was held in the Chatham Methodist Episcopal church, on September 22, 1891. It was a very warm, lovely day. Mrs. Downs was with us, seemed to enjoy everything around her, and was in the best of spirits. She praised the decorations and the lunch, and tried to make us all happy. The next morning she left us, in company with Mrs. E. C. Greenman, to attend the dedication of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union building, at

Waverly Fair Ground. As she left us, we loaded her with flowers, and she bade us a cheerful good-by and "God bless you." Little did we think we should see her no more alive. She has gone from us, but her memory is as ointment poured forth. It can truly be said of her: *She hath done what she could.*

A memorial service was held in the hall on Sunday afternoon, December 6, 1891, presided over by our much-loved President, Mrs. N. Kelley, and addressed by Rev. J. Mead, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, Professor F. O. Payne, principal of the public school, Mrs. N. Kelley and the writer, with appropriate singing by the Union.

MRS. J. MEAD.

Chatham, January 30, 1892.

Humanly speaking, her loss is irreparable. When she wrote us that she could not be with us at our last County Convention, our hearts sank within us, and we said: "Why, we cannot have a Convention without Mrs. Downs." The last time I saw her was in Stanhope. At the evening meeting, the Presbyterian clergyman, in his address, made some remarks that aroused Mrs. Downs; she arose and answered him most forcibly. He said: "I am glad I made those remarks that called forth that eloquent address." Her power in impromptu address was remarkable. I once asked her to repeat, at Newton, an address I had heard at another place: "I would, my dear, if I could; but, I never know what I am going to say."

Ah, she was a true servant of God; the world is surely better because she lived. May we be followers of her, as she was of her Saviour.

Lovingly,

C. R. McMURTRY.

In the spring of 1891, the old Quaker Meeting House, on Irving street, Rahway, was dedicated to the cause of temperance. On the occasion Mrs. Downs delivered the dedicatory address, which was listened to with the closest attention by the large audience. The following synopsis is taken from a local paper :

“Mrs. Downs is a vigorous speaker, and her appeals were made with such earnestness and motherly tenderness that they convinced the understanding while touching the heart.

“She began by congratulating the temperance people that they had found it necessary to move to new and more commodious quarters, taking it as a sure evidence of progress whenever a change of this character was made. She paid the highest tribute to the zeal and faithfulness of the members of the Rahway Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who, for seventeen years have labored continuously in this great movement; and stated that it is in dispute whether Rahway has the oldest Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the state. She avowed that there are supreme moments in the history of a nation, and that we are to-day facing a crisis: whether the rum oligarchy shall dominate

in the affairs of this government to the exclusion of the principles of sobriety, morality and purity.

“Different organizations exist for the accomplishment of specific lines of work: The Young Men’s Christian Association, for the development of young men, the Sunday school as a nursery of the church. It was popular to belong to these, and to send money to the heathen and to the Indians (whom our government is supplying at the same time with rum), but the rescue of the poor drunkard at our own door was not a popular work. The white ribbon was often the occasion for sneers by those who did not understand us and were not identified with the movement. Thus many who felt that they ought to be connected with this noble work, were deterred from publicly espousing it, because of its unpopularity. Nevertheless, it becomes the duty of all Christians to engage unitedly in this special line of work, and meet this crisis of drunkenness, ever increasing, ever widening its influence, that is now upon us.

“So we are here to-day to set apart this building, and so far as my office permits, I now dedicate it to God and his righteous cause; I dedicate it to the purest principles of virtue; I dedicate it to purity of thought and speech; I dedicate it to total abstinence; I dedicate it to the Prohibition of the liquor business; I dedicate it to the protection of little children and to the rescue of women from cruel wrong, brutality, and hardships.

“At the conclusion of Mrs. Downs’ address, short

speeches were made by Rev. Brothers Hull, Ligget, and Payson, heartily commending these organizations that are working so nobly for the cause of humanity, and taking advanced ground upon the temperance question. Thus auspiciously was dedicated the new home of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Reform Club. Long may they live to scatter the light of truth, and to thunder with their combined artillery against the gigantic evil of the age; long may they live, until the weak and defenceless shall no longer plead in vain for deliverance from the rum fiend; long may they live, until the white winged angel of peace shall hover over every home, and the blessing of liberty shall be enjoyed by the poorest and humblest."

Mrs. Downs was much respected and beloved by the friends and workers in the temperance cause in Rahway. We felt proud of our President, and justly so, as she was a leader in the fullest and highest sense of the word. Her last visit to our Union was at the dedication of our present headquarters on April 5, 1891. Her address upon that occasion was a masterpiece of eloquence. She seemed to lose herself in her lofty conception of the Divine cause of God and humanity as it becomes blended in the temperance cause. Although surrounded by four of our ablest ministers, she seemed not to falter, but as one whose lips were touched with a live coal from off the altar, she poured forth words of truth and power with eloquence, until all felt their hearts

aglow with their truth. The dedicatory portion of the address and prayer following were beautiful and very touching.

I took occasion to compliment her on her forceful and eloquent address, adding, in my judgment, it was her finest platform effort. She seemed to really appreciate it, and said: "Well, we should grow in power as we grow in soul. I'm so glad you think so, and have told me so. Such things are encouraging as we go about doing our best, and the best I have, and am, belongs to you." My husband did the same, conveying to her the praise and appreciation of the ministers present, all of which she received in such a genuinely gratified manner, I inwardly felt such things are right, and should come to us as flowers in our path, while we are in the struggle. Merited praise hurts none, and helps many to sublimer heights.

Our beloved President was a soul who should have thus been encouraged and upheld; she was above and beyond flattery, yet timid and unconscious of her own power and mental strength, until pressed to the front by strong conviction and loyalty to truth and principle. Then we beheld a veritable warrior, whose weapons were not carnal, for she wrestled not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wickedness in high places. She seemed panoplied for the fray with the whole armor of God, wherewith she was able to withstand and quench all the fiery darts of

the wicked, and having done all, to stand; praying always in the spirit and watching thereunto, with all perseverance.

Rahway made the last public engagement with our beloved President. We fully expected her presence on the evening of November 6th; she was to have presided at the lecture given by Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap on that date. She wrote to me that she would be very busy, but hoped to get through, and would enjoy being with us. I looked forward to the visit with much pleasure, as I knew they were dear friends, and would enjoy a little season together before the Boston Convention. We hoped to keep them both over Sunday, but it was not so to be: she did not come. How I wished she might have been privileged to have come to us. Her heart would have rejoiced in her friend. God was with Mrs. Lathrap in spirit and power in her address. It was a memorable season to us all, and only lacked our precious President's presence to make it complete. We learned that she was detained by the sickness which proved to be her last.

It was my privilege and pleasure to be the traveling companion and room-mate of Mrs. Downs during, and to and from, the convocation of White Ribboners and the Woman's Council held in Washington in 1890. Many notable White Ribboners gathered at the Fredonia, and, while there, I had an opportunity of enjoying the sweet companionship of our beloved President, and see others do the same. She had a rich social nature. She seemed beloved and sought

after by all, so youthful in spirit, cheery and strengthening was her atmosphere. Her love and courtesy to the New Jersey women was marked and commented on; but the borders of our little state could not confine her influence, nor our hearts enfold her overflowing love. I saw there that she was especially dear to other hearts than ours of New Jersey.

While there she was sick, unable to attend several of the Convention sessions. Many were the little love tokens of sympathy and service tendered her by Miss Willard, Miss Gordon, Mrs. Lathrap, Mrs. Chapin, and others, together with those of her New Jersey friends. She showed love and appreciation to and for all. I remember how eager she was to hear reports, even at a late hour at night after our return. On one evening, near midnight, as Mrs. Lathrap, leaning over the foot of the bed with the glow of love and interest in her face, recounted to her the interesting features of the evening, how her dear face lighted up in response, notwithstanding she was suffering. Her good-night kiss was so tender, sweet, and genuine, as given and received by both, I felt here are two hearts with a touch of true love between them. I can well understand her heart's great ache and lament as poured forth in her poem, for her "lover and comrade" fallen; but the richness, buoyancy, and sweetness of her nature have been left us, as a dear legacy, and as the incense of flowers, may it perfume our lives with its fragrance. I count it one of God's choicest blessings to me to have been her companion

on that memorable occasion; memorable to me, chiefly because of the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with one of earth's noble, loving, great souls; for I, too, loved her dearly, and as I pressed my lips to her dear brow, cold in death, I thanked God for what she had been to me, in her strong, true, sweet, motherly influence.

In loving remembrance,

M. J. WILSON.

The news of your dear mother's death has filled my heart with sorrow for you, knowing as I do that life will nevermore be to you what it was before, and I shall miss her more than words can tell, for I counted her one of my dearest friends. But some way, I do not know how, I felt last summer that she had not long to stay with us; that the Master had work up higher for her. I remember one day at the School of Methods at Ocean Grove, where she presided so beautifully, seated among the sweet water lilies, suddenly everything in the Tabernacle seemed to melt away in a deep mist, and Mrs. Downs and the water lilies only were visible in a kind of halo of glory from the sunset light. Like a vision it was to me, and I gazed and gazed, as though she, too, were fading from my view; and the thought came, "She will not be with us long; she is going away to dear Julia." And I felt all summer afterward so tender toward and so watchful of her. You know I used often, after my work was done, run down to her cottage, and, if fortu-

nate enough to find her at home and alone, we would have a long, quiet talk, which I so much enjoyed. Often dear Julia's going away so suddenly was our theme, and her tears mingled with mine. I remember once saying, "I cannot understand why she, who was so much needed, should be called away."

Mrs. Downs replied, "Why, Annie, it is to me as plain as day. There was the cause and the effect. She worked herself to death. When ill from that fearful cold, she went on working when she should have been in bed."

And since dear Mrs. Downs went away, I have thought just so it was with her. She never rested or thought of herself when there was work to do, and to her there was always an abundance of work so long as she saw on every hand the terrible results of the "hydra-headed monster, intemperance." So often I think of the first time dear Julia and I met her, half a dozen years ago, and how we always afterward loved her. She seemed like one of our own. We never thought of her age. She had the childish, trustful, loving heart with the strong and steady brain of all great souls and minds. In her, childhood, youth, age, faith, knowledge, wisdom so entwined were that whether young or old, none thought. She, better than almost any one else, at once understood and appreciated our work, and did everything in her power to make it known to the members of the New Jersey Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

How often, when undecided, Julia would say, "I will

ask Mrs. Downs' advice. She has such good judgment," or "We always know just where to find Mrs. Downs." "She is so good, and true, and just." Often and often she said, "I love Mrs. Downs for her fearlessness and truthfulness." "She is a born statesman." "She is one of our girls, and the youngest one in spirit we have," &c.

You know, dear, she was to visit me when she came on to attend the New York Convention last fall. I intended to keep her a week, at least, and prepared everything for her ease and comfort that she might, while with me, become thoroughly rested, for I knew she had worked hard all summer. And when at last she wrote of the great pressure of work, rendering it impossible for her to visit me, I could not bear the disappointment, but wrote that she *must* come. Something seemed to tell me that if she did not then, she never would come, and I wanted so much to see her before she went away. But I never saw her after bidding her good-bye at Ocean Grove, and when I heard she had gone I was not surprised; I knew she could not long bear the strain of the work she was doing. She never tried to save herself. Her heart was in the work and her eager, anxious spirit, perhaps, urged on beyond its strength the weary, overworked body. And yet I more and more believe we are not called up higher until our work here is accomplished or so arranged that others can carry it on. The great joys and privileges of the world to come are not kept from us one moment longer than is necessary for the soul's

growth here in this mortal frame, and so happy those who hear the blessed words of welcome, "Well done."

We do not know nor understand, nor can we see through the thick-falling tears; but some day we shall. My tears mingle with yours, dear friend, but through them break the sunlight and the rainbow of hope, and joy, and love and faith appear; and so, dear,

"I wage not any feud with Death
 For changes wrought on form and face ;
 No lower life that earth's embrace
 May breed with him, can fight my faith.

"Eternal process moving on
 From state to state the spirit walks ;
 And these are but the shattered stalks
 Or ruined chrysalis of one.

"Nor blame I Death, because he fare
 The use of virtue out of earth ;
 I know transplanted human worth
 Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

"For this alone on Death I wreak
 The wrath that garners in my heart :
 He put our lives so far apart
 We cannot hear each other speak."

—*Tennyson's In Memoriam.*

Sorrowingly and lovingly,

ANNIE THOMAS.

Hid away in the sacred chamber of my soul are some of the tenderest recollections of your loved and honored mother, and it is with a sweet hush of spirit that I

open the door of this inner sanctuary, and with tear-dimmed eyes look around to catch the radiant smile and the light from beaming eyes that seem to look down upon me from many a pictured face that decorates the walls of this priceless gallery, into which memory so often leads me, and where I seem to stand again in the living presence of those who made life beautiful, and around whom clustered my holiest, truest and loftiest earthly affections; with the sweetest sense of strength and support from the fragrance of their lives, and though no longer visible to the human eye, no longer inhabitants of earth, they are so distinctly clear to the soul's vision, and stand out before me clothed in new beauty and strength, with every trait of character that made them grandly noble, rounded out in such completeness, that I bow with reverence and thanksgiving unto God for the glow of His glory that their lives still reflect back to earth with a brightness that illuminates many a dark and lonely pathway. I shall never learn to think of your dear mother in any other light than living, and never think of her as far removed from your pathway or mine. Thousands who knew her as a great and safe leader along the most advanced lines of the temperance work, honor her memory with tributes of the loftiest praise and tenderest sympathy.

JOANNA P. R. PERRY.

BE GOOD.

Dr. E. H. STOKES.

Mrs. GEO. M. BENNETT.

1. The message came, on wings of flame, From out where the

The first system of musical notation for the song 'BE GOOD.' It consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics '1. The message came, on wings of flame, From out where the' are written below the treble staff.

Death An-gel stood; Mother's fond eyes beam love as she cries,

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics 'Death An-gel stood; Mother's fond eyes beam love as she cries,' are written below the treble staff.

Rit. CHORUS.
"My son, O my son, be good." Be good to the Lord, O

The third system of musical notation. It begins with the tempo marking '*Rit.*' and the section heading 'CHORUS.' The lyrics '"My son, O my son, be good." Be good to the Lord, O' are written below the treble staff.

heed His blest Word; And be good to all of mankind; O heed my last

The fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics 'heed His blest Word; And be good to all of mankind; O heed my last' are written below the treble staff.

call, be good un-to all, For God is so wondrously kind.

The fifth and final system of musical notation. The lyrics 'call, be good un-to all, For God is so wondrously kind.' are written below the treble staff.

Sung by Mrs. GEO. M. BENNETT at the Memorial Service, Ocean Grove.

“ BE GOOD ! ”

[Mrs. Downs' message to her son John, in Beatrice, Neb., while similar words of endearment and inspiration were sent to her co-workers in every direction.]

THE message came, on wings of flame,
 From out where the death angel stood ;
 Mother's fond eyes beam love as she cries,
 “ My son, O my son, be good ! ”

CHORUS.

Be good to the Lord, O heed His blest Word ;
 And be good to all of mankind ;
 O heed my last call, be good unto all,
 For God is so wondrously kind.

From first to last, through calm and the blast,
 In city or in solitude ;
 In joy or grief, in doubt or belief,
 Keep doing and always be good.

The pulse beats slow ; our beloved go,
 Hearts bending in grief's attitude ;
 But love's last prayer still flies through the air,
 My loved ones, my cherished, “ be good.”

No, not the last ; though death's portals are passed,
 Yet life is in full plenitude ;
 Beyond the sky, love renews the cry,
 Co-workers, go forth and “ be good.”

Be good, yes this, for herein is bliss,
 Rum's ruin no more shall intrude ;
 Hear us now say, we'll vote as we pray,
 While struggling to do and “ be good.”

Let tidings fly, O, 'tis bliss to die,
 With God and with heaven imbued ;
 Beloved, do the work I leave you,
 Work on, and forever "do good."

Ocean Grove, November, 1891.

E. H. S.

SARAH J. C. DOWNS.

TREAD lightly, for she sleeps! we did not know
 That death could be so beautiful as this!
 Infinite peace, on marble cheek and brow,
 Lies like an angel's kiss.

In rapt repose, in sweet unconscious grace
 She sleeps; the fair hands lightly laid to rest;
 A quiet, not of earth, is on her face,
 Pure as "the snowy ribbon" on her breast.

Sacred as love—though but the vacant shrine
 Whence love hath fled to seek a nobler goal;
 Hallowed by touch of messengers divine,
 That bore to fairer realms, the fairer soul.

And we, who linger 'mid life's toil and pain,
 Nor see the meaning of its mystery,
 Shall keep within our hearts a tenderer strain
 For that sweet memory.

To lift our souls from this poor life below,
 To that which far transcends the outward sight
 Whose peace, through tears, the sorrowing heart may know,
 Whose fullness dwells with God, in love and light!

MRS. HELEN M. BRITTIN.

COMRADES, TWO.

WE PASS ON WITHOUT THEM.

[Written in memory of Julia Ames and Mrs. Downs.]

I.

WE stood in an eloquent silence,
 These holiest days,
 When thoughts of the Christ have been woven
 In sweetest of lays.
 We came where the years were dividing
 The new and the old,
 And passing 'twixt grave heap and garland
 We counted the gold—
 Of sands that for joy or for sorrow,
 Move on where awaiteth to-morrow
 With story untold.

II.

All songs have seemed far in the stillness,
 Like strains of a lute,
 That trembles alone o'er the waters
 When voices are mute.
 But years that divide do not move us
 To sharpness of pain,
 So little they seem with their burdens
 Of losses and gain—
 When souls have come near the immortals,
 And treading the edge of life's portals
 Been thrilled with their strain

III.

We heard in the circle of silence
 The fall of a tear ;
 Have scented the fragrance of roses
 Love brought to a bier,

Have listened while low, tender voices,
 Half under their breath,
 Were speaking of farewells and parting,
 And talking of death—
 But out from a glory supernal
 There thrilled a great voice, "life eternal
 I give them," it saith.

IV.

One life was a sheaf at its ripeness
 Of goldenest grain ;
 Its wealth had the glory of sunlight,
 And sobbing of rain ;
 Ah ! who shall dispute with the Master
 For whom it was grown,
 That now in its day of completeness
 He gathers His own—
 Or who to earth's duty and sadness
 Call back the great soul from the gladness
 That heaven makes known.

V.

One life was a flower prophetic,
 Aglow with the June ;
 Why tarried it not for the fruitage,
 But faded so soon ;
 Ah ! who shall declare in what region
 Should come to its best,
 The soul that so utterly loving
 Is utterly blest—
 Or who in these days of bereaving
 Would break by a sob of our grieving
 Ineffable rest.

VI.

Ah ! comrades, we stand in the silence,
 Homesick for a day ;
 But how can our anguish be better,
 We follow that way.

Let us lift up our hearts, our beloved,
 Love on as of yore ;
 Who knows but in stress of the battle
 They haste to the fore—
 “ Then onward ye brave ;” to the duty,
 Not far, with the King in His beauty,
 We greet them once more.

MARY T. LATHRAP.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. S. J. C. DOWNS.

You ask a song for our leader dead !
 Shall it be a song of tears ?
 Shall the mists of a sorrow uncontrolled
 Loom up through the coming years ?

Shall we falter in our onward march ?
 Shall the sword drop from our hand,
 While the marshaled hosts of the evil one
 Triumphant before us stand ?

Shall the light die out of the captives' eyes,
 The sad-eyed captives of woe,
 Who hoped they saw in the gray of night,
 The dawn of their freedom glow ?

Shall the Christ look down on the world He loves,
 With love that turned not from death ?
 His “ Inasmuch as ye do unto these,”
 To His own but idle breath ?

Hark! a voice comes back from the portals bright,
 Of the city of pearl and gold,
 From lips that never gave doubtful sound,
 From the heart that never grew old:

“Forward, my comrades, the fight is not vain,
 The victory before you is sure;
 And blessed is he, when the dear Christ wins,
 Whose strife has been steadfast and pure!”

And a holier voice from the ramparts calls,
 “Mourn not for your strong one gone,
 But look to Me for courage and strength,
 For I still will lead you on.”

JENNIE CLARK.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Written by Mrs. Joanna P. R. Perry for the Memorial Services of Mrs. Sarah J. C. Downs, held in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Ocean Grove, Sabbath, November 29, 1891.]

OVER the host of the White Ribbon army
 Surges a tide of sorrow to-day;
 Out of the ranks to a clime pure and balmy,
 A great light and leader is taken away.

Under the shadow of loss and bereavement,
 Thousands are offering their tribute of love
 To her whose clear judgment and wondrous achievement,
 Has brought to New Jersey rich gifts from above.

Over her archways a still hand is lifted,
Pointing to battle-fields dusty and worn ;
Where, with God's guidance, the crusade was shifted,
Till the last foe was routed, defeated and shorn.

Alas ! for ourselves, is the cry that's ascending,
From hearts bowed and broken at sorrow's dark shrine ;
With lips mute in anguish and silence we're bending,
To ask the dear Saviour to make us resigned.

Ah, here, precious sister, in hearts true and loyal,
Thy mem'ry's sweet fragrance shall ne'er pass away ;
Thy works have reared for thee a monument royal,
That cannot be marred by change or decay.

O thou blessed Jesus, whose tears were once mingled
With sisters that wept o'er a fresh-opened tomb ;
Speak Thou unto us, let our eyes catch the signal,
That points from the grave to eternity's bloom.

But oh, how much darker the deep cloud of sorrow,
Hangs over the homes in the East and the West ;
Over whose portals there dawns no to-morrow.
When mother will come with her children to rest.

But look up, ye sons, and fond, loving daughters,
To the mansion of light, there she's waiting for thee,
Her dear arms are reaching above the dark waters,
To gather her "bairns to her ain countrie."

STATISTICAL SUMMARY.

THE following statistical summary shows in compact form the work of the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union, since its organization in 1874.

In the earlier years of its history, comparatively little attention was paid to keeping an accurate record of affairs. This is to be regretted. However, we may rest assured that the workers of the pioneer days were just as faithful, just as energetic, and, with the means at their command, just as successful as those of later and more favored days:

Year	Where Held.	President.	No. of Unions.	No. of Members.	Money Raised.			
					State and National	Local Work.	Total.	
1874	Newark	Mrs. Denman	2	
1875	Hackettst'n	Mrs. Denman	3	69	13	70	13 70	
1876	Paterson ...	Mrs. Denman	17	190	97	78	97 78	
1877	Trenton	Mrs. Denman	17	224	44	17	44 17	
1878	Camden.....	Mrs. Denman	29	469	164	80	164 80	
1879	Mt. Holly...	Mrs. Denman	38	563	112	70	112 70	
1880	Millville	Mrs. Denman	33	491	98	05	98 05	
1881	Lambertv'l	Mrs. Downs..	26	517	103	40	1340 00	
1882	Bridgeton ..	Mrs. Downs..	39	1200	341	06	3263 48	
1883	Hackettst'n	Mrs. Downs..	50	1806	547	19	4667 41	
1884	Newark	Mrs. Downs..	77	3396	943	34	15764 76	
1885	Trenton	Mrs. Downs..	100	4214	1242	47	20050 54	
1886	Plainfield...	Mrs. Downs..	132	5159	2108	99	22742 43	
1887	Millville	Mrs. Downs..	176	7423	2957	77	29308 60	
1888	Passaic	Mrs. Downs..	200	7427	3332	61	31312 81	
1889	Oc'n Grove	Mrs. Downs..	215	8411	3278	21	34380 24	
1890	AtlanticC'y	Mrs. Downs*	204	6657	2873	33	35078 35	
1891	Salem	Mrs. Downs..	208	6732	3270	15	39101 10	
					21,529	72	237,009 72	258,539 44

*In 1890 and 1891 only *paid-up* members were counted. This explains the *seeming* decrease in members and Unions.

No account was kept of money raised for local work, previous to 1881.

Appendix.

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MRS. R. P. PENFIELD.



"MOTHER" HILL.

APPENDIX.

“MOTHER” HILL.

MRS. MARY G. HILL, affectionately known as “Mother” Hill, was born in Caldwell, N. J., March 6, 1803. She was of Huguenot and Scotch descent, the daughter of Mr. David Barnett, whose father was one of the “Covenanters.” At the age of eighteen she was converted in Halsey Street Methodist Episcopal church, Newark, of which she was a devoted member for many years. She was married to Mr. John Hill when she was twenty years of age, and lived with him fifty years, always a loving, faithful wife. To her, every obligation as a wife and mother was a sacred one, and no interest of her home failed to receive from her all that love and duty demanded. Although the mother of ten children, burdened with domestic cares, and often in feeble health, by the frugal use of every moment she cultivated her naturally strong intellect by judicious reading, and found time to do very much for the church of her choice; and, because of her far-reaching wisdom, and fine executive ability, she was esteemed

and helpful in planning for the benevolent enterprises of her city.

In earlier days her home was a hospitable resting place for worn, weary itinerants. She was one of the organizers of the Female City Mission of the Methodist Episcopal church in Newark, from which sprung the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, with which she united, and remained a beloved and esteemed member until her death. She was President of the Ladies' Parsonage Association for twenty years. She was also instrumental in starting the mission out of which grew St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal church, and the Dashiell Memorial church. For many years she was greatly interested in the Orphan Asylum on High street, opposite her residence. Of course she had no time for idle gossip, but her sympathetic ear always listened to the cry of suffering or want, and her ready heart and mind were quick with the comforting, encouraging word, as was her generous hand with aid. In her charities her keen discernment of character was usually correct in distinguishing between the worthy and unworthy. The overmastering power of her life was her love for God, his church, his service, even "unto the least." Her convictions were positive, yet she was modest, never self-asserting, but like the force of a deep, quiet river, the impulse of her plain, practical common sense was irresistible.

Left a widow at three-score years and ten, unlike most women who, at that age, would have ceased all activities for the church or public benevolences, she

put herself, with new zeal and consecration, at the service of her Master, identifying herself with the few women who met for nine months, previous to the organization of the Newark Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to pray for a deeper work of grace to fit them for any use at God's pleasure. For nine months the cry went up for a perfect self-abnegation, abandonment to the Divine will, separation from the world, and consecration. Work for temperance never occurred to them, but in the "fullness of time," "when the hour was come," the command came to these women of blessed memory to "arise and build" a Temperance Union, their hearts were ready, and they would not have dared to be "disobedient to the heavenly visions." At their first election of officers the first ballot resulted in a tie between Mrs. Mary G. Hill and Mrs. M. R. Denman. The latter withdrew in favor of Mrs. Hill, who was thus made the first President of the first Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Newark. With such a surrender as these saintly women had made to Divine guidance, who will say there *could* have been a mistake in this matter?

It was in this new field, the battle-field against the curse of drink, that she won the crowning renown of her life. To take up the new and very great responsibilities, she did not resign or neglect her church work, her household cares, or ever cease to take an interest in every benevolent undertaking; but she was soon recognized as an able leader in the great reform, and known and beloved for her spirit, ability and eloquence in plead-

ing for truth, justice, and righteousnes. Her voice in appealing to people and in prayer to God had wonderful sweetness and power. As an organizer, she showed great discrimination and tact in securing the right woman in every place, encouraging the timid, and (all unconsciously to themselves) holding a mild restraint upon those needing it. She was sought and welcomed as a speaker and counsellor in surrounding towns and counties, and the broad foundations which she helped lay in those first days of the New Jersey Woman's Christian Temperance Union, are those upon which it rests to-day. Associated with her in the Newark Union during the first of her administration as President, were Mrs. F. W. Moores, to whom came the inspiration for a "Noontide tryst" for White Ribboners; Mrs. Rev. J. H. Knowles, whose sympathies have always remained with the cause, but whose services for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society demand most of her time; and others equally royal and strong. Her term of office continued by re-election from 1874 to 1882, when she resigned positively, and was elected Honorary President for life.

All who were blessed by "Mother" Hill's friendship remember her warmth of heart; her genuine interest in their welfare; her horror of all shams; her keen appreciation of truth and consistency; and her sometimes quaint expressions. Hers was a "green old age," indeed. In the summer of 1878 she, at seventy-five years of age, visited California, Oregon, and Washington Territory with her son, Rev. John B. Hill; addressed three Con-

ferences on temperance; taking that three days' horse-back ride which was then necessary in visiting the Yosemite, and enjoying all the scenery with the enthusiasm of youth.

She held so warm a place in the hearts of those who knew her that, when she ceased from her labors (nearly eighty-one years of age), multitudes felt a personal bereavement. At her funeral held January 24, 1884, the large platform in the church in which she was converted more than sixty years before, and from which she was borne to her grave, was crowded with clergymen who eulogized the well-rounded life that to the very last was spent in doing good. No other woman ever received such grateful homage in Newark, at the last, as did "Mother" Hill, until that large assemblage met in the same church to pay their tributes of love to Mrs. Downs. Rev. J. I. Boswell, who had been her pastor, made an eloquent address, in which he referred to her deep and true piety, her intelligent study of the Bible, her activity and her most efficient work in the temperance reform. Rev. Mr. Craig said: "She spent no time in thinking of a monument that would be a memorial of her industry and faithfulness. What she wanted was to get her work done. He compared her with Howard, Florence Nightingale, Bunyan and Wesley. Rev. J. Boyd Brady, in a sermon delivered to a large audience the next Sunday, January 28th, spoke of "Mother" Hill's strong characteristics, and commended her independence, coolness and conscientiousness in the

discharge of duty, and her benevolence and kindness to the poor and unfortunate.

Secular, church and temperance papers, far and near, vied with each other in honoring this good, noble woman. What a glorious close of a long, useful life! "The days of our years are three-score years and ten." After Mother Hill had finished her seventy years, spending them all in helping the world to be better, truer, she made an enduring impression upon her city, state and nation by her advanced stand in the greatest reform of her age; and, departing, left an inspiration with all workers for the upbuilding of His kingdom, as well as a precious, joyous inheritance to her children, and "Her works do follow her."

SKETCH OF THE FIRST YEARS

OF THE STATE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION
WORK, UNDER MRS. MARY R. DENMAN.

IN 1873, Mrs. Mary R. Denman, having received a wonderful uplift in her spiritual life at the National Camp Meeting at Sea Cliff, felt herself prepared of God for some especial work in His service. Mrs. Denman was not a Methodist, but an earnest member of the Evangelical branch of the Protestant Episcopal church. She recognized the baptism meant work for the Master, and waited for Him to show her what it was. She did not have to wait long. At one

of Mrs. FitzGerald's Friday meetings, in Newark, Rev. Mr. See, a Presbyterian minister, told of a wonderful meeting he had attended in Brooklyn, conducted by women. Mrs. Denman had read of the work of the women of the Crusade, and her heart had burned within her; she now was anxious to know what the women of Brooklyn were doing. Upon the first opportunity, she met with them in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. A large gathering of ladies and gentlemen were present, and the Rev. Mr. Boole introduced Mrs. Denman to the Assembly. Listening to the reports of these women, of work accomplished, she felt condemned, knowing the great need of temperance work in Newark. Mrs. Wm. P. Jube, of Newark, was also at that meeting, and they concluded to carry the subject to the eight o'clock daily morning prayer meeting, at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. There they told their story, and a dear old clergyman, affectionately called "Father Osborne," said: "It is high time such work was begun in Newark, and I appoint Mrs. Denman leader."

At this time a singular circumstance occurred. Some one (who was never known) put in the paper a call for a temperance meeting, to be held at the same place and hour a ladies' holiness meeting was always held. Many saw the call and responded, and others came to attend the original meeting, among them, Mrs. Denman. The leader appointed for the holiness meeting, not understanding the call for the temperance meeting,

failed to put in an appearance, and Mrs. C. A. McCall was appointed leader, and upon her came the honor of leading the first woman's temperance meeting held in the state. She was faithful to the trust, and is to-day one of New Jersey's blessed White Ribboners, a member of Paterson Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Denman, coming in late, was astonished to find a stranger in the chair, and the subject—temperance. Thus God leads and brings about His own work, and prepares His own workers.

After this the interest grew, and as many men were out of employment and attended the meetings, *after* meetings were instituted, which often lasted till nearly noon. A drunken engineer was one of the trophies; he was soundly converted, opened his own house for evening meetings with his companions, and has since been wonderfully used in rescuing men in his own position in life. Thus early God sets His seal on the work.

About this time a lady from Brooklyn came over and urged opening a four o'clock meeting, to be held daily. This was done in an unoccupied store on Broad street. The history of these meetings will be known better in eternity. They were never closed until about 1890, when many of the old people were dead and the evening meetings took the attention of the younger ones. "Mother" Hill, as long as she lived, and Mrs. Denman, till broken health laid her aside, stood by those meetings, commenced in a store-building with seats of boards, laid on empty boxes. Gladly they gave



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up their New Year days, and other public holidays, to gather the poor drunkards around them and proclaim Jesus and His power to save.

The time soon came when it was felt best to organize into a Temperance Union, still taking the Brooklyn sisters as their example. When the election for President came, there was a tie between Mrs. Denman and "Mother" Hill (a name given by Mrs. Denman, as Mrs. Hill had been a dear friend of her own mother), but the former withdrew in favor of "Mother" Hill, who became the loved and honored President of Newark's first Union, and was a tower of strength till the day when she was promoted from "labor to reward."

About the same time Miss Julia Barker, of Rahway, organized in that city what became the second Union in the state. Now came the time for New Jersey to take her place among the states on the temperance question. A circular letter was sent to every town where a Young Men's Christian Association was established, calling upon Christian women interested in the cause of temperance to meet in the Clinton Street Methodist Episcopal church, Newark, to organize a State Union, November 11, 1874. This first Convention lasted two days. Many came from neighboring towns; two ladies from a distance, Mrs. Hance from Hackettstown and Mrs. Lummis from Cedarville. Mrs. Kidder of Madison, whose husband was President of the Madison Methodist Episcopal Institute, presided. Mrs. Margaret Clark, of Jersey City, took an active part, especially on the nominating committee, where much

praying was done. Mrs. Denman was unanimously elected State President. She felt her own insufficiency, but hearing God's call, dared not disobey, and looked to Him to give the needed wisdom.

The next state meeting was held at Rahway, in the spring of 1875, after which the conventions were held semi-annually, the fall meetings for business, the spring meetings of a more informal character, eminently spiritual, and for mutual encouragement in the work. Mrs. Brundage was Secretary; Miss Julia Barker, Treasurer, and Mrs. Nobles, State Vice-President. At the Rahway meeting, Mrs. Judge Haines became interested, and started the next Union in Elizabeth. Mrs. Haines afterwards became Corresponding Secretary, and at one time treasurer of the state. Mrs. Nobles and her husband, Rev. John Nobles, with Mrs. Denman, now made the tour of the state, especially the southern part, and Unions were established, or the nucleus of them, at various places along the coast. Atlantic City, at that time consisting of only a few small houses and tents, was visited in 1877, and meetings were held there and in all the towns in that part of the state. With Mrs. Brundage, Mrs. Denman visited Oxford Furnace, Belvidere, and towns away back in the country and among the mountains. At this time, at the earnest invitation of Mrs. Penfield, Plainfield was visited, and a promising Union formed there. This all reads smoothly, but between the lines one may trace indifference, prejudice, hardships and discouragements untold. This dear woman of God, delicately reared, left

her home of luxury, opposed by friends, loved ones, churches and pastors, and carried her despised subject up and down the state, in the face of the loudly-uttered disapproval of woman's work in public, and the entire want of sympathy in the sections she visited. The writer well remembers scenes through which she passed with Mrs. Denman, and houses of poverty opened for their entertainment, because in those pioneer days the more comfortably situated had no sympathy with the cause. How different now, when all vie with each other in welcoming our White Ribbon sisters to their hearts and homes. At one place, Mrs. Denman spoke in a large country school-house, as the churches were closed against her. It was crowded until standing room could scarce be found, for it was a matter of curiosity to hear a woman speak; even the windows were filled from the outside. Leaning on the Divine, power from on high was granted her, and the utmost quiet prevailed while she told of Jesus and His love, and power to save from the appetite of strong drink. The ladies met next day and formed a Union. At the pioneer meetings held in Camden, great encouragement was given by old temperance workers and a Union followed, Mrs. Fannie H. Carr being President. Mrs. Wittenmeyer, National President, hearing of New Jersey's work, appointed national meetings at Ocean Grove, which were held annually, till the state took up that work. Mrs. Denman and Mrs. Wittenmeyer went through the Southern States, holding meetings and opening the way for those who followed later on. Mrs. M. Helen Crane, who so

soon followed our sister, Mrs. Downs, to that "other and better country," should have kindly mention as one earnestly interested from the incipiency of the work. She was especially interested in trying to get a place for temperance in the State Sabbath School Association. Mrs. Denman accompanied her to one of their state meetings, but being a woman, was given no opportunity to speak. The following year through the courtesy of the then President, Mr. Alfred Treadwell, a time was given for her to be heard. A common man in the gallery called out that "women were to keep quiet," but he was silenced, and from that time women and temperance had a place in their deliberations.

Through all these years, and with this arduous labor, Mrs. Denman was in very frail health, many times returning from her trips to spend days or often weeks in her bed, gaining fresh strength for the next campaign.

In the winter of 1880, Mrs. Denman was prostrated with paralysis, the result of her seven years' labor in the cause she loved so well. It then became necessary for her to resign her state position, and in the fall of 1881, Mrs. Downs was elected to fill her place.

ANNA M. HAMMER.

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